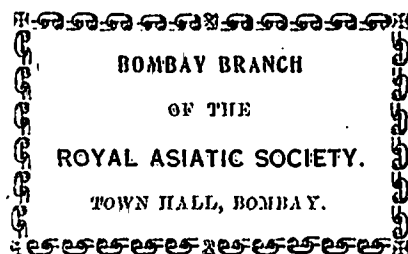




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LIVE BOOKS RESURRECTED

EDITED BY L. STANLEY JAST, M.A.

Formerly Chief Librarian of the Manchester Public Libraries

It is a familiar fact to all librarians, and many readers who plumb the deeper literature beyond the surface waters, that a large number of books of intrinsic value are out of print, and have been so for a long period. They are either unobtainable or difficult to obtain, and in the latter case, if the library or reader is a possible purchaser, their rarity may enhance the price beyond reasonable limits. The revival of such books in an attractive but not expensive format would be a service to English literature, libraries, and the reading public. That is the aim of this new series. Unfortunately books whose appeal is largely confined to the scholar, the specialist, or the "curious" reader, and whose disappearance from current literature is a serious loss to learning and art, offer too small a market to make their re-publication a practical proposition, until, at all events, the university, public and institution libraries—amongst which the principal purchasers must be looked for—are able and willing to buy on more catholic lines than most of them do now. At first then the series will necessarily be limited to such books as are likely to prove of more general interest, and "readability" will be a prime factor in the selection. The editor asks for and is confident he will get the co-operation of librarians and readers in the problem of choosing the authors and works best calculated to ensure the success of the series. Its scope and extent will depend on the support it receives. Fiction is not in any way interdicted, but is not the guiding objective. The prevalent belief, especially in these days of extravagant claims and super-advertising blurbs, that "old" is synonymous with "out of date," is a delusion. The following titles which will constitute the opening of the series, are more alive than much which is fresh from the publishers' press:

- (1) Mitford, Mary Russell, *Belford Regis*: or, Sketches of a Country Town.
- (2) *Memoirs of Robert-Houdin*, ambassador, author and conjurer.
- (3) Willis, N. P., *Pencillings by the Way*.
- (4) Morier, James, *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan in England*.



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ECONOMY STANDARDS

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LIVE BOOKS RESURRECTED
EDITED BY L. STANLEY JAST, M.A.

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY
by
N. P. WILLIS

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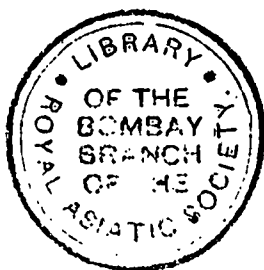


N. P. WILLIS

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY

by

N. P. WILLIS



LONDON

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INTRODUCTION

AMONGST THE OLDER READERS OF THIS BOOK THERE WILL be almost certainly some who will remember learning a poem, familiar to the youth of the time, called *The Leper*, with its opening line: "Room for the leper! Room!" The author, whom they will probably *not* remember, was N. P. Willis. His importance nowadays is more historical than intrinsic. He belongs to that period of American literature when it was emerging from its swaddling clothes, and ceasing to be a mere echo of the voices of Europe. Born in Maine in 1806, he attained celebrity as a poet when he was an undergraduate at Yale, but it was as a writer of sketches and an essayist that he did the best of which he was capable. He has been called, with some measure of justification, the "Leigh Hunt" of America. E. A. Poe labelled him a "magazinish," and the *Cambridge History of American Literature* styles him "this prince of magazinists." His popularity was meteoric, brilliant and evanescent, and comparative forgetfulness has been his portion, even of the work now reprinted, in which Willis exhibits his powers in their brightest and most engaging aspect. The letters were contributed to *The New York Mirror*, and thousands of readers in the new world saw the scenery of Europe through his eyes, and in his person met and heard the famous personages of England and the continent. In the eighteen-thirties America was far away, and Europe was the centre of the highest civilization, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." America looked to Europe then as Europe looks to America now. And for the modern reader Willis's Europe is farther away in time than it ever was in distance for his compatriots. Queen Victoria was then Princess Victoria, and we have a glimpse of her at Ascot (Vol. III, Letter XV). A united Italy had not then arisen, and Constantinople was still the Turkish capital. The independent Greece for which Byron had died only some ten years before was in being. Willis's guide was "Childe Harold," and we are con-

tinually reminded of his association with the ground which he had trodden, and of which he sang. We call on the "Maid of Athens," who has become, alas! Mrs. Black of Egina (Vol. I, Letter X). More significant of the vanished Europe of Willis than the political changes is the fact, with its implications, that it was a Europe without railways. The horse and the carriage had not been relegated to the "prehistoric era," and one sailed, not steamed the seas. Distance was a reality, and the traveller had time for imagination in the slow approach to his goal. And Willis was a good traveller. He had an alert eye for the picturesque, could describe well, and was always "in the mood." The grim opening, with its account of the plague in Paris, reminds one of the equally grim description of the plague in Cairo, in *Eothen*, and by way of contrast we have the delightful pictures of the scenery of Constantinople and its neighbourhood (Vol. III, Letter I, etc.). His scholarship may have been shallow, but it was enough to awaken the proper associations of the classical "high lights" of his journey. He was as keenly interested in people as in landscape. Neither his precocious reputation as an American man of letters, nor his official standing as an attaché of the American Legation in Paris, would of themselves have sufficed to open for him the doors of society so widely if he had not been an agreeable personality himself. The entertained reader need not trouble about what has been somewhat unkindly termed his "puppyism," since it serves him so varied a menu of chat and opinion. It is in England and Scotland that his capacity as a sort of minor Boswell is most apparent, and his sketches of the persons and conversations of the lords, politicians and literary men of the country alone make the *Pencillings* repay perusal. Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, Thomas Moore, the two Disraelis, Lord Brougham, Jeffrey, etc., are drawn in the liveliest way, and in the undress freedom of hall and drawing-room. There is in particular a breakfast with Charles Lamb and his sister, which will delight Lamb enthusiasts (Vol. III, Letter XV). The reader may like to have a pencil sketch of the penciller; here he is, as de-

picted by his contemporary, E. A. Poe. "He is yet young, and, without being handsome in the ordinary sense, is a remarkably well-looking man. In height, he is, perhaps, five feet eleven, and justly proportioned. His figure is put in the best light by the ease and assured grace of his carriage. His whole person and personal demeanour bear about them the traces of 'good society.' His face is somewhat too full, or rather heavy, in its lower portions. Neither his nose nor his forehead can be defended; the latter would puzzle phrenology. His eyes are a dull bluish grey, and small. His hair is of a rich brown, curling naturally and luxuriantly. His mouth is well cut; the teeth fine; the expression of the smile intellectual and winning. He converses *well* rather than fluently, and in a subdued tone. . . . Mr. Willis speaks French with some fluency, and Italian not quite so well." He died in 1861, having outlived his vogue.

L. S. J.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

IN PUTTING FORTH A SECOND EDITION OF *PENCILLINGS BY THE Way*, I cannot but express a surprise (which I doubt not, will be shared by the critics) that a work so hastily written, and published with such doubt and unwillingness, should have met, I will not say with such decided success, but with so extensive a sale. Having staked no feeling upon it, its failure in this respect would have given me no more pain than the trenchant criticism with which it has been distinguished; while the rapid disposal of a very large edition, and what little kindness it has met from reviewers, have given me, I may say, almost a gratuitous pleasure.

Having thus, however, like the traveller in the fable, abandoned my cloak to the lion, I have stood aloof with some interest to see how it would be torn in pieces. The errors of my book (numerous from its very nature) have been skilfully detected, and I sincerely thank those critics to whose judicious comments this new edition will appear indebted. To those who have thought it necessary in reviewing the book of a stranger, to attack his parents, his country, and his private character, no reply is necessary *here*—none anywhere, indeed, except when the writer is responsible for his words in some other character than that of a critic. Public opinion in England, while it tolerates the offence, punishes with sufficient severity the offender. It is only those who are removed from the fountains of literature who imagine that the inventive hirelings of such reviews are either seen or named among the honest men with whom they claim fellowship.

Among the more respectable reviewers, I notice a disposition which I comment upon, because I think it the main fault even of the higher school of criticism in this country. It is that of finding fault with a book on points to which it never pretended excellence. In a notice of these volumes in the *Edinburgh Review*, for instance (a notice written unquestionably in a kind and just spirit, and which

I quote as a strong example for that very reason), there is the following passage: (The reader will remember that the title of the book is *Pencillings by the Way*.)

In those more important matters which unfold to us the condition of a people, and which are learnt by *inquiry, study, and reflection*, let not the reader hope to be enlightened. The work is eminently superficial. Its author is observant, but the character of his mind is not reflective. He is not prone to speculate and philosophize; and *an abstract sentiment* rarely escapes him!

I ask, would any reader buying a book called *Pencillings by the Way*, require to be put on his guard lest he should expect to find in it "study," "reflection," and "abstract sentiments"? The object of my letters was simply and unambitiously to amuse. For instruction the reader does not go to a book of *Pencillings*. With this object in mind, I recorded nakedly and faithfully my First Impressions; they were as correct and as deep and "abstract" as first impressions usually are. They were written, as I have elsewhere mentioned, with every species of interruption, and dispatched, "unshrived," by the first post, and to re-write them by my subsequent observation would be to write a new book.

It will be seen by the dates added to this edition, that there were considerable intervals of time between some of my letters from the Continent, and (a circumstance which I wish particularly to be understood), that, though I have been in England nearly two years, *these letters end with the first four months after my arrival*. My impressions of England then ceased to be first impressions, and therefore were unfitted to the previous design of my letters; and I found occasion so often to correct my *Pencillings by the Way*, that I ceased to write altogether. Why it is more difficult to write hastily of England than of other countries will be apparent to those who have travelled. In other countries the objects of interest are classic or physical, and reducible to known standards; in England they are social or moral, and require diligent observation and study.

I commit my letters once more to the public with a strong impression of the truth of Southey's remark—that *the best book* (and, *à fortiori*, the worst) *does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author.*

N. P. WILLIS.

LONDON,

March 8, 1836.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

IT IS COMMON FOR AUTHORS IN THEIR PREFACES TO GIVE their reasons for publishing. Mine is a novel one—I *cannot help it*. On the eve of a late departure for the Continent, I was informed, for the first time, that two editions of the following work were in the press. Having no control over the imperfect copy which the publishers had obtained from periodicals, my only choice was between these crude editions and a corrected and enlarged one superintended by myself. I have chosen the least of two evils.

The extracts from these letters which have appeared in the public prints have drawn upon me much severe censure. Admitting its justice in part, perhaps I may be allowed to shield myself from its remaining excess by a slight explanation. During several years' residence in Continental and Eastern countries, I have had opportunities (as *attaché* to a foreign legation) of seeing phases of society and manners not usually described in books of travel. Having been the editor, before leaving the United States, of a *Monthly Review*, I found it both profitable and agreeable to continue my interest in the periodical in which that *Review* was merged at my departure, by a miscellaneous correspondence. Foreign courts, distinguished men, royal entertainments, etc.—matters which were likely to interest American readers more particularly—have been in turn my themes. The distance of America from these countries, and the ephemeral nature and usual obscurity of periodical correspondence, were a sufficient warrant to my mind that my descriptions would die where they first saw the light, and fulfil only the trifling destiny for which they were intended. I indulged myself, therefore, in a freedom of detail and topic which is usual only in posthumous memoirs—expecting as soon that they would be read in the countries and by the persons described, as the biographer of Byron and Sheridan that these fruitful and unconscious themes would rise from the dead to read their own interesting memoirs. And such a resurrection would hardly be

a more disagreeable surprise to that eminent biographer, than was the sudden appearance to me of my own unambitious letters in the *Quarterly Review*.

The reader will see (for every letter containing the least personal detail has been most industriously re-published in the English papers) that I have in some slight measure corrected these *Pencillings by the Way*. They were literally what they were styled—notes written on the road, and dispatched without a second perusal; and it would be extraordinary, if, between the liberty I felt with my material, and the haste in which I scribbled, some egregious errors in judgment and taste had not crept in unawares. The *Quarterly* has made a long arm over the water to refresh my memory on this point. There *are* passages (I only wonder they are so few) which I would not re-write, and some remarks on individuals which I would recall at some cost, and would not willingly see repeated in these volumes. Having conceded thus much, however, I may express my surprise that this particular sin should have been visited upon *me* at a distance of three thousand miles, when the reviewer's own literary fame rests on the more aggravated instance of a book of personalities¹ published under the very noses of the persons described.

Those of my letters which date from England were written within three or four months of my first arrival in this country. Fortunate in my introductions, almost embarrassed with kindness, and, from advantages of comparison gained by long travel, qualified to appreciate keenly the peculiar delights of English society, I was little disposed to find fault. Everything pleased me. Yet in one instance—one single instance—I indulged myself in stricture upon individual character, and I *repeat it in this work*, sure that there will be but one person in the world of letters who will not read it with approbation—the editor of the *Quarterly* himself.² It was expressed at the time with no personal feeling, for I had never seen the individual concerned, and my name had probably never reached his ears.

¹ *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*

² This is Lockhart. See Vol. III, Letter XX.—ED.

I but repeated what I had said a thousand times, and never without an indignant echo to its truth—an opinion formed from the most dispassionate perusal of his writings—that the editor of that Review was the most unprincipled critic of the age. Aside from its flagrant literary injustice, we owe to the *Quarterly*, it is well known, every spark of ill feeling that has been kept alive between England and America for the last twenty years. The sneers, the opprobrious epithets of this bravo in literature have been received in a country where the machinery of reviewing was not understood, as the voice of the English people, and an animosity for which there was no other reason has been thus periodically fed and exasperated. I conceive it to be my duty as a literary man—I *know* it is my duty as an American—to lose no opportunity of setting my heel on the head of this reptile of criticism. He has turned and stung me. Thank God, I have escaped the slime of his approbation.

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N. P. WILLIS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
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PENCILLINGS' BY THE WAY

VOLUME THE FIRST

LETTER I

PARIS

Cholera—Rioting—Hôtel Dieu

March, 1832.

* * * * *

YOU WILL SEE BY THE PAPERS, I PRESUME, THE OFFICIAL accounts of the *cholera* in Paris. It seems very terrible to you, no doubt, at your distance from the scene, and truly it is terrible enough, if one could realize it anywhere—but no one here thinks of troubling himself about it; and you might be here a month, and if you observed the people only, and frequented only the places of amusement and the public promenades, you might never suspect its existence. The month is June-like—deliciously warm and bright, and the trees are just in the tender green of the new buds; and the exquisite gardens of the Tuileries are thronged all day with thousands of the gay and idle, sitting under the trees in groups, and laughing and amusing themselves as if there was no plague in the air, though hundreds die every day; and the churches are all hung in black, with the constant succession of funerals, and you cross the biers and hand-barrows of the sick hurrying to the hospitals at every turn, in every quarter of the city. It is very hard to realize such things, and, it would seem, very hard even to treat it seriously. I was at a masque ball at the “Théâtre des Variétés” a night or two since, at the celebration of the *Mi-carême*. There were some two thousand people, I should think, in fancy dresses; most of them grotesque and satirical; and the ball was kept up till seven in

the morning, with all the extravagant gaiety and noise and fun with which the French people manage such matters. There was a *cholera-waltz* and a *cholera-galopade*; and one man, immensely tall, dressed as a personification of the cholera, with skeleton armour and blood-shot eyes, and other horrible appurtenances of a walking pestilence. It was the burden of all the jokes, and all the cries of the hawkers, and all the conversation. And yet, probably, nineteen out of twenty of those present lived in the quarters most ravaged by the disease, and most of them had seen it face to face, and knew perfectly its deadly character.

As yet, the higher classes of society have escaped. It seems to depend very much on the manner in which people live; and the *poor* have been struck in every quarter, often at the very next door to luxury. A friend told me this morning, that the porter of a large and fashionable hotel in which he lives had been taken to the hospital; and there have been one or two cases in the airy quarter of St. Germain.

Several medical students have died, too, but the majority of these live with the narrowest economy, and in the parts of the city the most liable to impure effluvia. The balls go on still in the gay world, and I presume they *would* go on if there were only musicians enough left to make an orchestra, or fashionists to compose a quadrille.

As if one plague was not enough, the city is all alive in the distant faubourgs with revolts. Last night the *rappel* was beat all over the city, and the National Guard called to arms, and marched to the Porte St. Denis and the different quarters where the mobs were collected. The occasion of the disturbance is singular enough. It has been discovered, as you will see by the papers, that a great number of people have been *poisoned* at the wine-shops. Men have been detected, with what object Heaven only knows, in putting arsenic and other poisons into the cups and even into the buckets of the water-carriers at the fountains. Several of these *empoisonneurs* have been taken from the officers of justice, and literally torn limb from

limb, in the streets. Two were drowned yesterday by the mob in the Seine, at the Pont-Neuf. It is believed by many of the common people that this is done by the government, and the opinion prevails sufficiently to produce very serious disturbances. They suppose there is no cholera, except such as is produced by poison; and the Hôtel Dieu and the other hospitals are besieged daily by the infuriated mob, who swear vengeance against the government for all the mortality they witness.

I have just returned from a visit to the Hôtel Dieu—the hospital for the cholera. I had previously made several attempts to gain admission, in vain, but yesterday I fell in, fortunately, with an English physician, who told me I could pass with a doctor's diploma, which he offered to borrow for me of some medical friend. He called by appointment at seven this morning, to fulfil his promise.

It was like one of our loveliest mornings in June—an inspiring, sunny, balmy day, all softness and beauty, and we crossed the Tuileries by one of its superb avenues, and kept down the bank of the river to the island. With the errand on which we were bound in our minds, it was impossible not to be struck very forcibly with our own exquisite enjoyment of life. I am sure I never felt my veins fuller of the pleasure of health and motion, and I never saw a day when everything about me seemed better worth living for. The superb palace of the Louvre, with its long façade of nearly half a mile, lay in the mellowest sunshine on our left—the lively river, covered with boats, and spanned with its magnificent and crowded bridges on our right—the view of the island with its massive old structures below—and the fine old grey towers of the church of *Nôtre Dame*, rising dark and gloomy in the distance—it was difficult to realize anything but life and pleasure. That under those very towers which added so much to the beauty of the scene, there lay a thousand and more of poor wretches dying of a plague, was a thought my mind would not retain a moment.

A half-hour's walk brought us to the Place *Nôtre Dame*, on one side of which, next this celebrated church, stands

the hospital. My friend entered, leaving me to wait till he had found an acquaintance, of whom he could borrow a diploma. A hearse was standing at the door of the church, and I went in for a moment. A few mourners, with the appearance of extreme poverty, were kneeling round a coffin at one of the side-altars, and a solitary priest, with an attendant boy, was mumbling the prayers for the dead. As I came out, another hearse drove up, with a rough coffin scantily covered with a pall, and followed by one poor old man. They hurried in; and, as my friend had not yet appeared, I strolled round the square. Fifteen or twenty water-carriers were filling their buckets at the fountain opposite, singing and laughing, and at the same moment four different litters crossed towards the hospital, each with its two or three followers, women and children or relatives of the sick, accompanying them to the door, where they parted from them, most probably, for ever. The litters were set down a moment before ascending the steps, the crowd pressed around and lifted the coarse curtains, farewells were exchanged, and the sick alone passed in. I did not see any great demonstration of feeling in the particular cases that were before me, but I can conceive, in the almost deadly certainty of this disease, that these hasty partings at the door of the hospital might often be scenes of unsurpassed suffering and distress.

I waited, perhaps, ten minutes more for my friend. In the whole time that I had been there, ten litters, bearing the sick, had entered the Hôtel Dieu. As I exhibited the borrowed diploma, the eleventh arrived, and with it a young man, whose violent and uncontrolled grief worked so far on the soldier at the door, that he allowed him to pass. I followed the bearers up to the ward, interested exceedingly to see the patient, and desirous to observe the first treatment and manner of reception. They wound slowly up the staircase to the upper story, and entered the female department—a long, low room, containing nearly a hundred beds, placed in alleys scarce two feet from each other: nearly all were occupied; and those which were empty, my friend told me, were vacated by deaths yester-

day. They set down the litter by the side of a narrow cot with coarse but clean sheets, and a *Sœur de Charité*, with a white cap and a cross at her girdle, came and took off the canopy. A young woman of apparently twenty-five was beneath, absolutely convulsed with agony. Her eyes were started from the sockets, her mouth foamed, and her face was of a frightful, livid purple. I never saw so horrible a sight. She had been taken in perfect health only three hours before, but her features looked to me marked with a year of pain. The first attempt to lift her produced violent vomiting, and I thought she must die instantly. They covered her up in bed, and, leaving the man who came with her hanging over her with the moan of one deprived of his senses, they went to receive others who were entering in the same manner. I inquired of my friend, how soon she would be attended to. He said, "Possibly in an hour, as the physician was just commencing his rounds." An hour after, I passed the bed of this poor woman, and she had not yet been visited. Her husband answered my question with a choking voice and a flood of tears.

I passed down the ward, and found nineteen or twenty in the last agonies of death. They lay quite still, and seemed benumbed. I felt the limbs of several, and found them quite cold. The stomach only had a little warmth. Now and then a half-groan escaped those who seemed the strongest, but with the exception of the universally open mouth and upturned ghastly eye, there were no signs of much suffering. I found two, who must have been dead half an hour, undiscovered by the attendants. One of them was an old woman, quite grey, with a very bad expression of face, who was perfectly cold—lips, limbs, body and all. The other was younger, and seemed to have died in pain. Her eyes looked as if they had been forced half out of the sockets, and her skin was of the most livid and deathly purple. The woman in the next bed told me she had died since the *Sœur de Charité* had been there. It is horrible to think how these poor creatures may suffer in the very midst of the provisions that are made professedly for their relief. I asked why a simple prescription of treatment might

not be drawn up by the physician, and administered by the numerous medical students who were in Paris, that as few as possible might suffer from delay. "Because," said my companion, "the chief physicians must do everything personally to study the complaint." And so, I verily believe, more human lives are sacrificed in waiting for experiments than ever will be saved by the results. My blood boiled from the beginning to the end of this melancholy visit.

I wandered about alone among the beds till my heart was sick, and I could bear it no longer, and then rejoined my friend, who was in the train of one of the physicians making the rounds. One would think a dying person should be treated with kindness. I never saw a rougher or more heartless manner than that of the celebrated Dr. — at the bedsides of these poor creatures. A harsh question, a rude pulling open of the mouth to look at the tongue, a sentence or two of unsuppressed comment to the students on the progress of the disease, and the train passed on. If discouragement and despair are not medicines, I should think the visits of such physicians were of little avail. The wretched sufferers turned away their heads after he had gone, in every instance that I saw, with an expression of visibly increased distress. Several of them refused to answer his questions altogether.

On reaching the bottom of the Salle St. Monique, one of the male wards, I heard loud voices and laughter. I had heard much more groaning and complaining in passing among the men, and the horrible discordance struck me as something infernal. It proceeded from one of the sides to which the patients had been removed who were recovering. The most successful treatment had been found to be punch—very strong, with but little acid; and, being permitted to drink as much as they would, they had become partially intoxicated. It was a fiendish sight, positively. They were sitting up, and reaching from one bed to the other, and with their still pallid faces and blue lips, and the hospital dress of white, they looked like so many carousing corpses. I turned away from them in horror.

I was stopped in the doorway by a litter entering with

a sick woman. They set her down in the main passage between the beds, and left her a moment to find a place for her. She seemed to have an interval of pain, and rose up on one hand and looked about her very earnestly. I followed the direction of her eyes, and could easily imagine her sensations. Twenty or thirty death-like faces were turned towards her from the different beds, and the groans of the dying and the distressed came from every side, and she was without a friend whom she knew: sick of a mortal disease, and abandoned to the mercy of those whose kindness is mercenary and habitual, and, of course, without sympathy or feeling. Was it not enough alone, if she had been far less ill, to embitter the very fountains of life, and make her almost wish to die? She sank down upon the litter again, and drew her shawl over her head. I had seen enough of suffering; and I left the place.

On reaching the lower staircase, my friend proposed to me to look into the *dead-room*. We descended to a large dark apartment below the street level, lighted by a lamp fixed to the wall. Sixty or seventy bodies lay on the floor, some of them quite uncovered, and some wrapped in mats. I could not see distinctly enough by the dim light to judge of their discoloration. They appeared mostly old and emaciated.

I cannot describe the sensation of relief with which I breathed the free air once more. I had no fear of the cholera, but the suffering and misery I had seen oppressed and half smothered me. Everyone who has walked through a hospital will remember how natural it is to subdue the breath, and close the nostrils to the smells of medicine and the close air. The fact, too, that the question of contagion is still disputed, though I fully believe the cholera *not* to be contagious, might have had some effect. My breast heaved, however, as if a weight had risen from my lungs, and I walked home to my breakfast, blessing God for health with undissembled gratitude.

LETTER II

VILLA FRANCA

May, 1832.

* * * * *

WE RETURNED IN TIME TO RECEIVE A LETTER FROM THE American Consul, confirming the orders of the commissary, but advising us to return to Antibes, and sail thence from Villa Franca, a lazaretto in the neighbourhood of Nice, whence we could enter Italy, after *seven days' quarantine*! By this time several travelling carriages had collected, and all, profiting by our experience, turned back together. We are now at the "Golden Eagle" deliberating. Some have determined to give up their object altogether, but the rest of us sail to-morrow morning in a fishing-boat for the lazaretto.

There were but eight of the twenty or thirty travellers stopped at the bridge of St. Laurent, who thought it worth while to persevere. We are all here in this pest-house at present, and a motley mixture of nations it is. There are two young Sicilians returning from college to Messina; a Belgian lad of seventeen, just started on his travels; two aristocratic young Frenchmen, very elegant and very ignorant of the world, running down to Italy, to avoid the cholera; a middle-aged surgeon in the British navy, very cool, and very gentlemanly; a vulgar Marseilles shop-keeper; and myself. I thought we should never get away from Antibes. After spending several hours in disputing with the boatmen, who took advantage of our situation to demand more money for the voyage than they could make by their trade in a year, we embarked.

We hoisted the fisherman's lattine sail, and put out of the little harbour in very bad temper. The wind was fair, and we ran along the shore for a couple of hours, till we came to Nice, where we were to stop for permission to go to the lazaretto. We were hailed off the mole with a trum-

pet, and suffered to pass. Doubling a little point, half a mile farther on, we ran into the bay of Villa Franca, a handful of houses, at the base of an amphitheatre of mountains. A little round tower stood in the centre of the harbour, built upon a rock, and connected with the town by a draw-bridge, and we were landed at a staircase outside, by which we mounted to show our papers to the health-officer. The interior was a little circular yard separated from an office on the town side by an iron grating, and looking out on the sea by two embrasures for cannon. Two strips of water and the sky above were our whole prospect for the hour that we waited here. The cause of this delay was presently explained by clouds of smoke issuing from the interior. The tower filled, and a more nauseating odour I never inhaled. We were near suffocating with the intolerable smell and the quantity of smoke deemed necessary to secure his Majesty's officer against contagion.

A cautious-looking old gentleman with grey hair emerged at last from the smoke with a long cane-pole in his hand, and, coughing at every syllable, requested us to insert our passports in the split at the extremity which he thrust through the grate. This being done, we asked him for bread. We had breakfasted at seven, and it was now sundown—near twelve hours' fast. Several of my companions had been sea-sick with the swell of the Mediterranean in coming from Antibes, and all were faint with hunger and exhaustion. For myself, the villainous smell of our purification had made me sick, and I had no appetite; but the rest ate very voraciously of a loaf of coarse bread, which was extended to us with a pair of tongs and two pieces of paper.

After reading our passports, the magistrate informed us that he had no orders to admit us to the lazaretto, and we must lie in our boat till he could send a messenger to Nice with our passports, and obtain permission. We opened upon him, however, with such a flood of remonstrance, and with such an emphasis from hunger and fatigue, that he consented to admit us temporarily on his own responsibility, and gave the boatmen orders to row back to a

long low stone building we had observed at one of the corners of the entrance to the harbour.

He was there before us; and as we mounted the stone ladder he pointed through the bars of a large inner gate to a single chamber separated from the rest of the building, and promising to send us something to eat in the course of the evening, left us to take possession. Our position was desolate enough. The building was new, and the plaster still soft and wet. There was not an article of furniture in the chamber, and but a single window: the floor was of brick, and the air as damp within as a cellar. The alternative was to remain out of doors, in the small yard walled up thirty feet on three sides, and washed by the sea on the other; and here, on a long block of granite, the softest thing I could find, I determined to make an *al fresco* night of it.

Bread, cheese, wine, and cold meat, seethed, Italian fashion, in nauseous oil, arrived about nine o'clock; and by the light of a candle standing in a boot we sat around on the brick floor, and supped very merrily. Hunger had brought even our two French exquisites to their fare, and they ate heartily. The navy surgeon had seen service, and had no qualms; the Sicilians were from a German university, and were not delicate; the Marseilles tape-seller knew apparently no better, and we should have been less contented with a better meal. It was superfluous to abuse it.

A steep precipice hangs right over the lazaretto, and the horn of the half-moon was just dipping below it as I stretched myself to sleep. With a folded coat under my hip, and a carpet-bag for a pillow, I soon fell asleep, and slept soundly till sunrise. My companions had chosen shelter, but all were happy to be early risers. We mounted our high wall upon the sea, and promenaded till the sun was broadly up; and the breeze from the Mediterranean sharpened our appetites; and then, finishing the relics of our supper, we waited with what patience we might the arrival of our breakfast.

The magistrate arrived at twelve, yesterday, with a com-

missary from Villa Franca, who is to be our victualler during the quarantine. He has enlarged our limits by a stone staircase and an immense chamber, on condition that we pay for an extra guard, in the shape of a Sardinian soldier, who is to sleep in our room and eat at our table. By the way, we *have* a table, and four rough benches, and these with three single mattresses are all the furniture we can procure. We are compelled to sleep *across* the latter, of course, to give everyone his share.

We have come down very contentedly to our situation, and I have been exceedingly amused at the facility with which eight such different tempers can amalgamate upon compulsion. Our small quarters bring us in contact continually, and we harmonize like schoolboys. At this moment the Marseilles trader and the two Frenchmen are throwing stones at something that is floating out with the tide; the surgeon has dropped his Italian grammar to decide upon the best shot; the Belgian is fishing off the wall with a pin hook and a bit of cheese; and the two Sicilians are talking *lingua Franca* at the top of their voices to Carolina, the guardian's daughter, who stands coquetting on the pier just outside the limits. I have got out my books and portfolio, and taken possession of the broad stair; and, depending on the courtesy of my companions to jump over me and my papers when they go up and down, I sit here most of the day laughing at the fun below, and writing or reading alternately. The climate is too delicious for discontent. Every breath is a pleasure. The hills of the amphitheatre opposite us are covered with olive, lemon, and orange trees; and in the evening, from the time the land-breeze commences to blow off shore, until ten or eleven, the air is impregnated with the delicate perfume of the orange-blossom, than which nothing could be more grateful. Nice is called the hospital of Europe; and truly, under this divine sky, and with the inspiring vitality and softness of the air, and all that nature can lavish of luxuriance and variety upon the hills, it is the place, if there is one in the world, where the drooping spirit of the invalid must revive and renew. At this moment

the sun has crept from the peak of the highest mountain across the bay, and we shall scent presently the spicy wind from the shore. I close my book to go out upon the wall, which I see the surgeon has mounted already with the same object, to catch the first breath that blows sea-ward.

LETTER III

NICE

Italian Summer Morning—New Arrivals—Companions—Departure from the Lazaretto, etc.

IT IS SUNDAY, AND AN ITALIAN SUMMER MORNING. I DO NOT think my eyes ever woke upon so lovely a day. The long lazy swell comes in from the Mediterranean as smooth as glass; the sails of a beautiful yacht belonging to an English nobleman at Nice, and lying becalmed just now in the bay, are hanging motionless about the masts; the sky is without a speck; and the air just seems to me to steep every nerve and fibre of the frame with repose and pleasure. Now and then, in America, I have felt a June morning that approached it, but never the degree, the fulness, the sunny softness of this exquisite clime. It tranquillizes the mind as well as the body. You cannot resist feeling content and genial. We are all out of doors, and my companions have brought down their mattresses, and are lying along in the shade of the east wall, talking quietly and pleasantly; the usual sounds of the workmen on the quays of the town are still; our harbour-guard lies asleep in his boat, and the yellow flag of the lazaretto clings to the staff; everything about us breathes tranquillity. Prisoner as I am, I would not stir willingly to-day.

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We have had two new arrivals this morning—a boat from Antibes with a company of players bound for the

theatre at Milan, and two French deserters from the regiment at Toulon, who escaped in a leaky boat, and have made this long voyage along the coast, to get into Italy. They knew nothing of the quarantine, and were very much surprised at their arrest. They will probably be delivered up to the French consul. The newcomers are all put together in the large chamber next us, and we have been talking with them through the grate. His majesty of Sardinia is not spared in their voluble denunciations.

Our imprisonment is getting to be a little tedious. We lengthen our breakfasts and dinners, go to sleep early and get up late; but a lazaretto is a dull place after all. We have no books, except dictionaries and grammars, and I am on my last sheet of paper. What I shall do the two remaining days, I cannot divine. Our meals were amusing for a while. We have but three knives and four glasses; and the Belgian having cut his plate in two on the first day, has eaten since from the wash-bowl. The salt is in a brown paper, the vinegar in a shell, and the meats, to be kept warm during their passage by water, are brought in the black utensils in which they are cooked. Our tablecloth appeared to-day of all the colours of the rainbow. We sat down to breakfast with a general cry of horror. Still, with youth and good spirits, we manage to be more contented than one would expect, and our lively discussions of the spot on the quay where the table shall be laid, and the noise of our dinners *en plein air*, would convince a spectator that we were a very merry and sufficiently happy company.

I like my companions, on the whole, very much. The surgeon has been in Canada and the west of New York, and we have travelled the same routes, and made in several instances the same acquaintances. He has been in almost every part of the world also, and his descriptions are very graphic and sensible. The Belgian talks of his new king Leopold—the Sicilians, of the German universities; and when I have exhausted all they can tell me, I turn to our Parisians, whom I find I have met all winter, without

noticing them, at the parties, and we discuss the belles and the different members of the *beau monde* with the touching air and tone of exiles from Paradise. In a case of desperate ennui, wearied with studying and talking, the sea-wall is a delightful lounge, and the blue Mediterranean 'plays the witch to the indolent fancy, and beguiles it well. I have never seen such a beautiful sheet of water. The colour is peculiarly rich and clear, like an intensely blue sky heaving into waves. I do not find the often-repeated description of its loveliness at all exaggerated.

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Our seven days expire to-morrow, and we are preparing to eat our last dinner in the lazaretto with great glee. A temporary table is already laid upon the quay—two strips of board raised upon some ingenious contrivance, I cannot well say what, and covered with all the private and public napkins that retained any portion of their maiden whiteness. Our knives are reduced to two, one having disappeared unaccountably; but the deficiency is partially remedied—the surgeon has whittled a pine-knot which floated in upon the tide into a distant imitation, and one of the company has produced a delicate dagger that looks very like a keepsake from a lady, and by the reluctant manner in which it was produced, the profanation cost his sentiment an effort. Its white handle and silver sheath lie across a plate abridged of its proportions by a very formidable segment. There was no disguising the poverty of the brown paper that contains the salt. It was too necessary to be made an "aside," and was placed upon the centre of the table. I fear there has been more fuss in the preparation than we shall feel in eating the dinner when it arrives. The Belgian stands on the mole watching all the boats from town; but they pass off down the harbour one after another, and we are destined to keep our appetites to a late hour. Their detestable cooking needs the "sauce of hunger."

The Belgian's hat waves in the air, and the commissary's boat must be in sight. As we get off at six o'clock

to-morrow morning, my portfolio shuts till I find another resting-place—probably Genoa.

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The health-magistrate arrived at an early hour on the morning of our departure from the lazaretto of Villa Franca. He was accompanied by a physician, who was to direct the fumigation. The iron pot was placed in the centre of the chamber; our clothes were spread out upon the beds, and the windows shut. The *chlorine* soon filled the room, and its detestable odour became so intolerable that we forced the door and rushed past the sentinel into the open air, nearly suffocated. This farce over, we were suffered to embark, and, rounding the point, put into Nice.

The Mediterranean curves gracefully into the crescented shore of this lovely bay, and the high hills loom away from the skirts of the town in one unbroken slope of cultivation to the top. Large handsome buildings face you on the long quay as you approach, and white chimneys and half-concealed fronts of country-houses and suburban villas appear through the olives and orange-trees with which the whole amphitheatre is covered. A painter would not mingle a landscape more picturesquely. We landed amid a crowd of half-naked idlers, and were soon at an hotel, where we ordered the best breakfast the town would afford, and sat down once more to clean cloths and unrepulsive food.

As we rose from breakfast, a note edged with black, and sealed and enveloped with considerable circumstance, was put into my hand by the master of the hotel. It was an invitation from the Governor to attend a funeral-service to be performed in the cathedral that day at ten o'clock, for the defunct queen-mother, Maria-Theresa, Archduchess of Austria. Wondering not a little how I came by the honour, I dressed and joined the crowd flocking from all parts of the town to see the ceremony. The central door was guarded by a file of Sardinian soldiers, and, presenting my invitation to the officer on duty, I was handed over to the master of ceremonies, and shown to an excellent seat

in the centre of the church. The windows were darkened, and the candles of the altar not yet lit; and by the indistinct light that came in through the door I could distinguish nothing clearly. A little silver bell tinkled presently from one of the side chapels, and boys dressed in white appeared with long tapers, and the edifice was soon splendidly illuminated. I found myself in the midst of a crowd of four or five hundred ladies, all in deep mourning. The church was hung from the floor to the roof in black cloth, ornamented gorgeously with silver; and under the large dome which occupied half the ceiling was raised a pyramidal altar, with tripods supporting chalices for incense at the four corners; a walk round the lower base for the priests, and something in the centre, surrounded with a blaze of light, representing figures weeping over a tomb. The organ commenced pealing; there was a single beat on the drum, and a procession entered. It was composed of the nobility of Nice, and the military and civil officers, all in uniform and court dresses. The gold and silver flashing in the light; the tall plumes of the Sardinian soldiery below; the solemn music, and the moving of the censers from the four corners of the altar produced a very impressive effect. As soon as the procession had quite entered, the fire was kindled in the four chalices; and as the white smoke rolled up to the roof, an anthem commenced with the full power of the organ. The singing was admirable, and there was one female voice in the choir of singular power and sweetness.

The remainder of the service was the usual mummery of the Catholic Church, and I amused myself with observing the people about me. It was little like a scene of mourning. The officers gradually edged in between the seats, and every woman of the least pretensions to prettiness was engaged in anything but her prayers for the soul of the defunct Archduchess. Some of the very young girls were pretty, and the women of thirty-five or forty apparently were fine-looking; but except a decided air of style and rank, the fairly grown-up belles seemed to me very unattractive.

I saw little else in Nice to interest me. I wandered about with my friend the surgeon, laughing at the ridiculous figures and villainous uniforms of the Sardinian infantry, and repelling the beggars who radiated to us from every corner; and having traversed the terrace of a mile on the tops of the houses next the sea, unravelled all the lanes of the old town, and admired all the splendour of the new, we dined and got early to bed, anxious to sleep once more between sheets, and prepare for the early start of the following morning.

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We were on the road to Genoa with the first grey of the dawn—the surgeon, a French officer, and myself, the three passengers of a courier barouche. We were climbing up mountains, and sliding down with locked wheels for several hours by a road edging on precipices and overhung by tremendous rocks; and descending at last to the sea level, we entered Mentone, a town of the little Principality of Monaco. Having paid our twenty sous tribute to this prince of a territory not larger than a Kentucky farm, we were suffered to cross his borders once more into Sardinia, having run through a whole state in less than half an hour.

It is impossible to conceive a route of more grandeur than this famous road along the Mediterranean from Nice to Genoa. It is near a hundred and fifty miles, over the edges of mountains bordering the sea for the whole distance. The road is cut into the sides of the precipice often hundreds of feet perpendicular above the surf, descending sometimes into the ravines formed by the numerous rivers that cut their way to the sea, and mounting immediately again to the loftiest summits. It is a dizzy business from beginning to end. There is no parapet usually, and there are thousands of places where half a shy by a timid horse would drop you at once some hundred fathoms upon rocks met by the spray of every sea that breaks upon the shore.

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LETTER IV

FLORENCE

Florentine Peculiarities—Society—Balls—Ducal Entertainments—Privilege of Strangers—Families of high Rank—The Exclusives—Soirées—Parties of a rich Banker—Peasant Beauty—A contented married Lady—Husbands, Cavaliers and Wives—Personal Manners—Habits of Society, etc.

January, 1833.

I AM ABOUT STARTING ON MY SECOND VISIT TO ROME, AFTER having passed nearly three months in Florence. As I have seen most of the society of this gayest and fairest of the Italian cities, it may not be uninteresting to depart a little from the traveller's routine, by sketching a feature or two.

Florence is a resort for strangers from every part of the world. The gay society is a mixture of all nations, of whom one-third may be Florentine, one-third English, and the remaining part equally divided between Russians, Germans, French, Poles, and Americans. The English entertain a great deal, and give most of the balls and dinner-parties. The Florentines seldom trouble themselves to give parties, but are always at home for visits in the *prima sera* (from seven till nine), and in their box at the opera. They go, without scruple, to all the strangers' balls, considering courtesy repaid, perhaps, by the weekly reception of the Grand Duke and a weekly ball at the club-house of young Italian nobles,

The ducal entertainments occur every Tuesday, and are the most splendid, of course. The foreign ministers present all of their countrymen who have been presented at their own courts, and the company is necessarily more select than elsewhere. The Florentines who go to court are about seven hundred, of whom half are invited on each week—strangers, when once presented, having the double privilege of coming uninvited to all. There are several Italian families, of the highest rank, who are seen only here; but,

with the single exception of one unmarried girl of uncommon beauty, who bears a name celebrated in Italian history, they are no loss to general society. Among the foreigners of rank, are three or four German princes, who play high and waltz well, and are remarkable for nothing else; half a dozen star-wearing dukes, counts, and marquises, of all nations and in any quantity; and a few English noblemen and noble ladies—only the latter nation showing their blood at all in their features and bearing.

The most exclusive society is that of the Prince M——, whose splendid palace is shut entirely against the English, and difficult of access to all. He makes a single exception in favour of a descendant of the Talbots, a lady whose beauty might be an apology for a much graver departure from rule. He has given two grand entertainments since the carnival commenced, to which nothing was wanting but people to enjoy them. The immense rooms were flooded with light, the music was the best that Florence could give, the supper might have supped an army—stars and red ribbons entered with every fresh-comer, but it looked like a “banquet-hall deserted.” Some thirty ladies, and as many men, were all that Florence contained worthy of the society of the ex-king. A kinder man in his manner, however, or apparently a more affectionate husband and father, I never saw. He opened the dance by waltzing with the young princess, his daughter, a lovely girl of fourteen, of whom he seems fond to excess, and he was quite the gayest person in the company till the ball was over. The ex-queen sat on a divan, with her ladies of honour about her, following her husband with her eyes, and enjoying his gaiety with the most childish good humour.

The Saturday evening *soirées* at Prince P——’s (a brother of the hero) are perhaps as agreeable as any in Florence. He has several grown-up sons and daughters married, and, with a very sumptuous palace and great liberality of style, he has made his parties more than usually valued. His eldest daughter is the leader of the fashion, and his second is the “cynosure of all eyes.” The

old prince is a tall, bent, venerable man, with snow-white hair, and very peculiarly marked features. He is fond of speaking English, and professes a great affection for America.

Then there are the *soirées* of the rich banker, F——, which, as they are subservient to business, assemble all ranks on the common pretensions of interest. At the last, I saw, among other curiosities, a young girl of eighteen from one of the more common families of Florence—a fine specimen of the peasant beauty of Italy. Her heavily moulded figure, hands, and feet, were quite forgiven when you looked at her dark, deep, indolent eye, and glowing skin, and strongly-lined mouth and forehead. The society was evidently new to her, but she had a manner quite beyond being astonished. It was the kind of *animal dignity* so universal in the lower classes of this country.

One gains little by his opportunities of meeting Italian ladies in society. The *cavaliere servente* flourishes still, as in the days of Beppo, and it is to him only that the lady condescends to *talk*. There is a delicate, refined-looking little marchioness here, who is remarkable as being the only known Italian lady without a cavalier. They tell you, with an amused smile, that “she is content with her husband.” It really seems to be a business of real love between the lady of Italy and her cavalier; naturally enough too—for her parents marry her without consulting her at all, and she selects a friend afterwards, as ladies in other countries select a lover, who is to end in a husband. The married couple are never seen together by any accident, and the lady and her cavalier never apart. The latter is always invited with her, as a matter of course, and the husband, if there is room, or if he is not forgotten. She is insulted if asked without her cavalier, but is quite indifferent whether her husband goes with her or not. These are points *really settled* in the policy of society, and the rights of the cavalier are specified in the marriage-contracts. I had thought, until I came to Italy, that such things were either a romance, or customs of an age gone by.

I like very much the personal manners of the Italians.

They are mild and courteous to the farthest extent of looks and words. They do not entertain, it is true, but their great dim rooms are free to you whenever you can find them at home, and you are at liberty to join the gossiping circle around the lady of the house, or sit at the table and read, or be silent unquestioned. You are *let alone*, if you seem to choose it, and it is neither commented on nor thought uncivil—and this I take to be a grand excellence in manners.

The society is dissolute, I think, almost without an exception. The English fall into its habits, with the difference that they do not conceal it so well, and have the appearance of knowing it is wrong—which the Italians have not. The latter are very much shocked at the want of propriety in the management of the English. To suffer the particulars of an intrigue to get about is a worse sin, in their eyes, than any violation of the commandments. It is scarce possible for an American to conceive the universal corruption of a society like this of Florence, though, if he were not told of it, he would think it all that was delicate and attractive. There are external features in which the society of our own country is far less scrupulous and proper.

LETTER V .

Sienna — Poggiobonsi — Bonconvento — Encouragement of French Artists by their Government—Acquapendente—Poor Beggar, the original of a Sketch by Cole—Bolsena—Volscinium—Scenery—Curious state of the Chestnut Woods.

SIENNA.—A DAY AND A HALF ON MY JOURNEY TO ROME
With a party of four nations inside, and two strangers, probably Frenchmen, in the cabriolet, we have jogged on at some three miles in the hour, enjoying the lovely scenery of these lower Apennines at our leisure. We slept last night at Poggiobonsi, a little village on a hill-side, and arrived

at Sienna for our mid-day rest. I pencil this note after an hour's ramble over the city, visiting once more the cathedral, with its encrusted marbles and naked graces, and the shell-shaped square in the centre of the city, at the rim of which the eight principal streets terminate. There is a fountain in the midst, surrounded with *bassi relievi* much disfigured. It was mentioned by Dante. The streets were deserted, it being Sunday, and all the people at the Corso, to see the racing of horses without riders.

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Bonconvento.—We sit, with the remains of a travellers' supper on the table—six very social companions, your cabriolet friends—are two French artists on their way to study at Rome. They are both pensioners of the government, each having gained the annual prize at the Academy in his separate branch of art, which entitles him to five years' support in Italy. They are full of enthusiasm, and converse with all the amusing vivacity of their nation. The Academy of France send out in this manner five young men annually, who have gained the prizes for painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and engraving.

This is the place where Henry the Seventh was poisoned by a monk, on his way to Rome. The drug was given to him in the communion-cup. The "Ave-Maria" was ringing when we drove into town, and I left the carriage and followed the crowd, in the hope of finding an old church, where the crime might have been committed. But the priest was mumbling the service in a new chapel, which no romance that I could summon would picture as the scene of a tragedy.

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Acquapendente.—While the dirty custom-house officer is deciphering our passports, in a hole a dog would live in unwillingly, I take out my pencil to mark once more the pleasure I have received from the exquisite scenery of this place. The wild rocks enclosing the little narrow valley

below, the waterfalls, the town on its airy perch above, the just starting vegetation of spring, the roads lined with snow-drops, crocuses, and violets, have renewed, in a ten-fold degree, the delight with which I saw this romantic spot on my former journey to Rome.

We crossed the mountain of Radicofani yesterday, in so thick a mist that I could not even distinguish the ruin of the old castle towering into the clouds above. The wild, half-naked people thronged about us as before, and I gave another paul to the old beggar with whom I became acquainted by Mr. Cole's graphic sketch. The winter had, apparently, gone hard with him. He was scarce able to come to the carriage-window, and coughed so hollowly that I thought he had nearly begged his last pittance.

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Bolsena.—We have walked in advance of the vetturino along the borders of this lovely and beautiful lake till we are tired. Our artists have taken off their coats with the heat, and sit, a quarter of a mile farther on, pointing in every direction at these unparalleled views. The water is as still as a mirror, with a soft mist on its face, and the water-fowl in thousands are diving and floating within gun-shot of us. An afternoon in June could not be more summer-like, and this, to a lover of soft climate, is no trifling pleasure.

A mile behind us lies the town, the seat of ancient Volscinium, the capital of the Volscians. The country about is one quarry of ruins, mouldering away in the moss. Nobody can live in health in the neighbourhood, and the poor pale wretches who call it a home are in melancholy contrast to the smiling paradise about them. Before us, in the bosom of the lake, lie two green islands—those which Pliny records to have floated in his time; and one of which, Martana, a small conical isle, was the scene of the murder of the queen of the Goths by her cousin Theodotus. She was taken there and strangled. It is difficult to imagine, with such a sea of sunshine around and over it, that it was ever anything but a spot of delight.

The whole neighbourhood is covered with rotten trunks of trees—a thing which at first surprised me in a country where wood is so economized. It is accounted for in the French guide-book of one of our party by the fact that the chestnut woods of Bolsena are considered sacred by the people from their antiquity, and are never cut. The trees have ripened, and fallen, and rotted thus for centuries—one cause, perhaps, of the deadly change in the air.

The vetturino comes lumbering up, and I must pocket my pencil and remount.

LETTER VI

Montefiascone—Anecdote of the Wine—Viterbo—Mount Cimino—Tradition—View of St. Peter's—Entrance into Rome—A Stranger's Impressions of the City.

MONTEFIASCONI.—WE HAVE STOPPED FOR THE NIGHT AT the hotel of this place, so renowned for its wine—the remnant of a bottle of which stands, at this moment, twinkling between me and my French companions. The ladies of our party have gone to bed, and left us in the room where sat Jean Defoucris, the merry German monk, who died of excess in drinking the same liquor that flashes through this straw-covered flask. The story is told more fully in the French guide-books. A prelate of Augsbourg, on a pilgrimage to Rome, sent forward his servant with orders to mark every tavern where the wine was good with the word *est*, in large letters of chalk. On arriving at this hotel, the monk saw the signal thrice written over the door—*Est! Est! Est!* He put up his mule, and drank of Montefiascone till he died. His servant wrote this epitaph, which is still seen in the church of St. Florian:

Propter nimium *est, est,*
Dominus meus mortuus *est!*

Est! Est! Est! is the motto upon the sign of the hotel to this day. ;

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In wandering about Viterbo in search of amusement, while the horses were baiting, I stumbled upon the shop of an antiquary. After looking over his medals, Etruscan vases, cameos, etc., a very interesting collection, I inquired into the state of trade for such things in Viterbo. He was a cadaverous, melancholy-looking old man, with his pockets worn quite out with the habit of thrusting his hands into them, and about his mouth and eye there was the proper virtuoso expression of inquisitiveness and discrimination. He kept also a small *café* adjoining his shop, into which we passed as he shrugged his shoulders at my question. I had wondered to find a vendor of costly curiosities in a town of such poverty, and I was not surprised at the sad fortunes which had followed upon his enterprise. They were a base herd, he said of the people, utterly ignorant of the value of the precious objects he had for sale, and he had been compelled to open a *café* and degrade himself by waiting on them for a contemptible *crazia* worth of coffee, while his lovely antiquities lay unappreciated within. The old gentleman was eloquent upon his misfortunes. He had not been long in trade, and had collected his museum originally for his own amusement. He was an odd specimen, in a small way, of a man who was quite above his sphere, and suffered for his superiority. I bought a pretty *intaglio*, and bade him farewell, after an hour's acquaintance, with quite the feeling of a friend.

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Mount Cimino rose before us soon after leaving Viterbo, and we walked up most of the long and gentle ascent, inhaling the odour of the spicy plants for which it is famous, and looking out sharply for the brigands with which it is always infested. English carriages are constantly robbed on this part of the route, of late. The robbers are met usually in parties of ten and twelve, and a

week before we passed, Lady B—— (the widow of an English nobleman) was stopped and plundered in broad mid-day. The excessive distress among the peasantry of these misgoverned states accounts for these things, and one only wonders why there is not even more robbing among such a starving population. This mountain, by the way, and the pretty lake below it, are spoken of in the *Æneid*: “*Cimini cum monte locum*,” etc. There is an ancient tradition, that in the crescent-shaped valley which the lake fills, there was formerly a city which was overwhelmed by the rise of the water; and certain authors state that, when the lake is clear, the ruins are still to be seen at the bottom.

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The sun rose upon us as we reached the mountain above Baccano, on the sixth day of our journey; and, by its clear golden flood, we saw the dome of St. Peter's, at the distance of sixteen miles, towering amidst the Campagna in all its majestic beauty. We descended into the vast plain and traversed its gentle undulations for two or three hours. With the forenoon well advanced, we turned into the valley of the Tiber, and saw the home of Raphael—a noble chateau on the side of a hill near the river; and, in the little plain between, the first peach-trees we had seen, in full blossom. The tomb of Nero is on one side of the road, before crossing the Tiber, and on the other a newly-painted and staring *restaurant*, where the modern Roman cockneys drive for punch and ices. The bridge of Pontemolle, by which we passed into the immediate suburb of Rome, was the ancient Pons *Æmilius*, and here Cicero arrested the conspirators on their way to join Catiline in his camp. It was on the same bridge, too, that Constantine saw his famous vision, and gained his victory over the tyrant Maxentius.

Two miles over the Via Flaminia, between garden-walls that were ornamented with sculpture and inscription in the time of Augustus, brought us to the Porta del Popolo. The square within this noble gate is modern, but very

imposing. Two streets diverge before you, as far away as you can see into the heart of the city; a magnificent fountain sends up its waters in the centre; the façades of two handsome churches face you as you enter; and on the right and left are gardens and palaces of princely splendour. Gay and sumptuous equipages cross it in every direction, driving out to the Villa Borghese, and up to the Pincian mount; the splendid troops of the Pope are on guard; and the busy and stirring population of modern Rome swell out to its limit like the ebb and flow of the sea. All this disappoints while it impresses the stranger. He has come to Rome—but it was *old* Rome that he had pictured to his fancy. The Forum; the ruins of her temples; the palaces of her emperors; the homes of her orators, poets, and patriots; the majestic relics of the once mistress of the world, are the features in his anticipation. But he enters by a modern gate to a modern square, and pays his modern coin to a whiskered officer of customs; and in the place of a venerable Belisarius begging an obolus in classic Latin, he is beset by a troop of lusty and filthy lazzaroni intreating for a *baiocco* in the name of the Madonna, and in effeminate Italian. He drives down the Corso, and reads nothing but French signs, and sees all the familiar wares of his own country exposed for sale; and every other person on the *pavé* is an Englishman with a narrow-rimmed hat and whalebone stick; and within an hour, at the Dogana, where his baggage is turned inside out by a snuffy old man who speaks French, and a reception at an hotel where the porter addresses him in his own language, whatever it may be, he goes to bed under Parisian curtains, and tries to dream of the Rome he could not realize while awake.

LETTER VII

Appian Way—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Albano—Tomb of the Curiatii—Aricia—Temple of Diana—Fountain of Egeria—Lake of Nemi—Velletri—Pontine Marshes—Convent—Canal—Terracina—San Felice—Fondi—Story of Julia Gonzaga—Cicero's Garden and Tomb—Mola—Minturna—Ruins of an Amphitheatre and Temple—Falernian Mount and Wine—The Doctor of St. Agatha—Capua—Entrance into Naples—The Queen.

February 1833.

WITH THE INTENTION OF RETURNING TO ROME FOR THE ceremonies of the holy week, I have merely passed through on my way to Naples. We left it the morning after our arrival, going by the Appian Way, to Mount Albano, which borders the Campagna on the south, at a distance of fifteen miles. This celebrated road is lined with the ruined tombs of the Romans. Off at the right, some four or five miles from the city, rises the fortress-like tomb of Cecilia Metella so exquisitely mused upon by "Childe Harold." This, says Sismondi, with the tombs of Adrian and Augustus, became fortresses of banditti in the thirteenth century, and were taken by Brancalione, the Bolognese governor of Rome, who hanged the marauders from the walls. It looks little like "a woman's grave."

We changed horses at the pretty village of Albano, and, on leaving it, passed an ancient mausoleum, believed to be the tomb of the Curiatii who fought the Horatii on the spot. It is a large structure, and had originally four pyramids on the corners, two of which only remain.

A mile from Albano lies Aricia, in a country of the loveliest rural beauty. Here was the famous temple of Diana, and here were the lake and grove sacred to the "virgin huntress," and consecrated as her home by peculiar worship. The fountain of Egeria is here, where Numa communed with the nymph; and the lake of Nemi, on the borders of which the temple stood, and which was called Diana's Mirror (*Speculum Dianæ*), is at this day, per-

haps, one of the sweetest gems of natural scenery in the world.

We slept at Velletri, a pretty town of some twelve thousand inhabitants, which stands on a hill-side, leading down to the Pontine marshes. It was one of the grand days of the carnival, and the streets were full of masks, walking up and down in their ridiculous dresses, and committing every sort of foolery. The next morning, by daylight, we were upon the Pontine marshes, the long thirty miles level of which we passed in an unbroken trot, one part of a day's journey of seventy-five miles, done by the *same horses*, at the rate of six miles in the hour! They are small, compact animals, and look in good condition; though they do as much habitually.

At a distance of fifteen miles from Velletri, we passed a convent, which is built opposite the spot where St. Paul was met by his friends, on his journey from the sea-side to Rome. The canal upon which Horace embarked on his celebrated journey to Brundisium, runs parallel with the road for its whole distance. This marshy desert is inhabited by a race of as wretched beings, perhaps, as are to be found upon the face of the earth. The pestiferous miasma of the pools is certain destruction to health; and the few who are needed at the distant post-houses, crawl out to the road-side like so many victims from a pest-house, stooping with weakness, hollow-eyed, and apparently insensible to everything. The feathered race seems exempt from its influence, and the quantities of game of every known description are incredible. The ground was alive with wild-geese, turkeys, pigeons, plover, ducks, and numerous birds we did not know, as far as the eye could distinguish. The travelling-books caution against sleeping in the carriage while passing these marshes, but we found it next to impossible to resist the heavy drowsiness of the air.

At Terracina the marshes end, and the long avenue of elms terminates at the foot of a romantic precipice, which is washed by the Mediterranean. The town is most picturesquely built between the rocky wall and the sea. We dined with the hollow murmur of the surf in our ears, and then

presenting our passports, entered the kingdom of Naples. This Terracina, by the way, was the ancient Anxur, which Horace describes in his line—

Impositum late saxis cudentibus Anxur.

For twenty or thirty miles before arriving at Terracina, we had seen before us the headland of *Circæum*, lying like a mountain-island off the shore. It is usually called *San Felice*, from the small town seated upon it. This was the ancient abode of the “daughter of the sun,” and here were imprisoned, according to Homer, the companions of Ulysses, after their metamorphoses.

From Terracina to Fondi we followed the old Appian Way, a road hedged with flowering myrtles and orange-trees laden with fruit. Fondi itself is dirtier than imagination could picture it, and the scowling men in the streets look like myrmidons of *Fra Diavolo*, their celebrated countryman. This town, however, was the scene of the romantic story of the beautiful *Julia Gonzaga*, and was destroyed by the corsair *Barbarossa*, who had intended to present the greatest beauty of Italy to the sultan. It was to the rocky mountains above the town that she escaped in her night-dress, and lay concealed till the pirate's departure.

In leaving Fondi, we passed the ruined walls of a garden said to have belonged to *Cicero*, whose tomb is only three leagues distant. Night came on before we reached the tomb, and we were compelled to promise ourselves a pilgrimage to it on our return.

We slept at *Mola*, and here *Cicero* was assassinated. The ruins of his country-house are still here. The town lies in the lap of a graceful bay, and in all Italy, it is said, there is no spot more favoured by nature. The mountains shelter it from the winds of the north; the soil produces spontaneously the orange, the myrtle, the olive, delicious grapes, jasmine, and many odoriferous herbs. This, with its neighbourhood, was called by the great orator and statesman who selected it for his retreat, “the most beautiful patri-mony of the Romans.” The Mediterranean spreads out

from its bosom; the lovely islands near Naples bound its view; Vesuvius sends up its smoke and fire in the south; and back from its hills stretches a country fertile and beautiful as a paradise. It is a place of great resort for the English and other travellers in the summer. The old palaces are turned into hotels, and we entered our inn through an avenue of shrubs that must have been planted and trimmed for a century.

* * * * *

We left Mola before dawn, and crossed the small river Garigliano as the sun rose. A short distance from the southern bank, we found ourselves in the midst of ruins; the golden beams of the sun pouring upon us through the arches of some once magnificent structure, whose area is now crossed by the road. This was the ancient Minturna, and the ruins are those of an amphitheatre, and a temple of Venus. Some say that it was in the marshes about this now waste city that the soldier, sent by Sylla to kill Marius, found the old hero, and, struck with his noble mien, fell with respect at his feet.

The road soon enters a chain of hills, and the scenery becomes enchanting. At the left of the first ascent lies the Falernian Mount, whose wines are immortalized by Horace. It is a beautiful hill, which throws round its shoulder to the south, and is covered with vineyards. I dismounted and walked on while the horses breathed at the post-house of St. Agatha, and was overtaken by a good-natured looking man, mounted on a mule, of whom I made some inquiry respecting the modern Falernian. He said it was still the best wine of the neighbourhood, but was far below its ancient reputation, because never kept long enough to ripen. It is at its prime from the fifteenth to the twentieth year, and is usually drunk the first or second. My new acquaintance, I soon found, was the physician of the two or three small villages nested about among the hills, and a man of some pretensions to learning. I was delighted with his frank good humour, and a certain spice of drollery in his description of his patients. The

peasants at work in the fields saluted him from any distance as he passed; and the pretty *contadini* going to St. Agatha with their baskets on their heads, smiled as he nodded, calling them all by name, and I was rather amused than offended with the inquisitiveness he manifested about my age, family, pursuits, and even morals. His mule stopped of its own will at the door of the apothecary of the small village on the summit of the hill; and as the carriage came in sight the doctor invited me, seizing my hand with a look of friendly sincerity, to stop at St. Agatha on my return, to shoot, and drink Falernian with him for a month. The apothecary stopped the vetturino at the door; and, to the astonishment of my companions within, the doctor seized me in his arms and kissed me on both sides of my face with a volume of blessings and compliments which I had no breath, in my surprise, to return. I have made many friends on the road in this country of quick feelings, but the doctor of St. Agatha had a readiness of sympathy which threw all my former experience into the shade.

We dined at Capua, the city whose luxuries enervated Hannibal and his soldiers—the “*dives, amorosa, felix*” Capua. It is in melancholy contrast with the description now—its streets filthy, and its people looking the antipodes of luxury. The climate should be the same, as we dined with open doors, and with the branch of an orange-tree heavy with fruit hanging in at the window, in a month that with us is one of the wintriest.

From Capua to Naples, the distance is but fifteen miles, over a flat uninteresting country. We entered “this third city in the world” in the middle of the afternoon, and were immediately surrounded with beggars of every conceivable degree of misery. We sat an hour at the gate while our passports were recorded, and the vetturino examined, and then, passing up a noble street, entered a dense crowd, through which was creeping slowly a double line of carriages. The mounted dragoons compelled our postillion to fall into the line, and we were two hours following in a fashionable corso with our mud-spattered vehicle and tired

horses, surrounded by all that was brilliant and gay in Naples. It was the last day of carnival. Everybody was abroad, and we were forced, however unwillingly, to see all the rank and beauty of the city. The carriages in this fine climate are all open, and the ladies were in full dress. As we entered the Toledo, the cavalcade came to a halt, and with hats off and handkerchiefs flying in every direction about them, the young new-married queen of Naples rode up the middle of the street, preceded and followed by outriders in the gayest livery. She has been married about a month; is but seventeen, and is acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman in the kingdom. The description I had heard of her, though very extravagant, had hardly done her justice. She is a little above the middle height, with a fine lift to her head and neck, and a countenance only less modest and maidenly than noble.

LETTER VIII

NAPLES

Visit to Herculaneum and Pompeii.

February, 1833.

I HAVE PASSED MY FIRST DAY IN NAPLES IN WANDERING about, without any definite object. I have walked around its famous bay; looked at the lazzaroni; watched the smoke of Vesuvius; traversed the square where the young Conradine was beheaded, and Masaniello commenced his revolt; mounted to the castle of St. Elmo, and dined on macaroni in a trattoria, where the Italian I had learned in Tuscany was of little more use to me than Greek.

The bay surprised me most. It is a collection of beauties, which seems more a miracle than an accident of nature. It is a deep crescent of sixteen miles across, and a little more in length, between the points of which lies a chain of low

mountains, called the island of Capri, looking from the shore like a vast heap of clouds brooding at sea. In the bosom of the crescent lies Naples. Its palaces and principal buildings cluster around the base of an abrupt hill crowned by the castle of St. Elmo, and its half million of inhabitants have stretched their dwellings over the plain towards Vesuvius, and back upon Posilippo, bordering the curve of the shore on the right and left with a broad white band of city and village for twelve or fourteen miles. Back from this, on the southern side, a very gradual ascent brings your eye to the base of Vesuvius, which rises from the plain in a sharp cone, broken in at the top; its black and lava-streaked sides descending with the evenness of a sand-hill, on one side to the disinterred city of Pompeii, and on the other to the royal palace of Portici, built over the yet unexplored Herculaneum. In the centre of the crescent of the shore, projecting into the sea by a bridge of two or three hundred feet in length, stands a small castle, built upon a rock, on one side of which lies the mole with its shipping. The other side is bordered, close to the beach, with the gardens of the royal villa, a magnificent promenade of a mile, ornamented with fancy temples and statuary, on the smooth alleys of which may be met, at certain hours, all that is brilliant and gay in Naples. Farther on, towards the northern horn of the bay, lies the Mount of Posilippo, the ancient coast of Baia, Cape Misenum, and the mountain isles of Procida and Ischia; the last of which still preserves the costumes of Greece, from which it was colonized, centuries ago. The bay itself is as blue as the sky, scarcely ruffled all day with the wind, and covered by countless boats fishing or creeping on with their picturesque lattine sails just filled; while the atmosphere over sea, city, and mountain, is of a clearness and brilliancy which is inconceivable in other countries. The superiority of the sky and climate of Italy is no fable in any part of this delicious land; but in Naples, if the day I have spent here is a fair specimen, it is matchless even for Italy. There is something like a fine blue veil of a most dazzling transparency over the mountains around, but above and be-

tween there seems nothing but viewless space—nothing like air that a bird could rise upon. The eye gets intoxicated almost with gazing on it.

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We have just returned from our first excursion to Pompeii. It lies on the southern side of the bay, just below the volcano which overwhelmed it, about twelve miles from Naples. The road lay along the shore, and is lined with villages which are only separated by name. The first is Portici, where the king has a summer palace, through the court of which the road passes. It is built over Herculaneum; and the danger of undermining it has stopped the excavations of probably the richest city buried by Vesuvius. We stopped at a little gate in the midst of the village, and taking a guide and two torches, descended to the only part of it now visible, by near a hundred steps. We found ourselves at the back of an amphitheatre. We entered the narrow passage, and the guide pointed to several of the upper seats for the spectators which had been partially dug out. They were lined with marble, as the whole amphitheatre appears to have been. To realize the effect of these ruins, it is to be remembered that they are imbedded in solid lava, like rock, near a hundred feet deep, and that a city, which is itself ancient, is built above them. The carriage in which we came stood high over our heads, in a time-worn street, and ages had passed, and many generations of men had lived and died over a splendid city, whose very name had been forgotten! It was discovered in sinking a well, which struck the door of the amphitheatre. The guide took us through several other long passages dug across and around it, showing us the orchestra, the stage, the numerous entrances, and the bases of several statues which are taken to the museum at Naples. This is the only part of the excavation that remains open, the others having again been filled with rubbish. The noise of the carriages overhead in the street of Portici was like deafening thunder.

In a hurry to get to Pompeii, which is much more interesting, we ascended to daylight, and drove on. Coasting

along the curve of the bay, with only a succession of villas and gardens between us and the beach, we soon came to Torre del Greco, a small town which was overwhelmed by an eruption thirty-nine years ago. Vesuvius here rises gradually on the left, the crater being at a distance of five miles. The road crossed the bed of dry lava, which extends to the sea in a broad black mass of cinders, giving the country the most desolate aspect. The town is rebuilt just beyond the ashes, and the streets are crowded with the thoughtless inhabitants, who buy and sell, and lounge in the sun, with no more remembrance or fear of the volcano than the people of a city in America.

Another half-hour brought us to a long, high bank of earth and ashes, thrown out from the excavations; and passing on, we stopped at the gate of Pompeii. A guide met us, and we entered. We found ourselves in the ruins of a public square, surrounded with small low columns of red marble. On the right were several small prisons, in one of which was found the skeleton of a man with its feet in iron stocks. The cell was very small, and the poor fellow must have been suffocated without even a hope of escape. The columns just in front were scratched with ancient names, possibly those of the guard stationed at the door of the prison. This square is surrounded with shops, in which were found the relics and riches of tradesmen, consisting of an immense variety. In one of the buildings was found the skeleton of a new-born child, and in one part of the square the skeletons of sixty men, supposed to be soldiers, who, in the severity of Roman discipline, dared not fly, and perished at their post. There were several advertisements of gladiators on the pillars; and it appears that at the time of the eruption the inhabitants of Pompeii were principally assembled in the great amphitheatre at a show.

We left the square, and, visiting several small private houses near it, passed into a street with a slight ascent, the pavement of which was worn deep with carriage-wheels. It appeared to have led from the upper part of the city directly to the sea, and in rainy weather must have been

quite a channel for water, as high stones at small distances were placed across the street, leaving open places between for the carriage-wheels. I think there is a contrivance of the same kind in one of the streets of Baltimore.

We mounted thence to higher ground, the part of the city not excavated. A peasant's hut and a large vineyard stand high above the ruins, and from the door the whole city and neighbourhood are seen to advantage. The effect of the scene is strange beyond description. Columns, painted walls, wheel-worn streets, amphitheatres, palaces, all as lonely and deserted as the grave, stand around you, and behind is a poor cottage and a vineyard of fresh earth just putting forth its buds—and beyond, the broad blue, familiär bay, covered with steam-boats and sails, and populous modern Naples in the distance—a scene as strangely mingled, perhaps, as any to be found in the world. We looked around for a while, and then walked on through the vineyard to the amphitheatre which lies beyond, near the other gate of the city. It is a gigantic ruin, completely excavated, and capable of containing twenty thousand spectators. The form is oval and the architecture particularly fine. Besides the many vomitories or passages for ingress and egress, there are three smaller alleys, one used as the entrance for wild beasts, one for the gladiators, and the third as that by which the dead were taken away. The skeletons of eight lions and a man, supposed to be their keeper, were found in one of the dens beneath, and those of five other persons near the different doors. It is presumed that the greater proportion of the inhabitants of Pompeii must have escaped by sea, as the eruption occurred while they were nearly all assembled on this spot, and these few skeletons only have been found.¹

We returned through the vineyard, and, stopping at the cottage, called for some of the wine of the last vintage (delicious, like all those in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius), and, producing our basket of provisions, made a most agreeable dinner. Two parties of English passed while we

¹ The number of skeletons hitherto disinterred in Pompeii and its suburbs is three hundred.—STARK.

were sitting at our out-of-doors table. Our attendant was an uncommonly pretty girl of sixteen, born on the spot and famous just now as the object of a young English nobleman's particular admiration. She is a fine, dark-eyed creature, but certainly no prettier than every fifth peasant girl in Italy.

Having finished our picturesque meal, we went down into the ancient streets once more, and arrived at the small temple of Isis, a building in excellent preservation. On the altar stood, when it was excavated, a small statue of Isis, of exquisite workmanship (now in the museum, to which all the curiosities of the place are carried), and behind this we were shown the secret *penetralia*, where the priests were concealed who uttered the oracles supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The access was by a small secret flight of stairs, communicating with the apartments of the priests in the rear. The largest of these apartments was probably the refectory, and here was found a human skeleton near a table, upon which lay dinner utensils, chicken bones, bones of fishes, bread and wine, and a faded garland of flowers. In the kitchen, which we next visited, were found cooking utensils, remains of food, and the skeleton of a man leaning against the wall with an axe in his hand, and near him a considerable hole, which he had evidently cut to make his escape when the door was stopped by cinders. The skeleton of one of the priests was found prostrate near the temple, and in his hand three hundred and sixty coins of silver, forty-two of bronze, and eight of gold, wrapped strongly in a cloth. He had probably stopped before his flight to load himself with the treasures of the temple, and was overtaken by the shower of cinders, and suffocated. The skeletons of one or two were found upon beds, supposed to have been smothered while asleep or ill. The temple is beautifully paved with mosaic (as indeed are all the better private houses and public buildings of Pompeii), and the open inner court is bordered with a quadrilateral portico. The building is of the Roman Doric order.

We passed, next across a small street to the tragic

theatre, a large handsome building, where the seats for the vestals, consuls, and other places of honour, are well preserved, and thence up the hill to the temple of Hercules, which must have been a noble edifice, commanding a superb view of the sea.

The next object was the triangular forum, an open space surrounded with three porticos, supported by a hundred Doric columns. Here were found several skeletons, one of which was that of a man who had loaded himself with plunder. Gold and silver coins, cups, rings, spoons, buckles, and other things, were found under him. Near here, under the ruins of a wall, were discovered skeletons of a man and a woman, and on the arms of the latter two beautiful bracelets of gold.

We entered from this a broad street, lined with shops, against the walls of which were paintings in fresco and inscriptions in deep-red paint, representing the occupations and recording the names of the occupants. In one of them was found a piece of salt-fish, smelling strongly after seventeen centuries! In a small lane leading from this street, the guide led us to a shop decorated with pictures of fish of various kinds and furnished with a stove, marble dressers, and earthen jars, supposed to have belonged to a vender of fish and olives. A little farther on was a baker's shop, with a well-used oven, in which was found a batch of bread burnt to a cinder. Near this was the house of a midwife. In it were found several instruments of a simple and excellent construction, unknown to the moderns—a forceps, remains of medicines in a wooden box, and various pestles and mortars. The walls were ornamented with frescos of the Graces, Venus and Adonis, and similar subjects.

The Temple of the Pantheon is a magnificent ruin, and must have been one of the choicest in Pompeii. Its walls are decorated with exquisite paintings in fresco, arabesques, mosaics, etc., and its court is one hundred and eighty feet long, and two hundred and thirty broad, and contains an altar, around which are twelve pedestals for statues of the twelve principal deities of the ancients. Gutters of marble are placed at the base of the *triclinium*, to carry

away the blood of the victims. A thousand coins of bronze, and forty or fifty of silver, were found near the sanctuary.

We passed on to the Curia, a semicircular building, for the discussion of matters of religion by the magistrates; a temple of Romulus; the remains of a temple of Janus; a splendid building called the *chalcidicum*, constructed by the priestess Eumachea and her son, and dedicated as a temple of Concord, and came at last, by a regular ascent, into a large and spacious square, called the *forum civile*. This part of the city of Pompeii must have been extremely imposing. Porticos, supported by noble columns, encompassed its vast area; the pedestals of colossal statues, erected to distinguished citizens, are placed at the corners; at the northern extremity rose a stately temple of Jupiter; on the right was another temple to Venus; beyond, a large public edifice, the use of which is not known; across the narrow street which bounds it, stood the Basilica, an immense building, which served as a court of justice and an exchange.

We passed out at the gate of the city and stopped at a sentry-box, in which was found a skeleton in full armour—a soldier who had died at his post! From hence formerly the road descended directly to the sea, and for some distance was lined on either side with the magnificent tombs of the Pompeians. Among them was that of the vestal virgins, left unfinished when the city was destroyed; a very handsome tomb, in which was found the skeleton of a woman (who had probably attempted to rob before her flight), with a lamp in one hand and jewels in the other, and a very handsome square monument, with a beautiful *relievo* on one of the slabs, representing (as emblematic of death) a ship furling her sails on coming into port. Near one of the large family sepulchres stands a small semicircular room, intended for the funeral feast after a burial; and here were found the remains of three men around a table, scattered with relics of a meal. They were overwhelmed ere their feast was concluded over the dead!

The principal inn of Pompeii was just inside the gate. We went over the ruins of it. The skeleton of an ass was found chained to a ring in the stable, and the tire of a

wheel lay in the court-yard. Chequers are painted on the side of the door, as a sign.

Below the tombs stands the suburban villa of Diomed, one of the most sumptuous edifices of Pompeii. Here was found everything that the age could furnish for the dwelling of a man of wealth. Statues, frescos, jewels, wine, household utensils of every description, skeletons of servants and dogs, and every kind of elegant furniture. The family was large, and in the first moment of terror they all retreated to a wine vault under the villa, where their skeletons (eighteen grown persons and two children) were found seventeen centuries after! There was really something startling in walking through the deserted rooms of this beautiful villa—more than one feels elsewhere in Pompeii, for it is more like the elegance and taste of our own day; and with the brightness of the preserved walls, and the certainty with which the use of each room is ascertained, it seems as if the living inhabitant would step from some corner and welcome you. The figures on the walls are as fresh as if done yesterday. The baths look as if they might scarce be dry from use. It seems incredible that the whole Christian age has elapsed since this was a human dwelling—occupied by its last family *while our Saviour was walking the earth!*

It would be tedious to enumerate all the curious places to which the guide led us in this extraordinary city. On our return through the streets, among the objects of interest was the house of Sallust the historian. I did not think, when reading his beautiful Latin at school, that I should ever sit down in his parlour. Sallust was rich, and his house is uncommonly handsome. Here is his chamber, his inner court, his kitchen, his garden, his dining-room, his guest-chamber, all perfectly distinguishable by the symbolical frescos on the walls. In the court was a fountain, of pretty construction, and opposite, in the rear, was a flower-garden, containing arrangements for dining in open air in summer. The skeleton of a female (supposed to be the wife of the historian) and three servants, known by their different ornaments, were found near the door of the street.

We passed a druggist's shop and a cook-shop, and entered, treading on a beautiful mosaic floor, the "house of the dramatic poet," so named from the character of the paintings with which it is ornamented throughout. The frescos found here are the finest ancient paintings in the world; and from some peculiarity in the rings upon the fingers of the female figures, they are supposed to be family portraits. With assistance like this, how easily the imagination repeoples these deserted dwellings!

A heavy shower drove us to the shelter of the wine-vaults of Diomed, as we were about stepping into our carriage to return to Naples. We spent the time in exploring, and found some thirty or forty earthen jars still half-buried in the ashes which drifted through the loop-holes of the cellar. In another half-hour the black cloud had passed away over Vesuvius, and the sun set behind Posilippo in a flood of splendour. We were at home soon after dark, having had our fill of astonishment for once. I have seen nothing in my life so remarkable as this disentombed city. I have passed over, in the description, many things which were well worth noting, but it would have grown into a mere catalogue else. It is a privilege to realize these things, which could not be bought too dearly, and they cannot be realized but by the eye. Description conveys but a poor shadow of them to the fancy.

LETTER IX

Account of Vesuvius—The Hermitage—The famous *Lagrima Christi*—Difficulties of the Path—Curious appearance of the old Crater—Odd assemblage of Travellers—The new Crater—Splendid Prospect—Mr. Mathias, Author of the *Pursuits of Literature*—The Archbishop of Tarento.

MOUNTED UPON ASSES MUCH SMALLER THAN THEIR RIDERS, and with each a bare-legged driver behind, we commenced the ascent of Vesuvius. It was a troublesome path,

worn through the rough scoria of old eruptions, and after two hours' toiling, we were glad to dismount at "the hermitage." Here lives a capuchin friar on a prominent rib in the side of the volcano, the red-hot lava dividing above his dwelling every year or two, and coursing away to the valley in two rivers of fire on either side of him. He has been there twelve years, and supports himself and probably half his brotherhood at the monastery by selling *Lagrima Christi* to strangers. It is a small white building with a little grass and a few trees about it, and looks like an island in the black waste of cinders and lava.

A shout from the guide was answered by the opening of a small window above, and the shaven crown of the old friar was thrust forth with a welcome and a request, that we would mount the stairs to the parlour. He received us at the top, and gave us chairs around a plain board table, upon which he set several bottles of the far-famed wine of Vesuvius. One drinks it, and blesses the volcano that warmed the roots of the grape. It is a ripe, rich, full-bodied liquor, which "ascends me into the brain" sooner than any Continental wine I have tasted. I never drank anything more delicious.

We re-mounted our asses and rode on, much more indifferent than before to the roughness of the path. It strikes one like the road to the infernal regions—no grass, not a shrub, nothing but a wide mountain of cinders, black and rugged, diversified only by the deeper dye of the newer streaks of lava. The eye wearied of gazing on it. We mounted thus for an hour or more, arriving at last at the base of a lofty cone whose sides were but slopes of deep ashes. We left our donkeys here in company with those of a large party that had preceded us, and made preparations to ascend on foot. The drivers unlaced their sashes, and, passing them round the waists of the ladies, took the ends over their shoulders, and proceeded. Harder work could scarce be conceived. The feet had no hold, sinking knee deep at every step, and we slipped back so much, that our progress was almost imperceptible. The ladies were soon tired out, although more than half dragged up by the

guides. At every few steps there was a general cry for a halt, and we lay down in the warm ashes, quite breathless and discouraged.

In something more than an hour from the hermitage we reached the edge of the old crater. The scene here was very curious. A hollow, perhaps a mile round, composed entirely of scoria (like the cinders under a blacksmith's window), contained in its centre the sharp new cone of the last eruption. Around, in various directions, sat some thirty groups of travellers, with each their six or seven Italian guides, refreshing themselves with a lunch after the fatigues of the ascent. They were English, Germans, French, Russians, and Italians, each speaking their own language; and the largest party, oddly enough, was from the United States. As I was myself travelling with foreigners, and found my countrymen on Vesuvius unexpectedly, the mixture of nations appeared still more extraordinary. The combined heat of the sun and the volcano beneath us had compelled the Italians to throw off half their dress, and they sat, or stood leaning on their long pikes, with their brown faces and dark eyes glowing with heat, as fine models of ruffians as ever startled a traveller in this country of bandits. Eight or ten of them were grouped around a crack in the crater, roasting apples and toasting bread. There were several of these cracks winding about in different directions, of which I could barely endure the heat, holding my hand at the top. A stick thrust in a foot or more, was burnt black in a moment.

With another bottle or two of *Lagrime Christi* and a roasted apple, our courage was renewed, and we picked our way across the old crater, sometimes lost in the smoke which steamed up through the cracks, and here and there treading on beautiful beds of crystals of sulphur. The ascent of the new cone was shorter but very difficult. The ashes were so new and light, that it was like a steep sand-bank, giving discouragingly at the least pressure, and sinking till the next step was taken. The steams of sulphur, as we approached the summit, were all but intolerable. The ladies coughed, the guides sneezed and called

on the Madonna, and I never was more relieved than in catching the first clear draught of wind on the top of the mountain.

Here we all stood at last crowded together on the narrow edge of a crater formed within the year, and liable every moment to be overwhelmed with burning lava. There was scarce room to stand, and the hot ashes burnt our feet as they sunk into it. The females of each party sunk to the ground, and the common danger and toil breaking down the usual stiff barrier of silence between strangers, the conversation became general, and the hour on the crater's edge passed very agreeably.

A strong lad could barely throw a stone from one side to the other of the new crater. It was about forty feet deep, perhaps more, and one crust of sulphur lined the whole. It was half the time obscured in smoke, which poured in volumes from the broad cracks with which it was divided in every direction; and occasionally an eddy of wind was caught in the vast bowl, and for a minute its bright yellow surface was perfectly clear. There had not been an eruption for four or five months, and the abyss which is for years together a pit of fire and boiling lava, has had time to harden over; and were it not for the smoking seams, one would scarce suspect the existence of the tremendous volcano slumbering beneath.

After we had been on the summit a few minutes, an English clergyman of my acquaintance, to our surprise, emerged from the smoke. He had been to the bottom for specimens of sulphur for his cabinet. Contrary to the advice of the guide, I profited by his experience, and disappearing in the flying clouds, reached the lowest depth of the crater with some difficulties of foot-hold and breath. The cracks which I crossed twice, were so brittle as to break like the upper ice of a twice frozen pond beneath my feet, and the stench of the exhaling gases was nauseating beyond all the sulphureted hydrogen I have ever known. The sensation was painfully suffocating from the moment I entered the crater. I broke as many bits of the bright golden crystals from the crust as my confusion and

failing strength would allow, and then remounted, feeling my way up through the smoke to the summit.

I can compare standing on the top of Vesuvius and looking down upon the bay and city of Naples, to nothing but mounting a peak in the infernal regions overlooking paradise. The larger crater encircles you entirely for a mile, cutting off the view of the sides of the mountain; and from the elevation of the new cone, you look over the rising edge of this black field of smoke and cinders, and drop the eye at once upon Naples, lying asleep in the sun, with its lazy sails upon the water, and the green hills enclosing it clad in the indescribable beauty of an Italian atmosphere. Beyond all comparison, by the testimony of every writer and traveller, the most beautiful scene in the world: the loveliest water and the brightest land lay spread out before us. With the stench of hot sulphur in our nostrils, ankle deep in black ashes, and a waste of smouldering cinders in every direction around us, the enjoyment of the view certainly did not want for the heightening of contrast.

We made our descent by jumps through the sliding ashes, frequently tumbling over each other, and retracing in five minutes the toil of an hour. Our donkeys stood tethered together on the herbless field of cinders, and we were soon in the clumsy saddles; and with a call at the hermitage, and a parting draught of wine with the friar, we reached our carriages at the little village of Resina in safety. The feet of the whole troop were in a wretched condition. The ladies had worn shoes, or slight boots, which were cut to pieces of course; and one very fine-looking girl, the daughter of an elderly French gentleman, had with the usual improvidence of her nation, started in satin slippers. She was probably lamed for a month; as she insisted on persevering, and wrapped her feet in handkerchiefs to return.

We rode along the curve of the bay, by one of these matchless sunsets of Italy, and arrived at Naples at dark.

I have had the pleasure lately of making the acquaintance of Mr. Mathias, the distinguished author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, and the translator of Spenser and other English poets into Italian. About twenty years ago, this well-known scholar came to Italy, on a desperate experiment of health. Finding himself better, almost against hope, he has remained from year to year in Naples, in love with the climate and the language, until, at this day, he belongs less to the English than the Italian literature, having written various original poems in Italian, and translated into Italian verse to the wonder and admiration of the scholars of the country. I found him this morning at his lodgings, in an old palace on the Pizzofalcone, buried in books as usual, and good-humoured enough to give an hour to a young man, who had no claim on him beyond the ordinary interest in a distinguished scholar. He talked a great deal of America naturally, and expressed a very strong friendship for Mr. Everett, whom he had met on his travels, requesting me at the same time to take him a set of his works as a remembrance. Mr. Mathias is a small man, of perhaps sixty years, perfectly bald, and a little inclined to corpulency. His head is ample, and would make a fine picture of a scholar. His voice is hurried and modest, and from long residence in Italy his English is full of Italian idioms. He spoke with rapture of *Da Ponte*, calling me back as I shut the door to ask for him. It seemed to give him uncommon pleasure that we appreciated and valued him in America.

I have looked over, this evening, a small volume, which he was kind enough to give me. It is entitled *Lyric Poetry*, by T. J. Mathias: a new edition, printed privately. It is dated 1832, and the poems were probably all written within the last two years. The shortest extract I can make is a "Sonnet to the Memory of Gray," which strikes me as very beautiful.

Lord of the various lyre! devout we turn
Our pilgrim steps to thy supreme abode,
And tread with awe the solitary road,
To grace with votive wreaths thy hallow'd urn.

Yet as we wander through this dark sojourn,
No more the strains we hear, that all abroad
Thy fancy wafted, as the inspiring God
Prompted "the thoughts that breathe, the words that burn."

But hark! a voice, in solemn accents clear,
Bursts from heaven's vault that glows with temperate fire:
Cease, mortal, cease to drop the fruitless tear,
Mute though the raptures of his full-strung lyre,
E'en his own warblings, lessen'd on his ear,
Lost in seraphic harmony expire.

A friend, whom I met at the same house, took me to see the Archbishop of Tarento yesterday. This venerable man, it is well known, lost his gown for his participation in the cause of the Carbonari (the revolutionary conspirators of Italy). He has always played a conspicuous part in the politics of his time, and now, at the age of ninety, unlike the usual fate of meddlers in troubled waters, he is a healthy, happy, venerated old man, surrounded in his palace with all that luxury can give him. The lady who presented me took the privilege of intimate friendship to call at an unusual hour and we found the old churchman in his slippers, over his breakfast, with two immense tortoise-shell cats, upon stools, watching his hand for bits of bread, and purring most affectionately. He looks like one of Titian's pictures. His face is a wreck of commanding features, and his eye seems less to have lost its fire, than to slumber in its deep socket. His hair is snowy white—his forehead of prodigious breadth and height—and his skin has that calm, settled, and yet healthy paleness, which carries with it the history of a whole life of temperance and thought.

The old man rose from his chair with a smile, and came forward with a stoop and a feeble step, and took my two hands, as my friend mentioned my name, and looked me in the face very earnestly. "Your country," said he, in Italian, "has sprung into existence like Minerva, full-grown and armed. We look for the result." He went on with some comments upon the dangers of republics, and

then sent me to look at a portrait of Queen Giovanna, of Naples, by Leonardo da Vinci, while he sat down to talk with the lady who brought me. His secretary accompanied me as a cicerone. Five or six rooms, communicating with each other, were filled with choice pictures, every one a gift from some distinguished individual. The present King of France had sent him his portrait; Queen Adelaide had sent a splendid set of Sèvres china, with the portraits of her family; the Queen of Belgium had presented him with her miniature and that of Leopold; the King and Queen of Naples had half furnished his house; and so the catalogue went on. It seemed as if the whole Continent had united to honour the old man. While I was looking at a curious mosaic portrait of a cat, presented to him on the death of the original, by some prince whose name I have forgotten, he came to us, and said he had just learned that my pursuits were literary, and would present me with his own last work. He opened the drawer of a small bureau and produced a manuscript of some ten pages, written in a feeble hand. "This," said he, "is an enumeration from memory of what I have not seen for many years—the classic spots about our beautiful city of Naples, and their associations. I have written it in the last month to while away the time, and call up again the pleasure I have received many times in my life in visiting them." I put the curious document in my bosom with many thanks, and we kissed the hand of the good old priest and left him. We found his carriage, with three or four servants in handsome livery, waiting for him in the court below. We had intruded a little on the hour for his morning ride.

I found his account of the environs merely a simple catalogue, with here and there a classic quotation from a Greek or Latin author, referring to them. I keep the MS. as a curious memento of one of the noblest relics I have seen of an age gone by.

LETTER X

Neapolitan Races—Brilliant show of Equipages—The King and his Brother—Rank and Character of the Jockeys—Description of the Races—The public Burial-ground of Naples—The Lazzaroni—Frequency of Robberies and Assassinations—The Museum of Naples—Ancient Relics from Pompeii—The antique Chair of Sallust—The Villa of Cicero—The Balbi Family—Gallery of Dians, Cupids, Joves, Mercuries, and Apollos, Statue of Aristides, etc.

March, 1833.

I HAVE BEEN ALL DAY AT "THE RACES." THE KING OF Naples, who has a great admiration for everything English, has abandoned the Italian custom of running horses without riders through the crowded street, and has laid out a magnificent course on the summit of a broad hill overlooking the city on the east. Here he astonishes his subjects with *ridden* races; and it was to see one of the best of the season that the whole fashionable world of Naples poured out to the campo this morning. The show of equipages was very brilliant: the liveries of the various ambassadors, and the court and nobles of the kingdom, showing on the bright green sward to great effect. I never saw a more even piece of turf, and it was fresh in the just-born vegetation of spring. The carriages were drawn up in two lines nearly half round the course, and for an hour or two before the races the King and his brother, Prince Carlo, rode up and down between with the royal suite, splendidly mounted, the monarch himself upon a fiery grey blood horse, of uncommon power and beauty. The director was an Arragonese nobleman, cousin to the King, and as perfect a specimen of the Spanish cavalier as ever figured in the pages of romance. He was mounted on a Turkish horse, snow-white, and the finest animal I ever saw; and he carried all eyes with him, as he dashed up and down, like a meteor. I like to see a fine specimen of a man, as I do a fine picture or an excellent horse, and I think I never saw a prettier spectacle of its kind, than this wild steed from the Balkan and his handsome rider.

The King is tall, very fat, but very erect; of a light

complexion and a good horseman, riding always in the English style, trotting and rising in the stirrup. Prince Charles is smaller and less kingly in his appearance, dresses carelessly and ill, and is surrounded always in public with half a dozen young Englishmen.

The horses were led up and down—a delicate, fine-limbed sorrel mare, and a dark chestnut horse, compact and wiry—both English. The bets were arranged, the riders weighed, and, at the beat of a bell, off they went like arrows. It was a stirring sight! The course was about a mile round, and marked with red flags at short distances; and as the two flying creatures described the bright green circle, spread out like greyhounds, and running with an ease and grace that seemed entirely without effort, the King dashed across the field followed by the whole court; the Turkish steed of Don Giovanni restrained with difficulty in the rear, and leaping high in the air at every bound—his nostrils expanded, and his head thrown up with the peculiar action of his race, while his snow-white mane and tail flew with every hair free to the wind. I had, myself, a small bet upon the sorrel. It was nothing—a pair of gloves, with a lady—but as the horses came round, the sorrel a whip's length ahead, and both shot by like the wind, scarce touching the earth apparently, and so even in their speed that the rider in blue might have kept his hand on the other's back, the excitement became breathless. Away they went again, past the starting-post, pattering, pattering with their slender hoofs, the sorrel still keeping her ground, and a thousand bright lips wishing the graceful creature success. Half-way round the blue jacket began to whip. The sorrel still held her way, and I felt my gloves to be beyond peril. The royal cortège within the ring spurred across at the top of their speed to the starting-post. The horses came on—their nostrils open and panting, bounding upon the way with the same measured leaps a little longer and more eager than before; the rider of the sorrel leaning over the neck of his horse with a loose rein, and his whip hanging untouched from his wrist. Twenty leaps more! With every one the rider

of the chestnut gave the fine animal a blow. The sorrel sprang desperately on, every nerve strained to the jump; but at the instant that they passed the carriage in which I stood, the chestnut was developing his wiry frame in tremendous leaps, and had already gained on his opponent the length of his head. They were lost in the crowd that broke instantly into the course behind them, and in a moment after, a small red flag was waved from the stand. My favourite had lost!

The next race was ridden by a young Scottish nobleman, and the son of the former French ambassador, upon the horses with which they came to the ground. It was a match made upon the spot. The Frenchman was so palpably better mounted, that there was a general laugh when the ground was cleared and the two gentlemen spurred up and down to show themselves as antagonists. The Parisian himself stuffed his white handkerchief in his bosom, and jammed down his hat upon his head with a confident laugh; and among the ladies there was scarce a bet upon the grave Scotchman, who borrowed a stout whip, and rode his bony animal between the lines with a hard rein and his feet set firmly in the stirrups. The Frenchman generously gave him every advantage, beginning with the inside of the ring. The bell struck, and the Scotchman drove his spurs into his horse's flanks and started away, laying on with his whip most industriously. His opponent followed, riding very gracefully, but apparently quite sure that he could overtake him at any moment, and content for the first round with merely showing himself off to the best advantage. Round came the Scot, twenty leaps ahead, whipping unmercifully still; the blood of his hired hack completely up, and himself as red in the face as an alderman, and with his eye fixed only on the road. The long-tailed bay of the Frenchman came after, in handsome style, his rider sitting complacently upright, and gathering up his reins for the first time to put his horse to his speed. The Scotchman flogged on. The Frenchman had disdained to take a whip, but he drove his heels hard into his horse's sides soon after leaving the

post, and leaned forward quite in earnest. The horses did remarkably well, both showing much more bottom than was expected. On they came, the latter gaining a little and working very hard. The other had lost his hat, and his red hair streamed back from his redder face; but flogging and spurring, with his teeth shut and his eyes steadily fixed on the road, he kept the most of his ground and rode away. They passed me a horse's length apart, and the Scotchman's whip, flying to the last, disappeared beyond me. He won the race by a couple of good leaps at least. The King was very much amused, and rode off laughing heartily, and the discomfited Frenchman came back to his party with a very ill-concealed dissatisfaction.

A very amusing race followed between two midshipmen from an English corvette lying in the bay, and then the long lines of splendid equipages wheeled into train and dashed off the ground. The road, after leaving the campo, runs along the edge of the range of hills enclosing the city; and just below, within a high white wall, lies the public burial-place of Naples. I had read so many harrowing descriptions of this spot, that my curiosity rose as we drove along in sight of it, and, requesting my friends to set me down, I joined an American of my acquaintance, and we started to visit it together.

An old man opened the iron door, and we entered a clean, spacious, and well-paved area, with long rows of iron rings in the heavy slabs of the pavement. Without asking a question, the old man walked across to the farther corner, where stood a movable lever, and, fastening the chain into the fixture, raised the massive stone cover of a pit. He requested us to stand back for a few minutes to give the effluvia time to escape, and then, sheltering our eyes with our hats, we looked in. You have read, of course, that there are three hundred and sixty-five pits in this place, one of which is opened every day for the dead of the city. They are thrown in without shroud or coffin, and the pit is sealed up at night for a year. They are thirty or forty feet deep, and each would contain perhaps two hundred bodies.

It was some time before we could distinguish anything in the darkness of the abyss. Fixing my eyes on one spot, however, the outlines of a body became defined gradually, and in a few minutes, sheltering my eyes completely from the sun above, I could see all the horrors of the scene but too distinctly. Eight corpses, all of grown persons, lay in a confused heap together, as they had been thrown in one after another in the course of the day. The last was a powerfully made, grey old man, who had fallen flat on his back, with his right hand lying across and half covering the face of a woman. By his full limbs and chest, and the darker colour of his legs below the knee, he was probably one of the lazzaroni, and had met with a sudden death. His right heel lay on the forehead of a young man, emaciated to the last degree, his chest thrown up as he lay, and his ribs showing like a skeleton covered with a skin. The close black curls of the latter, as his head rested on another body, were in such strong relief that I could have counted them. Off to the right, quite distinct from the heap, lay, in a beautiful attitude, a girl, as well as I could judge, of not more than nineteen or twenty. She had fallen on the pile and rolled or slid away. Her hair was very long and covered her left shoulder and bosom; her arm was across her body; and if her mother had laid her down to sleep, she could not have disposed her limbs more decently. The head had fallen a little way to the right, and the feet, which were small, even for a lady, were pressed one against the other, as if she were about turning on her side. The sexton said that a young man had come with the body, and was very ill for some time after it was thrown in. We asked him if respectable people were brought here. "Yes," he said, "many. None but the rich would go to the expense of a separate grave for their relations. People were often brought in handsome grave-clothes, but they were always stripped before they were left. The shroud, whenever there was one, was the perquisite of the undertakers." And thus are flung into this noisome pit, like beasts, the greater part of the inhabitants of this vast city—the young and the old, the vicious and

the virtuous together, without the decency even of a rag to keep up the distinctions of life! Can human beings thus be thrown away!—men like ourselves—women, children, like our sisters and brothers! I never was so humiliated in my life as by this horrid spectacle. I did not think a man—a felon even, or a leper—what you will, that is guilty or debased—I did not think anything that had been human could be so recklessly abandoned. Pah! it makes one sick at heart! God grant I may never die at Naples!

While we were recovering from our disgust, the old man lifted the stone from the pit destined to receive the dead of the following day. We looked in. The bottom was strewn with bones, already fleshless and dry. He wished us to see the dead of several previous days, but my stomach was already tried to its utmost. We paid our gratuity, and hurried away. A few steps from the gate, we met a man bearing a coffin on his head. Seeing that we came from the cemetery, he asked us if we wished to look into it. He set it down, and the lid opening with a hinge, we were horror-struck with the sight of seven dead infants! The youngest was at least three months old; the eldest perhaps a year; and they lay heaped together like so many puppies, one or two of them spotted with disease, and all wasted to baby-skeletons. While we were looking at them, six or seven noisy children ran out from a small house at the road-side and surrounded the coffin. One was a fine girl of twelve years of age, and, instead of being at all shocked at the sight, she lifted the whitest of the dead things, and looked at its face very earnestly, loading it with all the tenderest diminutives of the language. The others were busy in pointing to those they thought had been prettiest, and none of them betrayed fear or disgust. In answer to a question of my friend about the marks of disease, the man rudely pulled out one by the foot that lay below the rest, and, holding it up to show the marks upon it, tossed it again carelessly into the coffin. He had brought them from the hospital for infants, and they had died that morning. The coffin was worn with use. He shut down the lid, and, lifting it again upon his head, went on to the ceme-

tery, to empty it like so much offal upon the heap we had seen.

I have been struck repeatedly with the little value attached to human life in Italy. I have seen sometimes these houseless lazzaroni literally dying in the streets, and no one curious enough to look at them. The most dreadful sufferings, the most despairing cries, in the open squares, are passed as unnoticed as the howling of a dog. The day before yesterday, a woman fell in the Toledo, in a fit—frothing at the mouth, and livid with pain; and though the street was so crowded that one could make his way with difficulty, three or four ragged children were the only persons even looking at her.

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I have devoted a week to the Museum at Naples. It is a world! Anything like a full description of it would tire even an antiquary. It is one of those things (and there are many in Europe) that fortunately *compel* travel. You must come abroad to get an idea of it.

The first day I buried myself among the curiosities found at Pompeii. After walking through the chambers and streets where they were found, I came to them naturally with an intense interest. I had visited a disentombed city, buried for seventeen centuries—had trodden in their wheel-tracks—had wandered through their dining-rooms, their chambers, their baths, their theatres, their market-places. And here were gathered in one place, their pictures, their statues, their cooking utensils, their ornaments, the very food as it was found on their tables! I am puzzled, in looking over my notebook, to know what to mention. The catalogue fills a printed volume.

A curious corner in one of the cases was that containing the articles found on the toilet of the wealthiest Pompeian's wife. Here were pots of rouge, ivory pins, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, small silver mirrors, combs, ear-pickers, etc. In the next case were two loaves of bread, found in a baker's oven, and stamped with his name. Two large cases of precious gems, cameos, and intaglios of all descriptions,

stand in the centre of this room (among which, by the way, the most exquisitely done, are two which one cannot look at without a blush). Another case is filled with eatables, found upon the tables—eggs, fish-bones, honey-comb, grain, fruits, etc. In the repository for ancient glass are several cinerary urns, in which the ashes of the dead are perfectly preserved; and numerous small glass lachrymatories, in which the tears of the survivors were deposited in the tombs.

The brazen furniture of Pompeii, the lamps particularly, are of the most curious and beautiful models. Trees to which the lamps were suspended like fruit; vines; statues holding them in their hands, and numerous other contrivances, were among them, exceeding far in beauty any similar furniture of our time. It appears that the ancients did not know the use of the fork, as every other article of table-service except this has been found here.

To conceive the interest attached to the thousand things in this Museum, one must imagine a modern city—Boston, for example, completely buried by an unexpected and terrific convulsion of nature. Its inhabitants mostly escape, but from various causes leave their city entombed, and in a hundred years the grass grows over it, and its very locality is forgotten. Near two thousand years elapse, and then a peasant, digging in the field, strikes upon some of its ruins, and it is unearthed just as it stands at this moment, with all its utensils, books, pictures, houses, and streets, in untouched preservation. What a subject for speculation! What food for curiosity! What a living and breathing chapter of history were this! Far more interesting is Pompeii; for the age in which it flourished and the characters who trod its streets are among the most remarkable in history. This brazen lamp, shown to me to-day as a curiosity, was lit every evening in the time of Christ. The handsome chambers through which I wandered a day or two ago, and from which were brought this antique chair, were the home of Sallust, and doubtless had been honoured by the visits of Cicero (whose villa, half-excavated, is near by), and by all the poets,

and scholars, and statesmen of his time. One might speculate endlessly thus! And it is that which makes these lands of forgotten empires so delightful to the traveller. His mind is fed by the very air. He needs no amusements, no company, no books except the history of the place. The spot is peopled wherever he may stray, and the common necessities of life seem to pluck him from a far-reaching dream, in which he had summoned back receding ages, and was communing, face to face, with philosophers, and poets, and emperors, like a magician before his mirror. Pompeii and Herculaneum seem to me visions. I cannot shake myself and wake to their reality. My mind refuses to go back so far. Seventeen hundred years!

I followed the cicerone on, listening to his astonishing enumeration, and looking at everything as he pointed to it in a kind of stupor. One has but a certain capacity. We may be over-astonished. Still he went on in the same everyday tone, talking as indifferently of this and that surprising antiquity as a pedlar of his twopenny wares. We went from the bronzes to the hall of the *papyri*—thence to the hall of the *frescos*, and beautiful they were. Their very number makes them indescribable. The next morning we devoted to the *statuary*—and of this if I knew where to begin, I should like to say a word or two.

First of all comes the Balbi family—father, mother, sons and daughters. He was proconsul of Herculaneum, and by the excellence of the statues, which are life itself for nature, he and his family were worth the artist's best effort. He is a fine old Roman himself, and his wife is a tall, handsome woman, much better-looking than her daughters. The two Misses Balbi are modest-looking girls, and that is all. They were the high-born damsels of Herculaneum, however; and, if human nature has not changed in seventeen centuries, they did not want admirers who compared them to the Venuses who have descended with them to the "Museo Borbonico." The eldest son is on horseback in armour. It is one of the finest equestrian statues in the world. He is a noble youth, of grave and handsome features, and sits the superb animal with the

freedom of an Arab and the dignity of a Roman. It is a beautiful thing. If one had visited these Balbis, warm and living, in the time of Augustus, he could scarcely feel more acquainted with them than after having seen their statues as they stand before him here.

Come a little farther on! Bacchus on the shoulders of a faun—a child delighted with a grown-up playfellow. I have given the same pleasure to just such another bright “picture in little” of human beauty. It moves one’s heart to see it.

Pass now a whole gallery of Dians, Cupids, Joves, Mercuries, and Apollos, and come to the presence of Aristides—him whom the Athenians exiled because they were tired of hearing him called “The Just.” Canova has marked three spots upon the floor where the spectator should place himself to see to the best advantage this renowned statue. He stands, wrapped in his toga, with his head a little inclined, as if in reflection, and in his face there is a mixture of firmness and goodness, from which you read his character as clearly as if it were written across his forehead. It was found at Herculaneum, and is, perhaps, the simplest and most expressive statue in the world.

LETTER XI

Baia—Grotto of Pausilippo—Tomb of Virgil—Pozzuoli—Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis—The Lucrine Lake—Lake Avernus, the Tartarus of Virgil—Temple of Proserpine—Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl—Nero’s Villa—Cape of Misenum—Roman Villas—Ruins of the Temple of Venus—Cento Camerelle—The Stygian Lake—The Elysian Fields—Grotto del Cani—Villa of Lucullus.

WE MADE THE EXCURSION TO BAIA ON ONE OF THOSE premature days of March common to Italy. A south wind and a warm sun gave it the feeling of June. The heat was even oppressive as we drove through the city, and the long echoing grotto of Pausilippo, always dim and cool, was peculiarly refreshing. Near the entrance to this curious

passage under the mountain we stopped to visit the tomb of Virgil. A ragged boy took us up a steep path to the gate of a vineyard, and winding in among the just budding vines, we came to a small ravine, in the mouth of which, right over the deep cut of the grotto, stands the half-ruined mausoleum which held the bones of the poet. An Englishman stood leaning against the entrance, reading from a pocket copy of the *Æneid*. He seemed ashamed to be caught with his classic, and put the book in his pocket as I came suddenly upon him, and walked off to the other side whistling an air from the *Pirata*, which is playing just now at San Carlo. We went in, counted the niches for the urns, stood a few minutes to indulge in what recollections we could summon, and then mounted to the top to hunt for the "myrtle." Even its root was cut an inch or two below the ground. We found violets, however, and they answered as well. The pleasure of visiting such places, I think, is not found on the spot. The fatigue of the walk, the noise of a party, the difference between reality and imagination, and, worse than all, the caprice of mood—one or the other of these things disturbs and defeats for me the dearest promises of anticipation. It is the recollection that repays us. The picture recurs to the fancy till it becomes familiar; and as the disagreeable circumstances of the visit fade from the memory, the imagination warms it into a poetic feeling, and we dwell upon it with the delight we looked for in vain when present. A few steps up the ravine, almost buried in luxuriant grass, stands a small marble tomb, covering the remains of an English girl. She died at Naples. It is as lovely a place to lie in as the world could show. Forward a little towards the edge of the hill some person of taste has constructed a little arbour, laced over with vines, from whence the city and suburbs of Naples are seen to the finest advantage—Paradise that it is!

It is odd to leave a city by a road piercing the base of a broad mountain, in at one side and out at the other, after a subterranean drive of near a mile! The grotto of Pausilippo has been one of the wonders of the world these two thousand years, and it exceeds all expectation as a

curiosity. Its length is stated at two thousand three hundred and sixteen feet, its breadth twenty-two, and its height eighty-nine. It is thronged with carts and beasts of burden of all descriptions; and the echoing cries of these noisy Italian drivers are almost deafening. Lamps, struggling with the distant daylight as you near the end, just make darkness visible, and standing in the centre and looking either way, the far-distant arch of daylight glows like a fire through the cloud of dust. What with the impressiveness of the place, and the danger of driving in the dark amid so many obstructions, it is rather a stirring half-hour that is spent in its gloom. One emerges into the fresh open air and the bright light of day with a feeling of relief.

The drive hence to Pozzuoli, four or five miles, was extremely beautiful. The fields were covered with the new tender grain, and by the short passage through the grotto we had changed a busy and crowded city for scenes of as quiet rural loveliness as ever charmed the eye. We soon reached the lip of the bay, and then the road turned away to the right, along the beach, passing the small island of Nisida (where Brutus had a villa, and which is now a prison for the carbonari).

Pozzuoli soon appeared, and, mounting a hill, we descended into its busy square, and were instantly beset by near a hundred guides, boatmen, and beggars, all preferring their claims and services at the tops of their voices. I fixed my eye on the most intelligent face among them, a curly-headed fellow in a red lazzaroni cap, and succeeded, with some loss of temper, in getting him aside from the crowd and bargaining for our boats.

While the boatmen were forming themselves into a circle to cast lots for the bargain, we walked up to the famous ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis. This was one of the largest and richest of the temples of antiquity. It was a quadrangular building, near the edge of the sea, lined with marble, and sustained by columns of solid cipollino, three of which are still standing. It was buried by an earthquake and forgotten for a century or two, till in 1750 it was discovered by a peasant, who struck the

top of one of the columns in digging. We stepped around over the prostrate fragments, building it up once more in fancy, and peopling the aisles with priests and worshippers. In the centre of the temple was the place of sacrifice, raised by flights of steps, and at the foot still remain two rings of Corinthian brass, to which the victims were fastened, and near them the receptacles for their blood and ashes. The whole scene has a stamp of grandeur. We obeyed the call of our red-bonnet guide, whose boat waited for us, at the temple stairs, very unwillingly.

As we pushed off from the shore, we deviated a moment from our course to look at the ruins of the ancient mole. Here probably St. Paul set his foot, landing to pursue his way to Rome. The great apostle spent seven days at this place, which was then called Puteoli—a fact that attaches to it a deeper interest than it draws from all the antiquities of which it is the centre.

We kept on our way along the beautiful bend of the shore of Baïæ, and passing on the right a small mountain formed in thirty-six hours by a volcanic explosion, some three hundred years ago, we came to the Lucrine Lake, so famous in the classics for its oysters. The same explosion that made the Monte Nuovo, and sunk the little village of Tripergole, destroyed the oyster-beds of the poets.

A ten minutes' walk brought us to the shores of Lake Avernus—the “Tartarus” of Virgil. This was classic ground indeed, and we hoped to have found a thumbed copy of the *Æneid* in the pocket of the cicerone. He had not even heard of the poet! A ruin on the opposite shore, reflected in the still, dark water, is supposed to have been a temple dedicated to Proserpine. If she was allowed to be present at her own worship, she might have been consoled for her abduction. A spot of more secluded loveliness could scarce be found. The lake lay like a sheet of silver at the foot of the ruined temple, the water looking unfathomably deep through the clear reflection; and the fringes of low shrubbery leaning down on every side, were doubled in the bright mirror, the likeness even fairer than the reality.

Our unsentimental guide hurried us away as we were

seating ourselves upon the banks, and we struck into a narrow foot-path of wild shrubbery which circled the lake, and in a few minutes stood before the door of a grotto sunk in the side of the hill. Here dwelt the Cumæan sibyl, and by this dark passage the souls of the ancients passed from Tartarus to Elysium. The guide struck a light and kindled two large torches, and we followed him into the narrow cavern, walking downwards at a rapid pace for ten or fifteen minutes. With a turn to the right, we stood before a low archway, which the guide entered, up to his knees in water at the first step. It looked like the mouth of an abyss, and the ladies refused to go on. Six or seven stout fellows had followed us in, and the guide assured us we should be safe on their backs. I mounted first myself to carry the torch, and holding my head very low, we went plunging on, turning to the right and left through a crooked passage, dark as Erebus, till I was set down on a raised ledge called the sibyl's bed. The lady behind me, I soon discovered by her screams, had not made so prosperous a voyage. She had insisted on being taken up something in the side-saddle fashion; and the man, not accustomed to hold so heavy a burden on his hip with one arm, had stumbled and let her slip up to her knees in water. He took her up immediately, in his own homely but safer fashion, and she was soon set beside me on the sibyl's stony couch, drenched with water, and quite out of temper with antiquities.

The rest of the party followed, and the guide lifted the torches to the dripping roof of the cavern, and showed us the remains of beautiful mosaic with which the place was once evidently encrusted. Whatever truth there may be in the existence of the sibyl, these had been, doubtlessly, luxurious baths, and probably devoted by the Roman emperors to secret licentiousness. The guide pointed out to us a small perforation in the rear of the sibyl's bed, whence, he said (by what authority I know not), Caligula used to watch the lavations of the nymph. It communicates with an outer chamber.

We reappeared, our nostrils edged with black from the

smoke of the torches, and the ladies' dresses in a melancholy plight between smoke and water. It would be a witch of a sibyl that would tempt us to repeat our visit.

We retraced our steps and embarked for Nero's villa. It was perhaps a half-mile farther down the bay. The only remains of it were some vapour-baths, built over a boiling spring which extended under the sea. One of our boatmen waded first a few feet into the surf, and, plunging under the cold sea water, brought up a handful of warm gravel—the evidence of a submarine outlet from the springs beyond. We then mounted a high and ruined flight of steps, and entered a series of chambers dug out of the rock, where an old man was stripping off his shirt, to go through the usual process of taking eggs down to boil in the fountain. He took his bucket, drew a long breath of fresh air, and rushed away by a dark passage, from whence he reappeared in three or four minutes, the eggs boiled, and the perspiration streaming from his body like rain. He set the bucket down, and rushed to the door, gasping as if from suffocation. The eggs were boiled hard, but the distress of the old man, and the danger of such sudden changes of atmosphere to his health, quite destroyed our pleasure at the phenomenon.

Hence to the cape of Misenum, the curve of the bay presents one continuation of Roman villas. And certainly there was not probably in the world a place more adapted to the luxury of which it was the scene. These natural baths, the many mineral waters, the balmy climate, the fertile soil, the lovely scenery, the matchless curve of the shore from Pozzuoli to the cape, and the vicinity, by that wonderful subterranean passage, to a populous capital on the other side of a range of mountains, rendered Baia a natural paradise to the emperors. It was improved as we see. Temples to Venus, Diana, and Mercury; the villas of Marius, of Hortensius, of Cæsar, of Lucullus, and others whose masters are disputed, follow each other in rival beauty of situation. The ruins are not much now, except the temple of Venus, which is one of the most picturesque fragments of antiquity I have ever seen. The long vines

hang through the rent in its circular roof, and the bright flowers cling to the crevices in its still half-splendid walls with the very poetry of decay. Our guide here proposed a lunch. We sat down on the immense stone which has fallen from the ceiling, and in a few minutes the rough table was spread with a hundred open oysters from Fusaro (near Lake Avernus), bottles at will of *Lagrime Christi* from Vesuvius; boiled crabs from the shore beneath the temple of Mercury; fish from the Lucrine Lake, and bread from Pozzuoli. The meal was not less classic than refreshing. We drank to the goddess (the only one in mythology by the way, whose worship has not fallen into contempt); and leaving twenty ragged descendants of ancient Baiaë to feast on the remains, mounted our donkeys and started overland for Elysium.

We passed the villa of Hortensius, to which Nero invited his mother, with the design of murdering her; visited the immense subterranean chambers in which water was kept for the Roman fleet; the horrid prisons called the Cento Camerelle of the emperors, and then mounting the hill at the extremity of the cape, the Stygian lake lay off on the right, a broad and gloomy pool, and around its banks spread the Elysian fields, the very home and centre of classic fable. An overflowed marsh and an adjacent corn-field will give you a perfect idea of it. The sun was setting while we swallowed our disappointment, and we turned our donkeys' heads towards Naples.

We left the city again this morning by the grotto of Pausilippo, to visit the celebrated Grotto del Cani. It is about three miles off, on the borders of a pretty lake, once the crater of a volcano. On the way there arose a violent debate in the party on the propriety of subjecting the poor dogs to the distress of the common experiment. We had not yet decided the point when we stopped before the door of the keeper's house. Two miserable-looking terriers had set up a howl, accompanied with a ferocious and half-complaining bark from our first appearance around the turn of the road, and the appeal was effectual. We dismounted and walked towards the grotto, determined to

refuse to see the phenomenon. Our scruples were unnecessary. The door was surrounded with another party less merciful; and as we approached, two dogs were dragged out by the heels, and thrown lifeless on the grass. We gathered round them, and while the old woman coolly locked the door of the grotto, the poor animals began to kick, and, after a few convulsions, struggled to their feet and crept feebly away. Fresh dogs were offered to our party, but we contented ourselves with the more innocent experiments. The mephitic air of this cave rises to a foot above the surface of the ground, and a torch put into it was immediately extinguished. It has been described too often, however, to need a repetition. We took a long stroll around the lake, which was covered with wild-fowl, visited the remains of a villa of Lucullus on the opposite shore, and returned to Naples to dinner.

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LETTER XII

ROME

Front of St. Peter's—Equipages of the Cardinals—Beggars—Body of the Church—Tomb of St. Peter—The Tiber—Fortress—tomb of Adrian—Jews' Quarter—Forum—Barberini Palace—Portrait of Beatrice Cenci—Her melancholy History—Picture of the Fornarina—Likeness of Giorgione's Mistress—Joseph and Potiphar's Wife—The Palaces Doria and Sciarra—Portrait of Olivia Waldachini—Of "a celebrated Widow"—Of Semiramis—Claude's Landscapes—Brill's—Breughel's—Notti's "Woman catching Fleas"—Da Vinci's Queen Giovanna—Portrait of a Female Doria—Prince Doria—Palace Sciarra—Brill and Both's Landscapes—Claude's—Picture of Noah intoxicated—Romano's Fornarina—Da Vinci's two Pictures.

March, 1833.

DRAWN IN TWENTY DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS ON STARTING from my lodgings this morning, I found myself undecided where to pass my day, in front of St. Peter's. Some gor-

geous ceremony was just over, and the sumptuous equipages of the cardinals, blazing in the sun with their mountings of gold and silver, were driving up and dashing away from the end of the long colonnades, producing any effect upon the mind rather than a devout one. I stood admiring their fiery horses and gay liveries, till the last rattled from the square, and then mounted to the deserted church. Its vast vestibule was filled with beggars, diseased in every conceivable manner, halting, groping, and crawling about in search of strangers of whom to implore charity—a contrast to the splendid pavement beneath, and the gold and marble above and around, which would reconcile one to see the “mighty dome” melted into alms, and his Holiness reduced to a plain chapel and a rusty cassock.

Lifting the curtain, I stood in the body of the church. There were perhaps twenty persons, at different distances, on its immense floor, the farthest off (six hundred and fourteen feet from me!) looking like a pigmy in the far perspective. St. Peter’s is less like a church than a collection of large churches inclosed under a gigantic roof. The chapels at the sides are larger than most houses of public worship in our country, and of these there may be eight or ten, not included in the effect of the vast interior. One is lost in it. It is a city of columns and sculpture and mosaic. Its walls are encrusted with precious stones and masterly workmanship to the very top, and its wealth may be conceived, when you remember that, standing in the centre and raising your eyes aloft, there are four hundred and forty feet between you and the roof of the dome—the height, almost, of a mountain.

I walked up towards the tomb of St. Peter, passing in my way a solitary worshipper here and there, upon his knees, and arrested constantly by the exquisite beauty of the statuary with which the columns are carved. Accustomed, as we are in America, to churches filled with pews, it is hardly possible to imagine the noble effect of a vast mosaic floor, unincumbered even with a chair, and only broken by a few prostrate figures, just specking its wide

area. All catholic churches are without fixed seats, and St. Peter's seems scarce measurable to the eye, it is so far and clear, from one extremity to the other.

I passed the hundred lamps burning over the tomb of St. Peter; the lovely female statue (covered with a bronze drapery, because its exquisite beauty was thought dangerous to the morality of the young priests), reclining upon the tomb of Paul III; the ethereal figures of Canova's geniuses weeping at the door of the tomb of the Stuarts (where sleeps the unfortunate Charles Edward); the thousand, thousand rich and beautiful monuments of art and taste crowding every corner of this wondrous church—I passed them, I say, with the same lost and unexamining, unparticularizing feeling which I cannot overcome in this place—a mind quite borne off its feet, and confused and overwhelmed with the tide of astonishment—the one grand impression of the whole. I dare say, a little more familiarity with St. Peter's will do away the feeling, but I left the church, after two hours' loitering in its aisles, despairing, and scarce wishing to examine or make a note.

Those beautiful fountains, moistening the air over the whole area of the column-encircled front!—and that tall Egyptian pyramid, sending up its slender and perfect spire between! One lingers about, and turns again and again to gaze around him, as he leaves St. Peter's in wonder and admiration.

I crossed the Tiber at the fortress-tomb of Adrian, and, threading the long street at the western side of Rome, passed through the Jews' quarter, and entered the Forum. The sun lay warm among the ruins of the great temples and columns of ancient Rome, and, seating myself on a fragment of an antique frieze, near the noble arch of Septimius Severus, I gazed on the scene, for the first time, by daylight. I had been in Rome, on my first visit, during the full moon, and my impressions of the Forum with this romantic enhancement were vivid in my memory. One would think it enough to be upon the spot at any time, with light to see it; but what with modern excavations,

fresh banks of earth, carts, boys playing at marbles, and wooden sentry-boxes; and what with the Parisian promenade, made by the French through the centre, the imagination is too disturbed and hindered in daylight. The moon gives it all one covering of grey and silver. The old columns stand up in all their solitary majesty, wrecks of beauty and taste; silence leaves the fancy to find a voice for itself; and from the palaces of the Cæsars to the prisons of the Capitol, the old train of emperors, senators, conspirators, and citizens, are summoned with but half a thought, and the magic glass is filled with moving and re-animated Rome. There, beneath those walls, on the right, in the Mamertine prisons, perished Jugurtha (and there, too, were imprisoned St. Paul and St. Peter), and opposite, upon the Palatine Hill, lived the mighty masters of Rome, in the "Palaces of the Cæsars;" and beneath the majestic arch beyond, were led, as a seal of their slavery, the captives from Jerusalem; and in these temples, whose ruins cast their shadows at my feet, walked and discoursed Cicero and the philosophers, Brutus and the patriots, Catiline and the conspirators, Augustus and the scholars and poets, and the great stranger in Rome, St. Paul, gazing at the false altars, and burning in his heart to reveal to them the "unknown God." What men have crossed the shadows of these very columns! and what thoughts, that have moved the world, have been born beneath them!

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The Barberini palace contains three or four masterpieces of painting. The most celebrated is the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido. The melancholy and strange history of this beautiful girl has been told in a variety of ways, and is probably familiar to every reader. Guido saw her on her way to execution, and has painted her as she was dressed, in the grey habit and head-dress made by her own hands, and finished but an hour before she put it on. There are engravings and copies of the picture all over the world, but none that I have seen give any idea of the excessive gentle-

ness and serenity of the countenance. The eyes retain traces of weeping; but the child-like mouth, the soft girlish lines of features that look as if they never had worn more than the one expression of youthfulness and affection, are all in repose; and the head is turned over the shoulder with as simple a sweetness as if she had but looked back to say a good night before going to her chamber to sleep. She little looks like what she was—one of the firmest and boldest spirits whose history is recorded. After murdering her father for his fiendish attempts upon her virtue, she endured every torture rather than disgrace her family by confession, and was only moved from her constancy, at last, by the agonies of her younger brother on the rack. Who would read capabilities like these, in these heavenly and child-like features?

I have tried to purchase the life of the Cenci, in vain. A bookseller told me to-day that it was a forbidden book, on account of its reflections upon the Pope. Immense interest was made for the poor girl; but, it is said, the papal treasury ran low; and if she was pardoned, the large possessions of the Cenci family could not have been confiscated.

The gallery contains also a delicious picture of the Fornarina, by Raphael himself, and a portrait of Giorgione's mistress, as a Carthaginian slave—the same head multiplied so often in his and Titian's pictures. The original of the admirable picture of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar is also here. A copy of it is in the gallery of Florence.

I have passed a day between the two palaces Doria and Sciarra, nearly opposite each other in the Corso at Rome. The first is an immense gallery of perhaps a thousand pictures, distributed through seven large halls, and four galleries encircling the court. In the first four rooms I found nothing that struck me particularly. In the fifth was a portrait, by an unknown artist, of Olivia Waldachini, the favourite and sister-in-law of Pope Innocent X—a handsome woman, with that round fulness in the throat and neck, which (whether it existed in the originals, or is a part of a painter's ideal of a woman of pleasure) is universal in portraits of that character. In the same room was

a portrait of a "celebrated widow," by Vandyck,¹ a had-been beautiful woman, in a staid cap (the hands wonderfully painted), and a large and rich picture of Semiramis, by one of the Caracci.

In the galleries hung the landscapes by Claude, famous through the world. It is like roving through a paradise, to sit and look at them. His broad green lawns, his half-hidden temples, his life-like, luxuriant trees, his fountains, his sunny streams—all flush into the eye like the bright opening of a Utopia, or some dream over a description from Boccaccio. It is what Italy might be in a golden age—her ruins rebuilt into the transparent air, her woods unprofaned, her people pastoral and refined, and every valley a landscape of Arcadia. I can conceive no higher pleasure for the imagination than to see a Claude in travelling through Italy. It is finding a home for one's more visionary fancies—those children of moonshine that one begets in a colder clime, but scarce dares acknowledge till he has seen them under a more congenial sky. More plainly, one does not know whether his abstract imaginations of pastoral life and scenery are not ridiculous and unreal, till he has seen one of these landscapes, and felt *steeped*, if I may use such a word, in the very loveliness which inspired the pencil of the painter. There he finds the pastures, the groves, the fairy structures, the clear waters, the straying groups, the whole delicious scenery, as bright as in his dreams, and he feels as if he should bless the artist for the liberty to acknowledge freely to himself the possibility of so beautiful a world.

We went on through the long galleries, going back again and again to see the Claudes. In the third division of the gallery were one or two small and bright landscapes, by Brill, that would have enchanted us if seen elsewhere; and four strange pictures, by Breughel, representing the four

¹ So called in the catalogue. The custode, however, told us it was a portrait of the wife of Vandyck, painted as an old woman to mortify her excessive vanity, when she was but twenty-three. He kept the picture until she was older, and, at the time of his death, it had become a flattering likeness, and was carefully treasured by the widow.

elements, by a kind of half-poetical, half-supernatural landscapes, one of which had a very lovely view of a distant village. Then there was the famous picture of the "woman catching fleas," by Gherardo delle Notti, a perfect piece of life. She stands close to a lamp, with a vessel of hot water before her, and is just closing her thumb and finger over a flea, which she has detected on the bosom of her dress. Some eight or ten are boiling already in the water, and the expression upon the girl's face is that of the most grave and unconscious interest in her employment. Next to this amusing picture hangs a portrait of Queen Giovanna, of Naples, by Leonardo da Vinci; a copy of which I had seen, much prized, in the possession of the Archbishop of Taranto. It scarce looks like the talented and ambitious queen she was, but it does full justice to her passion for amorous intrigue—a face full of the woman.

The last picture we came to, was one not even mentioned in the catalogue—an old portrait of one of the females of the Doria family. It was a girl of eighteen, with a kind of face that in life must have been extremely fascinating. While we were looking at it, we heard a kind of gibbering laugh from the outer apartment, and an old man, in a cardinal's dress, dwarfish in size, and with deformed and almost useless legs, came shuffling into the gallery, supported by two priests. His features were imbecility itself, rendered almost horrible by the contrast of the cardinal's red cap. The custode took off his hat and bowed low, and the old man gave us a half-bow and a long laugh in passing, and disappeared at the end of the gallery. This was the Prince Doria, the owner of the palace, and a cardinal of Rome! the sole remaining representative of one of the most powerful and ambitious families of Italy! There could not be a more affecting type of the great "mistress of the world" herself.

We crossed the Corso to the Palace Sciarra. The collection here is small, but choice. Half a dozen exquisite landscapes, by Brill and Both, grace the second room. Here are also three small Claudes, very, very beautiful. In the next room is a finely-coloured but most indecent picture of

Noah intoxicated, by Andrea Sacchi, and a portrait by Giulio Romano, of Raphael's celebrated Fornarina, to whose lovely face one becomes so accustomed in Italy that it seems like that of an acquaintance.

In the last room are two of the most celebrated pictures in Rome. The first is by Leonardo da Vinci, and represents Vanity and Modesty, by two females standing together in conversation—one a handsome, gay, volatile-looking creature, covered with ornament, and listening unwillingly to what seems a lecture from the other, upon her foibles. The face of the other is a heavenly conception of woman—earnest, delicate, and lovely—the ideal one forms to himself, before intercourse with the world gives him a distaste for its purity. The moral lesson of the picture is more forcible than language. The painter deserved to have died, as he did, in the arms of an emperor.

The other picture represents two gamblers cheating a youth—a very striking piece of nature. It is common, from the engravings. On the opposite side of the room is a very expressive picture, by Schidone. On the ruins of an old tomb stands a skull, beneath which is written—“*I, too, was of Arcadia:*” and, at a little distance, gazing at it in attitudes of earnest reflection, stand two shepherds, struck simultaneously with the moral. It is a poetical thought, and wrought out with great truth and skill.

Our eyes aching and our attention exhausted with pictures, we drove from the Sciarra to the ruined palaces of the Cæsars. Here, on an eminence above the Tiber, with the Forum beneath us on one side, the Coliseum on the other, and all the towers and spires of modern and Catholic Rome arising on her many hills beyond, we seated ourselves on fragments of marble half buried in the grass, and mused away the hours till sunset. On this spot Romulus founded Rome. The princely Augustus, in the last days of her glory, laid here the foundations of his imperial palace—which, continued by Caligula and Tiberius, and completed by Domitian, covered the hill, like a small city. It was a labyrinth of temples, baths, pavilions, fountains, and gardens, with a large theatre at the western extremity; and

adjoining the temple of Apollo, was a library filled with the best authors, and ornamented with a colossal bronze statue of Apollo, "of excellent Etruscan workmanship." "Statues of the fifty daughters of Danaus surrounded the portico" (of this same temple), "and opposite them were equestrian statues of their husbands." About a hundred years ago, accident discovered, in the gardens buried in rubbish, a magnificent hall, two hundred feet in length and one hundred and thirty-two in breadth, supposed to have been built by Domitian. It was richly ornamented with statues and columns of precious marble, and near it were baths in excellent preservation. "But," says Stark, "immense and superb as was this first-built palace of the Cæsars, Nero, whose extravagance and passion for architecture knew no limits, thought it much too small for him, and extended its edifices and gardens from the Palatine to the Esquiline. After the destruction of the whole, by fire, sixty-five years after Christ, he added to it his celebrated 'Golden House,' which extended from one extremity to the other of the Cœlian Hill."

The ancient walls, which made the whole of the Mount Palatine a fortress, still hold together its earth and its ruins. It is a broad tabular eminence, worn into footpaths which wind at every moment around broken shafts of marble, fragments of statuary, or broken and ivy-covered fountains. Part of it is cultivated as a vineyard, by the degenerate modern Romans, and the baths, into which the water still pours from aqueducts encrusted with aged stalactites, are public washing-places for the contadini, eight or ten of whom were splashing away in their red jackets, with gold bodkins in their hair, while we were moralizing on their worthier progenitors of eighteen centuries ago. It is a beautiful spot of itself, and, with the delicious, soft sunshine of an Italian spring, the tall green grass beneath our feet, and an air as soft as June just stirring the myrtles and jasmines growing wild wherever the ruins gave them place, our enjoyment of the overpowering associations of the spot was ample and untroubled. I could wish every refined spirit in the world had shared our pleasant hour upon the Palatine.

LETTER XIII

Annual Dowries to twelve Girls—Vespers in the Convent of Santa Trinita—Ruins of Roman Baths—A magnificent modern Church within two ancient Halls—Gardens of Mæcenas—Tower whence Nero saw Rome on Fire—Houses of Horace and Virgil—Baths of Titus and Caracalla.

March, 1833.

THE YEARLY CEREMONY OF GIVING DOWRIES TO TWELVE girls was performed by the Pope, this morning, in the church built over the ancient temple of Minerva. His Holiness arrived, in state, from the Vatican, at ten; followed by his red troop of cardinals, and preceded by a clerical courier, on a palfrey, and the body-guard of nobles. He blessed the crowd, right and left with his three fingers (precisely as a Parisian dandy salutes his friend across the street), and, descending from his carriage (which is like a good-sized glass boudoir upon wheels), he was received in the papal sedan, and carried into the church by his Swiss bearers. My legation button carried me through the guard, and I found an excellent place under a cardinal's wing, in the penetralia, within the railing of the altar. Mass commenced presently, with a chant from the celebrated choir of St. Peter's. Room was then made through the crowd: the cardinals put on their red caps, and the small procession of twelve young girls entered from a side chapel, bearing each a taper in her hand, and robed to the eyes in white, with a chaplet of flowers round the forehead. I could form no judgment of anything but their eyes and feet. A Roman eye could not be otherwise than fine, and a Roman woman's foot could scarce be other than ugly, and, consequently, there was but one satin slipper in the group that a man might not have worn, and every eye I could see, from my position, might have graced an improvisatrice. They stopped in front of the throne, and giving their long tapers to the servitors, mounted in couples, hand in hand, and kissed the foot of his Holiness, who, at the same time, leaned over

and blessed them, and then turning about, walked off again behind the altar in the same order in which they had entered.

The choir now struck up their half-unearthly chant (a music so strangely shrill and clear, that I scarce know whether the exquisite sensation is pleasure or pain), the Pope was led from his throne to his sedan, and his mitre changed for a richly jewelled crown; the bearers lifted their burden; the guard presented arms; the cardinals summoned their officious servants to unrobe, and the crowd poured out as it came.

This ceremony, I found upon inquiry, is performed every year, on the day of the Annunciation—just nine months before Christmas, and is intended to commemorate the incarnation of our Saviour.

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As I was returning from a twilight stroll upon the Pin-cian hill this evening, the bells of the convent of Santa Trinita rung to vespers. I had heard of the singing of the nuns in the service at the convent chapel, but the misbehaviour of a party of English had excluded foreigners of late, and it was thought impossible to get admittance. I mounted the steps, however, and rung at the door. It was opened by a pale man, of about thirty, who hesitated a moment, and let me pass. In a small plain chapel within, the service of the altar was just commencing, and, before I reached a seat, a low plaintive chant commenced, in female voices, from the choir. It went on, with occasional interruptions from the prayers, for perhaps an hour. I cannot describe the excessive mournfulness of the music. One or two familiar hymns occurred in the course of it, like airs in a recitative, the same sung in our churches, but the effect was totally different. The neat white caps of the nuns were just visible over the railing before the organ, and, as I looked up at them and listened to their melancholy notes, they seemed, to me, mourning over their exclusion from the world. The small white cloud from the censer mounted to the ceiling, and, creeping away through the

arches, hung over the organ till it was lost to the eye in the dimness of the twilight. It was easy, under the influence of their delightful music, to imagine within it the wings of that tranquillizing resignation one would think so necessary to keep down the heart in these lonely cloisters.

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The most considerable ruins of ancient Rome are those of the Baths. The Emperors Titus, Caracalla, Nero, and Agrippa, constructed these immense places of luxury, and the remains of them are among the most interesting and beautiful relics to be found in the world. It is possible that my readers have as imperfect an idea of the extent of a Roman bath as I have had, and I may as well quote from the information given by writers upon antiquities.

"They were open every day to both sexes. In each of the great baths there were sixteen hundred seats of marble, for the convenience of the bathers, and three thousand two hundred persons could bathe at the same time. There were splendid porticos in front, for promenade, arcades with shops, in which was found every kind of luxury for the bath, and halls for corporeal exercises, and for the discussion of philosophy; and here the poets read their productions, and rhetoricians harangued, and sculptors and painters exhibited their works to the public. The baths were distributed into grand halls, with ceilings enormously high, and painted with admirable frescos, supported on columns of the rarest marble, and the basins were of Oriental alabaster, porphyry, and jasper. There were in the centre vast reservoirs for the swimmers, and crowds of slaves to attend gratuitously upon all who should come."

The baths of Diocletian (which I visited to-day) covered an enormous space. They occupied seven years in building, and were the work of *forty thousand Christian slaves, two-thirds of whom died of fatigue and misery!* Mounting one of the seven hills of Rome, we came to some half-ruined arches, of enormous size, extending a long distance, in the sides of which were built two modern churches. One was the work of Michael Angelo, and one of his happiest efforts. He has

turned two of the ancient halls into a magnificent church, in the shape of a Greek cross, leaving in their places eight gigantic columns of granite. After St. Peter's it is the most imposing church in Rome.

We drove thence to the baths of Titus, passing the site of the ancient gardens of Mæcenas, in which still stands the tower from which Nero beheld the conflagration of Rome. The houses of Horace and Virgil communicated with this garden, but they are now undistinguishable. We turned up from the Coliseum to the left, and entered a gate leading to the baths of Titus. Five or six immense arches presented their front to us, in a state of picturesque ruin. We took a guide, and a long pole, with a lamp at the extremity, and descended to the subterranean halls, to see the still inimitable frescos upon the ceilings. Passing through vast apartments, to the ruined walls of which still clung, here and there, pieces of the finely-coloured stucco of the ancients, we entered a suite of long galleries, some forty feet high, the arched roofs of which were painted with the most exquisite art, in a kind of fanciful border-work, enclosing figures and landscapes, in as bright colours as if done yesterday. Farther on was the niche in which was found the famous group of Laocoön, in a room belonging to a subterranean palace of the emperor, communicating with the baths. The Belvidere Meleager was also found here. The imagination loses itself in attempting to conceive the splendour of these underground palaces, blazing with artificial light; ornamented with works of art, never equalled, and furnished with all the luxury which an emperor of Rome, in the days when the wealth of the world flowed into her treasury, could command for his pleasure. How short life must have seemed to them, and what a tenfold curse became death and the common ills of existence, interrupting or taking away pleasures so varied and inexhaustible!

These baths were built in the last great days of Rome, and one reads the last stages of national corruption and, perhaps, the secret of her fall, in the character of these ornamented walls. They breathe the very spirit of volup-

tuousness. Naked female figures fill every plafond; and fauns and satyrs, with the most licentious passions in their faces, support the festoons and hold together the intricate ornament of the frescos. The statues, the pictures, the object of the place itself, inspired the wish for indulgence; and the history of the private lives of the emperors and wealthier Romans shows the effect in its deepest colours.

We went on to the baths of Caracalla, the largest ruins of Rome. They are just below the palaces of the Cæsars, and ten minutes' walk from the Coliseum. It is one labyrinth of gigantic arches and ruined halls, the ivy growing and clinging wherever it can fasten its root, and the whole as fine a picture of decay as imagination could create. This was the favourite haunt of Shelley, and here he wrote his fine tragedy of Prometheus. He could not have selected a more fitting spot for solitary thought. A herd of goats were climbing over one of the walls, and the idle boy who tended them lay asleep in the sun, and every footstep echoed loud through the place. We passed two or three hours rambling about, and regained the populous streets of Rome in the last light of the sunset.

LETTER XIV

Summer Weather in March—Baths of Caracalla—Beginning of the Appian Way—Tomb of the Scipios—Catacombs—Church of San Sebastiano—Young Capuchin Friar—Tombs of the early Christian Martyrs—Chamber where the Apostles worshipped—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—The Campagna—Circus of Caracalla or Romulus Temple dedicated to Ridicule—Keats's Grave—Fountain of Egeria—Holy Week.

March, 1833.

THE LAST DAYS OF MARCH HAVE COME, CLOTHED IN SUNSHINE and summer. The grass is tall in the Campagna; the fruit-trees are in blossom; the roses and myrtles are in full flower; the shrubs are in full leaf; the whole country about

breathes of June. We left Rome this morning, on an excursion to the Fountain of Egeria. A more heavenly day never broke. The gigantic baths of Caracalla turned us aside once more, and we stopped for an hour in the shade of their romantic arches, admiring the works, while we execrated the character of their ferocious builder.

This is the beginning of the ancient Appian Way, and, a little farther on, sunk in the side of a hill, near the road, is the beautiful Doric tomb of the Scipios. We alighted at the antique gate, a kind of portico with seats of stone beneath, and, reading the inscription, "*Sepulchro degli Scipioni*," mounted, by ruined steps, to the tomb. A boy came out from the house in the vineyard above, with candles to show us the interior; but, having no curiosity to see the damp cave from which the sarcophagi have been removed (to the Museum), we sat down upon a bank of grass opposite the chaste façade, and recalled to memory the early-learned history of the family once entombed within. The edifice (for it is more like a temple to a river-nymph or a dryad than a tomb) was built by an ancestor of the great Scipio Africanus, and here was deposited the noble dust of his children. One feels, in these places, as if the improvisatore's inspiration was about him—the fancy draws, in such vivid colours, the scenes that have passed where he is standing. The bringing of the dead body of the conqueror of Africa from Rome; the passing of the funeral train beneath the portico; the noble mourners; the crowd of people; the eulogy of, perhaps, some poet or orator, whose name has descended to us—the air seems to speak, and the grey stones of the monument against which the mourners of Scipio have leaned, seemed to have had life and thought, like the ashes they have sheltered.

We drove to the Catacombs. Here, the legend says, St. Sebastian was martyred; and the modern church of San Sebastiano stands over the spot. We entered the church, where we found a very handsome young Capuchin friar, with his brown cowl and the white cord about his waist, who offered to conduct us to the catacombs. He took three wax-lights from the sacristy, and we entered a side-door,

behind the tomb of the saint, and commenced a descent of a long flight of stone steps. We reached the bottom, and found ourselves upon damp ground, following a narrow passage, so low, that I was constantly compelled to stoop, in the sides of which were numerous small niches of the size of a human body. These were the tombs of the early Christian martyrs. We saw near a hundred of them. They were brought from Rome, the scene of their sufferings, and buried in these secret catacombs by the small church of, perhaps, the immediate converts of St. Paul and the apostles. What food for thought is here, for one who finds more interest in the humble traces of the personal followers of Christ, who knew his face and had heard his voice, than in all the splendid ruins of the works of the persecuting emperors of his time! Most of the bones have been taken from their places, and are preserved at the Museum, or enclosed in the rich sarcophagi raised to the memory of the martyrs in the Catholic churches. Of those that are left we saw one. The niche was closed by a thin slab of marble, through a crack of which the monk put his slender candle. We saw the skeleton as it had fallen from the flesh in decay, untouched, perhaps, since the time of our Saviour.

We passed through several cross-passages, and came to a small chamber, excavated simply in the earth, with an earthen altar, and antique marble cross above. This was the scene of the forbidden worship of the early Christians; and before this very cross, which was, perhaps, then newly selected as the emblem of their faith, met the few dismayed followers of the Nazarene, hidden from their persecutors, while they breathed their forbidden prayers to their lately crucified Master.

We re-ascended to the light of day by the rough stone steps, worn deep by the feet of those who, for ages, for so many different reasons, have passed up and down: and, taking leave of our capuchin conductor, drove on to the next object upon the road—the tomb of Cecilia Metella. It stands upon a slight elevation, in the Appian Way, a “stern round tower,” with the ivy dropping over its tur-

rets, and waving from the embrasures, looking more like a castle than a tomb. Here was buried "the wealthiest Roman's wife," or, according to Corinne, his unmarried daughter. It was turned into a fortress by the marauding nobles of the thirteenth century, who sallied from this and the tomb of Adrian, plundering the ill-defended subjects of Pope Innocent IV till they were taken and hanged from the walls by Brancalone, the Roman senator. It is built with prodigious strength. We stooped in passing under the low archway, and emerged into the round chamber within—a lofty room, open to the sky, in the circular wall of which there is a niche for a single body. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and fancy with which "Childe Harold" muses on this spot; and, feeling that his speculations must quite supersede our own, we seated ourselves upon "the ivied stone," and perused with increased feelings of delight his glorious stanzas.

* * * * *

The lofty turrets command a wide view of the Campagna, the long aqueducts stretching past at a short distance, and forming a chain of noble arches from Rome to the mountains of Albano. Cole's picture of the Roman Campagna, as seen from one of these elevations, is, I think, one of the finest landscapes ever painted.

Just below the tomb of Metella, in a flat valley, lie the extensive ruins of what is called the "Circus of Caracalla" by some, and the "Circus of Romulus" by others—a scarcely distinguishable heap of walls and marble, half-buried in the earth and moss; and not far off stands a beautiful ruin of a small temple dedicated (as some say) to Ridicule. One smiles to look at it. If the embodying of that which is powerful, however, should make a deity, the dedication of a temple to Ridicule is far from amiss. In our age, particularly, one would think, the lamp should be re-lit, and the reviews should repair the temple. Poor Keats sleeps in his grave scarce a mile from the spot—a human victim, sacrificed, not long ago, upon its most ruthless altar.

In the same valley, almost hidden with the luxuriant ivy waving before the entrance, flows the lovely fountain of Egeria, trickling as clear and musical into its pebbly bed as when visited by the enamoured successor of Romulus twenty-five centuries ago! The hill above leans upon the single arch of the small temple which embosoms it, and the green soft meadow spreads away from the floor, with the brightest verdure conceivable. We wound around by a half-worn path in descending the hill, and, putting aside the long branches of ivy, entered an antique chamber sprinkled with quivering spots of sunshine, at the extremity of which, upon a kind of altar, lay the broken and defaced statue of the nymph. The fountain poured from beneath in two streams, as clear as crystal. In the sides of the temple were six empty niches, through one of which stole, from a cleft in the wall, a little stream which had wandered from its way. Flowers, pale with growing in the shade, sprang from the edges of the rivulet as it wound about; the small creepers, dripping with moisture, hung from between the diamond-shaped stones of the roof; the air was refreshingly cool; and the leafy door at the entrance, seen against the sky, looked of a transparent green, as vivid as emerald. No fancy could create a sweeter spot. The fountain, and the inspiration it breathed into "Childe Harold," are worthy of each other.

Just above the fountain, on the crest of a hill, stands a thick grove, supposed to occupy the place of the consecrated wood in which Numa met the nymph. It is dark with shadow, and full of birds, and might afford a fitting retreat for meditation to another king and law-giver. The fields about it are so thickly studded with flowers, that you cannot step without crushing them, and the whole neighbourhood seems a favourite of nature. The rich banker, Torlonia, has bought this and several other classic spots about Rome—possessions for which he is more to be envied than for his purchased dukedom.

All the travelling world assembles at Rome for the ceremonies of the holy week. Naples, Florence, and Pisa, send their hundreds of annual visitors, and the hotels and

palaces are crowded with strangers of every nation and rank. It would be difficult to imagine a gayer or busier place than this usually sombre city has become within a few days.

LETTER XV

Palm Sunday—Sistine Chapel—Entrance of the Pope—The Choir—The Pope on his Throne—Presenting the Palms—Procession—Holy Tuesday—The *Miserere*—Accidents in the Crowd—*Tenebre*—The emblematic Candles—A *Soirée*—Holy Thursday—Frescos of Michael Angelo—"Creation of Eve"—"Lot intoxicated"—Delphic Sibyl—Pope washing Pilgrims' Feet—Pope and Cardinals waiting upon Pilgrims at Dinner.

March, 1833.

PALM SUNDAY OPENS THE CEREMONIES. WE DROVE TO THE Vatican this morning at nine, and, after waiting a half-hour in the crush, kept back at the point of the spear, by the pope's Swiss guard, I succeeded in getting an entrance into the Sistine chapel. Leaving the ladies of the party behind the grate, I passed two more guards, and obtained a seat among the cowed and bearded dignitaries of the Church and State within, where I could observe the ceremony with ease.

The pope entered, borne in his gilded chair by twelve men, and, at the same moment, the chanting from the Sistine choir commenced with one long, piercing note, by a single voice, producing the most impressive effect. He mounted his throne as high as the altar opposite him, and the cardinals went through their obeisances, one by one, their trains supported by their servants, who knelt on the lower steps behind them. The palms stood in a tall heap beside the altar. They were beautifully woven in wands of perhaps six feet in length, with a cross at the top. The cardinal nearest the papal chair mounted first, and a palm was handed him. He laid it across the knees of the pope,

and, as his Holiness signed the cross upon it, he stooped, and kissed the embroidered cross upon his foot, then kissed the palm, and, taking it in his two hands, descended with it to his seat. The other forty or fifty cardinals did the same, until each was provided with a palm. Some twenty other persons, monks of apparent clerical rank of every order, military men, and members of the Catholic embassies, followed and took palms. A procession was then formed, the cardinals going first with their palms held before them, and the pope following, in his chair, with a small frame of palm-work in his hands, in which was woven the initial of the Virgin. They passed out of the Sistine chapel, the choir chanting most delightfully, and, having made a tour around the vestibule, returned in the same order.

With all the vast crowd of strangers in Rome, I went to the Sistine chapel on Holy Tuesday, to hear the far-famed *Miserere*. It is sung several times during the holy week, by the pope's choir, and has been described by travellers, of all nations, in the most rapturous terms. The vestibule was the scene of shocking confusion for an hour; a constant struggle going on between the crowd and the Swiss guard, amounting occasionally to a fight, in which ladies fainted, children screamed, men swore, and, unless by force of contrast, the minds of the audience seemed likely to be little in tune for the music. The chamberlains at last arrived, and two thousand people attempted to get into a small chapel which scarce holds four hundred. Coat-skirts, torn cassocks, hats, gloves, and fragments of ladies' dresses were thrown up by the suffocating throng, and, in the midst of a confusion beyond description, the mournful notes of the *tenebræ* (or lamentations of Jeremiah) poured in full volume from the choir. Thirteen candles burned in a small pyramid within the paling of the altar; and twelve of these, representing the apostles, were extinguished, one by one (to signify their desertion at the cross), during the singing of the *tenebræ*. The last, which was left burning, represented the mother of Christ. As the last before this was extinguished, the music ceased. The crowd had, by this time, become quiet. The twilight had deepened

through the dimly-lit chapel, and the only solitary lamp looked lost at the distance of the altar. Suddenly the *Miserere* commenced with one high prolonged note, that sounded like a wail; another joined it, and another and another; and all the different parts came in, with a gradual swell of plaintive and most thrilling harmony, to the full power of the choir. It continued for perhaps half an hour. The music was simple, running upon a few notes, like a dirge; but there were voices in the choir that seemed of a really supernatural sweetness. No instrument could be so clear. The crowd, even in their uncomfortable positions, were breathless with attention, and the effect was universal.

The candles were lit, and the motley troop of cardinals and red-legged servitors passed out. The harlequin-looking Swiss guard stood to their tall halberds; the chamberlains and mace-bearers, in their cassocks and frills, took care that the males and females should not mix until they reached the door; the pope disappeared in the sacristy; and the gay world, kept an hour beyond their time, went home to cold dinners.

Two or three hours after, I was at a crowded *soirée*, at one of the noble houses of Rome. A *prima donna*, from the Opera, was singing in one room, and card-tables, covered with gold and silver, filled three others; and every second player was a dignitary of the church, in dainty pumps, and with gold snuff-box and jewelled fingers, complimenting and flirting with all the bright eyes and merry faces around him. The penitential *Miserere* passed through my mind and the thick iron grates, through which alone ladies are allowed to witness the ceremonies of the chapel. I passed on to a pretty silken boudoir, at the end of the long suite of apartments, and was welcomed by the handsomest man in Rome—a priest, and the son of a wealthy and noble family, who was half-reclining upon the cushions of a divan, and playing with the scarf of one of the loveliest women of the society here, while two others endeavoured to draw him into conversation. I could not help continuing my reflection, and contrasting this clerical

dandy, with his handsome black curls redolent of perfumed oils; his buckles of chased silver; his Parisian gloves; with a large emerald worn outside, and his attitude and employment of mere pleasure, with the ministers of a religion professing the same Master, in our own country. There are, of course, priests in Rome who are sufficiently humble in dress and manner, but nothing can exceed the sumptuousness and style in which the cardinals live, as well as all who, from birth or fortune, have a certain personal consequence. Their carriages and horses are the most splendid in the world, their large palaces swarm with servants, and their dress has all the richness of that of princes when they are abroad.

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The ceremonies of Holy Thursday commenced with the mass in the Sistine chapel. Tired of seeing genuflexions and listening to a mumbling of which I could not catch a syllable, I took advantage of my privileged seat in the ambassador's box, to lean back and study the celebrated frescos of Michael Angelo upon the ceiling. A little drapery would do no harm to any of them. They illustrate, mainly, passages of Scripture history, but the "creation of Eve," in the centre, is an astonishingly fine representation of a naked man and woman, as large as life; and "Lot intoxicated and exposed before his two daughters" is about as immodest a picture, from its admirable expression as well as its nudity, as could easily be drawn. In one corner there is a most beautiful draped figure of the Delphic Sibyl—and I think this bit of heathenism is almost the only very decent part of the pope's most consecrated chapel.

After the mass, the host was carried, with a showy procession, to be deposited among the thousand lamps in the Capella Paolina; and, as soon as it had passed, there was a general rush for the room in which the pope was to wash the feet of the pilgrims.

Thirteen men, dressed in white, with sandals open at the top, and caps of paper covered with white linen, sat on a high bench, just under a beautiful copy of the "Last

Supper" of Da Vinci, in gobelin tapestry. It was a small chapel, communicating with the pope's private apartments. Eleven of the pilgrims were as vulgar and brutal-looking men as could have been found in the world; but of the two in the centre, one was the personification of wild fanaticism. He was pale, emaciated, and abstracted. His hair and beard was neglected, and of a singular blackness. His lips were firmly set in an expression of severity. His brows were gathered gloomily over his eyes, and his glances, occasionally sent among the crowd, were as glaring and flashing as a tiger's. With all this, his countenance was lofty, and if I had seen the face on canvas, as a portrait of a martyr, I should have thought it finely expressive of courage and devotion. The man on his left wept, or pretended to weep, continually; but every person in the room was struck with his extraordinary resemblance to Judas, as he is drawn in the famous picture of the Last Supper. It was the same marked face, the same treacherous, ruffian look, the same style of hair and beard, to a wonder. It is possible that he might have been chosen on purpose, the twelve pilgrims being intended to represent the twelve apostles, of whom Judas was one—but if accidental, it was the most remarkable coincidence that ever came under my notice. He looked the hypocrite and traitor complete, and his resemblance to the Judas in the picture directly over his head would have struck a child.

The pope soon entered from his apartments, in a purple stole, with a cape of dark crimson satin, and the mitre of silver cloth; and, casting the incense into the golden censer, the white smoke was flung from side to side before him, till the delightful odour filled the room. A short service was then chaunted, and the choir sang a hymn. His Holiness was then unrobed, and a fine napkin, trimmed with lace, was tied about him by the servitors; and, with a deacon before him, bearing a splendid pitcher and basin, and a procession behind him, with large bunches of flowers, he crossed to the pilgrim's bench. A priest, in a snow-white tunic, raised and bared the foot of the first. The pope knelt, took water in his hand, and slightly

rubbed the instep, and then, drying it well with a napkin, he kissed it.

The assistant-deacon gave a large bunch of flowers and a napkin to the pilgrim, as the pope left him; and another person, in rich garments, followed with pieces of money presented in a wrapper of white paper. The same ceremony took place with each—one foot only being honoured with a lavation. When his Holiness arrived at the "Judas," there was a general stir, and everyone was on tip-toe to watch his countenance. He took his handkerchief from his eyes, and looked at the pope very earnestly; and, when the ceremony was finished, he seized the sacred hand, and imprinting a kiss upon it, flung himself back, and buried his face again in his handkerchief, quite overwhelmed with his feelings. The other pilgrims took it very coolly, comparatively, and one of them seemed rather amused than edified. The pope returned to his throne, and water was poured over his hands. A cardinal gave him a napkin, his splendid cape was put again over his shoulders, and with a paternoster, the ceremony was over.

Half an hour after, with much crowding and several losses of foothold and temper, I had secured a place in the hall, where the apostles, as the pilgrims are called, after the washing, were to dine, waited on by the pope and cardinals. With their gloomy faces and ghastly white caps and white dresses, they looked more like criminals waiting for execution, than guests at a feast. They stood while the pope went round with a gold pitcher and basin, to wash their hands; and then seating themselves, his Holiness, with a good-natured smile, gave each a dish of soup, and said something in his ear, which had the effect of putting him at his ease. The table was magnificently set out with the plate and provisions of a prince's table, and, spite of the thousands of eyes gazing on them, the pilgrims were soon deep in the delicacies of every dish, even the lachrymose Judas himself eating most voraciously. We left them at their dessert.

LETTER XVI

Sepulchre of Caius Cestius—Protestant Burying-ground—Graves of Keats and Shelley—Shelley's Lament over Keats—Graves of two Americans—Beauty of the Burial-place—Monuments over two young Females—Inscription on Keats's Monument—The Style of Keats's Poems—Grave of Dr. Bell—Residence and literary undertakings of his Widow.

April, 1833.

A BEAUTIFUL PYRAMID, A HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN FEET high, built into the ancient wall of Rome, is the proud Sepulchre of Caius Cestius. It is the most imperishable of the antiquities, standing as perfect after eighteen hundred years as if it were built but yesterday. Just beyond it, on the declivity of a hill, over the ridge of which the wall passes, crowning it with two mouldering towers, lies the Protestant burying-ground. It looks towards Rome, which appears in the distance, between Mount Aventine and a small hill called Monte Testaccio; and leaning to the south-east, the sun lies warm and soft upon its banks, and the grass and wild-flowers are there the earliest and tallest of the Campagna. I have been here to-day, to see the graves of Keats and Shelley. With a cloudless sky and the most delicious air ever breathed, we sat down upon the marble slab laid over the ashes of poor Shelley, and read his own lament over Keats, who sleeps just below, at the foot of the hill. The cemetery is rudely formed into three terraces, with walks between; and Shelley's grave occupies a small nook above, made by the projections of a mouldering wall-tower, and crowded with ivy and shrubs, and a peculiarly fragrant yellow flower, which perfumes the air around for several feet. The avenue by which you ascend from the gate is lined with high bushes of the marsh-rose in the most luxuriant bloom, and all over the cemetery the grass is thickly mingled with flowers of every dye. In his Preface to his lament over Keats, Shelley says, "he was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and

desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. It is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. *It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.*" If Shelley had chosen his own grave at the time, he would have selected the very spot where he has since been laid—the most sequestered and flowery nook of the place he describes so feelingly. In the last verses of the elegy, he speaks of it again with the same feeling of its beauty:

The spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull time
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who plann'd
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transform'd to marble; and beneath
*A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitch'd, in heaven's smile, their camp of death,*
Welcoming him we lose, with scarce extinguish'd breath.

Here pause: these graves are all *too young as yet,*
To have outgrown the sorrow which consign'd
Its charge to each, . . .

Shelley has left no poet behind, who could write so touchingly of his burial-place in turn. He was, indeed, as they have graven on his tombstone, "*cor cordium*"—the heart of hearts.

On the second terrace of the declivity are ten or twelve graves, two of which bear the names of Americans who have died in Rome. A portrait carved in bas-relief upon one of the slabs, told me, without the inscription, that one whom I had known was buried beneath. The slightly rising mound was covered with small violets, half hidden by the grass. It takes away from the pain with which one stands over the grave of an acquaintance or a friend, to

see the sun lying so warm upon it, and the flowers springing so profusely and cheerfully. Nature seems to have cared for those who have died so far from home, binding the earth gently over them with grass, and decking it with the most delicate flowers.

A little to the left, on the same bank, is the new-made grave of a very young man, Mr. Elliot. He came abroad for health, and died at Rome, scarce two months since. Without being disgusted with life, one feels, in a place like this, a certain reconciliation, if I may so express it, with a thought of burial—an almost willingness, if his bed could be laid amid such loveliness, to be brought and left here to his repose. Purely imaginary as any difference in this circumstance is, it must, at least, always affect the sick powerfully; and with the common practice of sending the dying to Italy, as a last hope, I consider the exquisite beauty of this place of burial as more than a common accident of happiness.

Farther on, upon the same terrace, are two monuments that interested me. One marks the grave of a young English girl, the pride of a noble family, and, as a sculptor told me, who had often seen and admired her, a model of high-born beauty. She was riding with a party on the banks of the Tiber, when her horse became unmanageable, and backed into the river. She sank instantly, and was swept so rapidly away by the current, that her body was not found for many months. Her tomb-stone is adorned with a bas-relief, representing an angel receiving her from the waves.

The other is the grave of a young lady of twenty, who was at the baths of Lucca, last summer, in pursuit of health. She died at the first approach of winter. I had the melancholy pleasure of knowing her slightly, and we used to meet her in the winding path upon the bank of the romantic river Lima, at evening, borne in a sedan, with her mother and sister walking at her side—the fairest victim consumption ever seized. She had all the peculiar beauty of the disease, the transparent complexion and the unnaturally bright eye, added to features cast in the

clearest and softest mould of female loveliness. She excited general interest even among the gay and dissipated crowd of a watering-place; and if her sedan was missed in the evening promenade, the inquiry for her was anxious and universal. She is buried in a place that seems made for such as herself.

We descended to the lower enclosure at the foot of the slight declivity. The first grave here is that of Keats. The inscription on his monument runs thus: "*This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tomb:* HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRITTEN IN WATER." He died at Rome in 1821. Every reader knows his history and the cause of his death. Shelley says, in the preface to his elegy, "The savage criticism on his poems which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind: the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments, from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted." Keats was, no doubt, a poet of very uncommon promise. He had all the wealth of genius within him, but he had not learned, before he was killed by criticism, the received and, therefore, the best manner of producing it for the eye of the world. Had he lived longer, the strength and richness which break continually through the affected style of "Endymion" and "Lamia" and his other poems, must have formed themselves into some noble monuments of his powers. As it is, there is not a poet living who could surpass the material of his "Endymion"—a poem, with all its faults, far more full of beauties. But this is not the place for criticism. He is buried fitly for a poet and sleeps beyond criticism now. Peace to his ashes!

Close to the grave of Keats is that of Dr. Bell, the author of *Observations on Italy*. This estimable man, whose comments on the Fine Arts are, perhaps, as judicious and

high-toned as any ever written, has left behind him, in Naples (where he practised his profession for some years), a host of friends, who remember and speak of him as few are remembered and spoken of in this changing and crowded portion of the world. His widow, who edited his works so ably and judiciously, lives still at Naples, and is preparing just now a new edition of his book on Italy. Having known her, and having heard from her own lips many particulars of his life, I felt an additional interest in visiting his grave. Both his monument and Keats's are almost buried in the tall flowering clover of this beautiful place.

LETTER XVII

Presentation at the Papal Court—Pilgrims going to Vespers—Performance of the *Miserere*—Tarpeian Rock—The Forum—Palace of the Cæsars—Coliseum.

April, 1833.

I HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO THE POPE THIS MORNING, WITH Mr. Mayer, of Baltimore. With the latter gentleman, I arrived rather late, and found that the rest of the party had been already received, and that his Holiness was giving audience, at the moment, to some Russian ladies of rank. Bishop England, of Charleston, however, was good enough to send in once more, and in the course of a few minutes the chamberlain-in-waiting announced to us that *Il Padre Santo* would receive us. The ante-room was a picturesque and rather peculiar scene. Clusters of priests of different rank were scattered about in the corners, dressed in a variety of splendid costumes, white, crimson, and ermine; one or two monks, with their picturesque beards and flowing dresses of grey or brown, were standing near one of the doors, in their habitually humble attitudes; two gentlemen mace-bearers guarded the door of the entrance

to the pope's presence, their silver batons under their arms, and their open-breasted cassocks covered with fine lace: the deep bend of the window was occupied by an American party of ladies, in the required black veils; and around the outer door stood the helmeted guard, a dozen stout men at arms, forming a forcible contrast to the mild faces and priestly company within.

The mace-bearers lifted the curtain, and the pope stood before us in a small plain room. The Irish priest who accompanied us prostrated himself on the floor, and kissed the embroidered slipper; and Bishop England hastily knelt and kissed his hand, turning to present us as he rose. His Holiness smiled, and stepped forward, with a gesture of his hand, as if to prevent our kneeling, and, as the bishop mentioned our names, he looked at us and nodded smilingly, but without speaking to us. Whether he presumed we did not speak the language, or whether he thought us too young to answer for ourselves, he confined his inquiries about us entirely to the good bishop, leaving me, as I had wished, at leisure to study his features and manner. It was easy to conceive that the father of the Catholic Church stood before me, but I could scarcely realize that it was a sovereign of Europe, and the temporal monarch of millions. He was dressed in a long vesture of snow-white flannel, buttoned together in front, with a large crimson velvet cape over his shoulders, and band and tassels of silver cloth hanging from beneath. A small white skull-cap covered the crown of his head, and his hair, slightly grizzled, fell straight towards a low forehead, expressive of good nature merely. A large emerald on his finger, and slippers wrought in gold, with a cross on the instep, completed his dress. His face is heavily moulded, but unmarked, and expressive mainly of sloth and kindness; his nose is uncommonly large, rather pendent than prominent; and an incipient double chin, slightly hanging cheeks, and eyes, over which the lids drop, as if in sleep, at the end of every sentence, confirm the general impression of his presence—that of an indolent and good old man. His inquiries were principally of the Catholic Church in

Baltimore (mentioned by the bishop as the city of Mr. Mayer's residence), of its processions, its degree of state, and whether it was recognized by the government. At the first pause in the conversation, his Holiness smiled and bowed; the Irish priest prostrated himself again and kissed his foot, and with a blessing from the father of the Church, we retired.

Of the three reigning monarchs of Europe to whom I have now been presented, there is not one whose natural dignity and personal fitness for his station have impressed me, in any degree, like that of our own venerable President. I have approached the former through guards and masters of ceremony, with all the splendid paraphernalia of regal palaces around themselves in the imposing dress of monarchs, standing in the sanctuaries of history and association. I called upon the latter without even sending up my name, introduced by the son of one of his friends, in the scarce finished government-house of a new republic, and found him in the midst of his family, hardly recovered from a severe illness. The circumstances were all in favour of the former, but I think the most bigoted follower of kings would find something in the simple manners and stern dignity of the grey old "chieftain" that would impress him far more than the state of all the monarchs of Christendom.

On the evening of Holy Thursday, as I was on my way to St. Peter's to hear the *Miserere* once more, I overtook the procession of the pilgrims going up to vespers. The men went first in couples, following a cross, and escorted by gentlemen penitents covered conveniently with sack-cloth, their eyes peeping through two holes, and their well-polished boots beneath, being the only indications by which their penance could be betrayed to the world. The pilgrims themselves, perhaps a hundred in all, were the dirtiest collection of beggars imaginable, distinguished from the lazars in the street only by a long staff with a faded bunch of flowers attached to it, and an oil-cloth cape stitched over with scallop-shells. Behind came the female pilgrims, and these were led by the first ladies of rank in

Rome. It was really curious to see the mixture of humility and pride. There were, perhaps, fifty ladies of all ages, from sixteen to fifty, walking each between two filthy old women, who supported themselves by their arms, while near them, on either side of the procession, followed their splendid equipages, with numerous servants, in livery, on foot, as if to contradict to the world their temporary degradation. The lady penitents, unlike the gentlemen, walked in their ordinary dress. The chief penitent, who carried a large heavy crucifix at the head of the procession, was the Princess —, at whose weekly soirées and balls assemble all that is gay and pleasure-loving in Rome. Her two nieces, elegant girls of eighteen or twenty, walked at her side, carrying lighted candles, of four or five feet in length, in broad daylight through the streets!

The procession crept slowly up to the church, and I left them kneeling at the tomb of St. Peter, and went to the side chapel, to listen to the *Miserere*. The choir here is said to be inferior to that in the Sistine chapel, but the circumstances more than make up for the difference, which, after all, it takes a nice ear to detect. I could not but congratulate myself, as I sat down upon the base of a pillar, in the vast aisle, without the chapel where the choir were chanting, with the twilight gathering in the lofty arches, and the candles of the various processions creeping to the consecrated sepulchre from the distant parts of the church. It was so different in that crowded and suffocating chapel of the Vatican, where, fine as was the music, I vowed positively never to subject myself to such annoyance again.

It had become almost dark, when the last candle but one was extinguished in the symbolical pyramid, and the first almost painful note of the *Miserere* wailed out into the vast church of St. Peter. For the next half-hour the kneeling listeners, around the door of the chapel, seemed spell-bound in their motionless attitudes. The darkness thickened; the hundred lamps at the far-off sepulchre of the saint looked like a galaxy of twinkling points of fire, almost lost in the distance; and from the now perfectly obscured choir, poured, in ever-varying volume, the dirge-

like music, in notes inconceivably plaintive and affecting. The power; the mingled mournfulness and sweetness; the impassioned fulness, at one moment, and the lost, shrieking wildness of one solitary voice, at another, carried away the soul like a whirlwind. I never have been so moved by anything. It is not in the scope of language to convey an idea to another of the effect of the *Miserere*.

It was not till several minutes after the music had ceased that the dark figures rose up from the floor about me. As we approached the door of the church, the full moon, about three hours risen, poured broadly under the arches of the portico, inundating the whole front of the lofty dome with a flood of light such as falls only on Italy. There seemed to be no atmosphere between. Daylight is scarce more intense. The immense square, with its slender obelisk and embracing crescents of colonnade, lay spread out as definitely to the eye as at noon; and the two famous fountains shot up their clear waters to the sky, the moonlight streaming through the spray, and every drop as visible and bright as a diamond.

I got out of the press of carriages, and took a by-street along the Tiber, to the Coliseum. Passing the Jews' quarter, which shuts at dark by heavy gates, I found myself near the Tarpeian Rock, and entered the Forum, behind the ruins of the Temple of Fortune. I walked towards the palace of the Cæsars, stopping to gaze on the columns, whose shadows had fallen on the same spot, where I now saw them, for sixteen or seventeen centuries. It checks the blood at one's heart, to stand on the spot and remember it. There was not the sound of a footstep through the whole wilderness of the Forum. I traversed it to the arch of Titus in a silence, which, with the majestic ruins around, seemed almost supernatural—the mind was left so absolutely to the powerful associations of the place.

Ten minutes more brought me to the Coliseum. Its gigantic walls, arches on arches, almost to the very clouds, lay half in shadow, half in light; the ivy hung trembling in the night air, from between the cracks of the ruin, and it looked like some mighty wreck in a desert. I entered,

and a hundred voices announced to me the presence of half the fashion of Rome. I had forgotten that it was *the mode* "to go to the Coliseum by moonlight." Here they were dancing and laughing about the arena; where thousands of Christians had been torn by wild beasts for the amusement of the emperors of Rome; where gladiators had fought and died: where the sands beneath their feet were more eloquent of blood than any other spot on the face of the earth—and one sweet voice proposed a dance, and another wished she could have music and supper; and the solemn old arches re-echoed with shouts and laughter. The travestie of the thing was amusing. I mingled in the crowd, and found acquaintances of every nation; and an hour I had devoted to romantic solitude and thought passed away perhaps quite as agreeably, in the nonsense of the most thoughtless triflers in society.

LETTER XVIII

Vigils over the Host—Ceremonies of Easter Sunday—The Procession—High Mass—The Pope blessing the People—Curious Illumination—Return to Florence—Rural Festa—Hospitality of the Florentines—Expected Marriage of the Grand Duke.

April, 1833.

THIS IS FRIDAY OF THE HOLY WEEK. THE HOST WHICH was deposited yesterday amid its thousand lamps in the Paoline chapel, was taken from its place this morning, in solemn procession, and carried back to the Sistine, after lying in the consecrated place twenty-four hours. Vigils were kept over it all night. The Paoline chapel has no windows, and the lights are so disposed as to multiply its receding arches till the eye is lost in them. The altar on which the host lay was piled up to the roof in a pyramid of light; and with the prostrate figures constantly covering

the floor, and the motionless soldier in antique armour at the entrance, it was like some scene of wild romance.

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The ceremonies of Easter Sunday were performed where all the others should have been—in the body of St. Peter's. Two lines of soldiers, forming an aisle up the centre, stretched from the square without the portico to the sacred sepulchre. Two temporary platforms for the various diplomatic corps and other privileged persons occupied the sides, and the remainder of the church was filled by thousands of strangers, Roman peasantry, and contadini (in picturesque red bodices, and with golden bodkins through their hair), from all the neighbouring towns.

A loud blast of trumpets, followed by military music, announced the coming of the procession. The two long lines of soldiers presented arms, and the esquires of the pope entered first, in red robes, followed by the long train of proctors, chamberlains, mitre-bearers, and incense-bearers; the men-at-arms escorting the procession on either side. Just before the cardinals, came a cross-bearer, supported on either side by men in showy surplices carrying lights, and then came the long and brilliant line of white-headed cardinals, in scarlet and ermine. The military dignitaries of the monarch preceded the pope—a splendid mass of uniforms; and his Holiness then appeared, supported in his great gold and velvet chair, upon the shoulders of twelve men, clothed in red damask, with a canopy over his head, sustained by eight gentlemen in short violet-coloured silk mantles. Six of the Swiss guard (representing the six Catholic cantons) walked near the pope, with drawn swords on their shoulders, and after his chair followed a troop of civil officers, whose appointments I did not think it worth while to inquire. The procession stopped when the pope was opposite the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, and his Holiness descended. The tiara was lifted from his head by a cardinal, and he knelt upon a cushion of velvet and gold to adore the "sacred host," which was exposed upon the altar. After a few minutes

he returned to his chair, his tiara was again set on his head, and the music rang out anew, while the procession swept on to the sepulchre.

The spectacle was all splendour. The clear space through the vast area of the church, lined with glittering soldiery; the dazzling gold and crimson of the coming procession; the high papal chair, with the immense fan-banners of peacocks' feathers held aloft; the almost immeasurable dome and mighty pillars above and around, and the multitudes of silent people, produced a scene which, connected with the idea of religious worship, and added to by the swell of a hundred instruments of music, quite dazzled and overpowered me.

The high mass (performed but three times a year) proceeded. At the latter part of it, the pope mounted to the altar, and, after various ceremonies, elevated the sacred host. At the instant that the small white wafer was seen between the golden candlesticks, the two immense lines of soldiers dropped upon their knees, and all the people prostrated themselves at the same instant.

This fine scene over, we hurried to the square in front of the church, to secure places for a still finer one—that of the pope blessing the people. Several thousand troops, cavalry and foot-men, were drawn up between the steps and the obelisk, in the centre of the piazza; and the immense area embraced by the two circling colonnades was crowded by, perhaps a hundred thousand people, with eyes directed to one single point. The variety of bright costumes, the gay liveries of the ambassadors' and cardinals' carriages, the vast body of soldiery, and the magnificent frame of columns and fountains in which this gorgeous picture was contained, formed the grandest scene conceivable. In a few minutes the pope appeared in the balcony over the great door of St. Peter's. Every hat in the vast multitude was lifted and every knee bowed in an instant;—half a nation prostrate together, and one grey old man lifting up his hands to Heaven, and blessing them!

The cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo thundered; the

innumerable bells of Rome pealed forth simultaneously; the troops fell into line and motion, and the children of the two hundred and fifty-seventh successor of St. Peter departed *blessed*.

In the evening all the world assembled to see the illumination, which it is useless to attempt to describe. The night was cloudy and black, and every line in the architecture of the largest building in the world was defined in light, even to the cross, which, as I have said before, is at the height of a mountain from the base. For about an hour it was a delicate but vast structure of shining lines, like the drawing of a glorious temple on the clouds. At eight, as the clock struck, flakes of fire burst from every point, and the whole building seemed started into flame. It was done by a simultaneous kindling of torches in a thousand points, a man stationed at each. The glare seemed to exceed that of noonday. No description can give an idea of it.

I am not sure that I have not been a little tedious in describing the ceremonies of the holy week. Forsyth says, in his bilious book, that he "never could read, and certainly never could write, a description of them." They have struck me, however, as particularly unlike anything ever seen in my own country, and I have endeavoured to draw them slightly and with as little particularity as possible.

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I found myself at six this morning, where I had found myself at the same hour a year before—in the midst of the rural festa in the Cascine of Florence. The duke, to-day, breakfasts at his farm. The people of Florence, high and low, come out, and spread their repasts upon the fine sward of the openings in the wood; the roads are watered; and the royal equipages dash backward and forward, while the ladies hang their shawls in the trees, and children and lovers stroll away into the shade, and all looks like a scene from Boccaccio.

I thought it a picturesque and beautiful sight last year, and so described it. But I was a stranger then, newly

arrived in Florence, and felt desolate amid the happiness of so many. A few months among so frank and warm-hearted a people as the Tuscans, however, makes one at home. The tradesman and his wife, familiar with your face, and happy to be seen in their holiday dresses, give you the "*buon giorno*" as you pass, and a cup of red wine or a seat at the cloth on the grass is at your service in almost any group of the *prato*. I am sure I should not find so many acquaintances in the town in which I have passed my life.

A little beyond the crowd lies a broad open glade of the greenest grass, in the very centre of the woods of the farm. A broad fringe of shade is flung by the trees along the eastern side, and at their roots cluster the different parties of the nobles and the ambassadors. Their gaily-dressed *chasseurs* are in waiting; the silver plate quivers and glances, as the chance rays of the sun break through the leaves overhead; and at a little distance in the road stand their showy equipages in a long line from the great oak to the farm-house.

In the evening there was an illumination of the green alleys and the little square in front of the house, and a band of music for the people. Within, the halls were thrown open for a ball. It was given by the Grand Duke to the Duchess of Lichtenberg, the widow of Eugene Beauharnais. The company assembled at eight, and the presentations (two lovely countrywomen of my own among them) were over at nine. The dancing then commenced, and we drove home, through the fading lights still burning in the trees, an hour or two past midnight.

The Grand Duke is about to be married to one of the princesses of Naples, and great preparations are making for the event. He looks little like a bridegroom, with his sad face, and unshorn beard and hair. It is, probably, not a marriage of inclination, for the fat princess expecting him is every way inferior to the incomparable woman he has lost, and he passed half the last week in a lonely visit to the chamber in which she died, in his palace at Pisa.

LETTER XIX

PISA

Dulness of the Town—Leaning Tower—Cruise in the Frigate *United States*—Elba—Piombino—Porto Ferrajo—Appearance of the Bay—Naval Discipline—Visit to the Town-residence of Napoleon—His employment during his confinement on the Island—His Sisters Eliza and Pauline—His Country-house—Simplicity of the Inhabitants of Elba.

May 29, 1833.

I LEFT FLORENCE ON ONE OF THE LAST DAYS OF MAY FOR Pisa, with three Italian companions, who submitted as quietly as myself to being sold four times from one vetturino to another, at the different stopping places, and we drove into the grass-grown, melancholy streets of Pisa, in the middle of the afternoon, thankful to escape from the heat and dust of the low banks of the Arno. My fellow-travellers were Florentines, and in their sarcastic remarks upon the dulness of Pisa I imagined I could detect a lingering trace of the ancient hatred of these once rival republics. Preparations for the illumination in honour of the new Grand Duchess were going on upon the streets bordering the river, but other sign of life there was none. It must have been solitude itself which tempted Byron to reside in Pisa. I looked at the hot sunny front of the Palazzo Lanfranchi in which he lived, and tried in vain to imagine it the home of anything in the shape of pleasure.

I hurried to dine with the friends whose invitation had brought me out of my way (I was going to Leghorn), and with a warm, golden sunset flushing in the sky, we left the table a few hours after, to mount to the top of the "leaning tower." On the north and east lay the sharp terminating ridges of the Apennines, in which lay nested Lucca and its gay Baths, and on the west and south, over a broad bright green meadow of from seven to fourteen miles, threaded by the Arno and the Serchio, coiled the distant line of the Mediterranean, peaked with the many ships entering and leaving the busy port of Leghorn, and gilded, like a flaunt-

ing ribbon, with the gold of the setting sun. Below us lay Pisa, and away to the mountains, and off over the plains, the fertile farms of Tuscany. Every point of the scene was lovely. But there was an unaccustomed feature in the southern view, which had more power over my feelings than all else around me. Floating like small clouds in the distance, I could just distinguish two noble frigates, lying at anchor in the roads. The guardian of the tower handed me his glass, and I strained my eye till I fancied I could see the "stars and stripes" of my country's flag flying at the peaks. I pointed them out with pride to my English friends; and while they hung over the dizzy railing, watching the fading tints of the sunset on the mountains of Tuscany, I kept my eye on the distant ships, lost in a thousand reveries of home. The blood so stirs to see that free banner in a foreign land!

We remained on the tower till the moon rose clear and full, and then descended by its circling galleries to the square, looked at the tall fairy structure in her mellower light, its sides laced with the shadows of the hundred columns winding around it, and the wondrous pile, as it leaned forward to meet the light, seeming in the very act of toppling to the earth.

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I had come from Florence to join the *United States*, at the polite invitation of the officers of the ward-room, on a cruise up the Mediterranean. My cot was swung immediately on my arrival, but we lay three days longer than was expected in the harbour, riding out a gale of wind, which broke the chain-cables of both ships, and drove several merchant-vessels on the rocks. We got under weigh on the third of June, and the next morning were off Elba, with Corsica on our quarter, and the little island of Capreja just a-head.

The firing of guns took me just now to the deck. Three Sardinian gun-boats had saluted the commodore's flag in passing, and it was returned with twelve guns. They were coming home from the affair at Tunis. It is a fresh,

charming morning, and we are beating up against a light head-wind; all the officers on deck looking at the island with their glasses, and discussing the character of the great man to whom this little barren spot was a temporary empire. A bold fortification just appears on the point, with the Tuscan flag flying from the staff. The sides of the hills are dotted with desolate-looking buildings, among which are one or two monasteries: and in rounding the side of the island, we have passed two or three small villages, perched below and above on the rocks. Off to the east, we can just distinguish Piombino, the nearest town of the Italian shore; and very beautiful it looks, rising from the edge of the water like Venice, with a range of cloudy hills relieving it in the rear.

Our anchor is dropped in the bay of Porto Ferrajo. As we ran lightly in upon the last tack, the walls of the fort appeared crowded with people, the whole town apparently assembled to see the unusual spectacle of two ships-of-war entering their now quiet waters. A small curving bay opened to us, and as we rounded directly under the walls of the fort, the tops of the houses in the town behind appeared crowded with women, whose features we could easily distinguish with a glass. By the constant exclamations of the midshipmen, who were gazing intently from the quarter-deck, there was among them a fair proportion of beauty, or what looked like it in the distance. Just below the summit of the fort, upon a terrace commanding a view of the sea, stood a handsome house, with low windows shut with Venetian blinds and shaded with acacias, which the pilot pointed out to us as having been the town-residence of Napoleon. As the ship lost her way, we came in sight of a gentle amphitheatre of hills rising away from the cove, in a woody ravine of which stood a handsome building, with eight windows, built by the Exile as a country-house. Twenty or thirty, as good or better, spot the hills around, ornamented with avenues and orchards of low olive trees. It is altogether a rural scene, and disappoints us agreeably after the barren promise of the outer sides of the isle.

The *Constellation* came slowly in after us, with every sail set, and her tops crowded with men; and as she fell under the stern of the commodore's ship, the word was given, and her vast quantity of sail was furled with that wonderful alacrity which so astonishes a landsman. I have been continually surprised in the few days that I have been on board, with the wonders of sea-discipline; but for a spectacle, I have seen nothing more imposing than the entrance of these two beautiful frigates into the little port of Elba, and their magical management. The anchors were dropped, the yards came down by the run, the sails disappeared, the living swarm upon the rigging slid below, all in a moment, and then struck up the delightful band on our quarter-deck, and the sailors leaned on the guns, the officers on the quarter railing, and boats from the shore filled with ladies lay off at different distances—the whole scene as full of repose and enjoyment, as if we had lain idle for a month in these glassy waters. How beautiful are the results of order!

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We had made every preparation for a picnic party to the country-house of Napoleon yesterday—but it rained. At sunset, however, the clouds crowded into vast masses, and the evening gave a glorious promise, which was fulfilled this morning in freshness and sunshine. The commodore's barge took off the ladies for an excursion on horseback to the iron-mines, on the other side of the island—the midshipmen were set ashore in various directions for a ramble; and I, tempted with the beauty of the ravine which encloses the villa of Napoleon, declined all invitations, with an eye to a stroll thither.

We were first set ashore at the mole to see the town. A medley crowd of soldiers, citizens, boys, girls, and galley-slaves, received us at the landing and followed us up to the town-square, gazing at the officers with undisguised curiosity. We met several gentlemen from the other ship at the *café*, and, taking a cicerone, together started for the town residence of the Emperor. It is now occupied by the

governor, and stands on the summit of the little fortified city. We mounted by clean excellent pavements, getting a good-natured "*buon giorno*" from every female head thrust from beneath the blinds of the houses. The governor's Aid received us at the door, with his cap in his hand, and we commenced the tour of the rooms, with all the household, male and female, following to gaze at us. Napoleon lived on the first floor. The rooms were as small as those of a private house, and painted in the pretty fresco common in Italy. The furniture was all changed, and the fireplaces and two busts of the Emperor's sisters (Eliza and Pauline) were all that remained as it was. The library is a pretty room, though very small, and opens on a terrace level with his favourite garden. The plants and lemon-trees were planted by himself, we were told, and the officers plucked souvenirs on all sides. The officer who accompanied us was an old soldier of Napoleon's and a native of Elba, and after a little of the reluctance common to the teller of an oft-told tale, he gave us some interesting particulars of the Emperor's residence at the island. It appears that he employed himself, from the first day of his arrival, in the improvement of his little territory, making roads, etc., and behaved quite like a man who had made up his mind to relinquish ambition, and content himself with what was about him. Three assassins were discovered and captured in the course of the eleven months, the two first of whom he pardoned. The third made an attempt upon his life, in the disguise of a beggar, at a bridge leading to his country-house, and was condemned and executed. He was a native of the Emperor's own birth-place in Corsica. The second floor was occupied by his mother and Pauline. The furniture of the chamber of the renowned beauty is very much as she left it. The bed is small, and the mirror opposite its foot very large and in a mahogany frame. Small mirrors were set also into the bureau, and in the back of a pretty cabinet of dark wood standing at the head of the bed. It is delightful to breathe the atmosphere of a room that has been the home of the lovely creature whose marble image by

Canova thrills every beholder with love. Her sitting-room, though less interesting, made us linger and muse again. It looks out over the sea to the west, and the prospect is beautiful. One forgets that her history could not be written without many a blot. How much we forgive to beauty! Of all the female branches of the Bonaparte family, Pauline bore the greatest resemblance to her brother Napoleon. But the grand and regular profile which was in him marked with the stern air of sovereignty and despotic rule, was in her tempered with an enchanting softness and fascinating smile. Her statue is the *chef d'œuvre* of modern sculpture.

We went from the Governor's house to the walls of the town loitering along and gazing at the sea, and then rambled through the narrow streets of the town, attracting, by the gay uniforms of the officers, the attention and courtesies of every smooched petticoat far and near. What the faces of the damsels of Elba might be, if washed, we could hardly form a conjecture.

The country-house of Napoleon is three miles from the town, a little distance from the shore, farther round into the bay. Captain Nicholson proposed to walk to it, and send his boat across—a warmer task for the midday of an Italian June than a man of less enterprise would choose for pleasure. We reached the stone steps of the imperial casino, after a melting and toilsome walk, hungry and thirsty, and were happy to fling ourselves upon broken chairs in the denuded drawing-room, and wait for an extempore dinner of twelve eggs and a bottle of wine as bitter as criticism. A farmer and his family live in the house, and a couple of bad busts and the fire-places are all that remain of its old appearance. The situation and the view, however, are superb. A little lap of a valley opens right away from the door to the bosom of the bay, and in the midst of the glassy basin lies the bold peninsular promontory and fortification of Porto Ferrajo, like a castle in a loch, connected with the body of the island by a mere rib of sand. Off beyond sleeps the mainland of Italy, mountain and vale, like a smoothly-shaped bed of clouds; and for the foreground of the landscape, the valleys of Elba are just now green with fig-trees and vines,

speckled here and there with fields of golden grain, and farm-houses shaded with all the trees of this genial climate.

We examined the place after our frugal dinner, and found a natural path under the edge of the hill behind, stretching away back into the valley, and leading, after a short walk, to a small stream and a waterfall. Across it, just above the fall, lay the trunk of an old and vigorous fig-tree, full of green limbs, and laden with fruit half-ripe. It made a natural bridge over the stream, and as its branches shaded the rocks below, we could easily imagine Napoleon walking to and fro in the smooth path, and seating himself on the broadest stone in the heat of the summer evenings he passed on the spot. It was the only walk about the place, and a secluded and pleasant one. The groves of firs and brush above, and the locust and cherry-trees on the edges of the walk, are old enough to have shaded him. We sat and talked under the influence of the "genius of the spot" till near sunset, and then, cutting each a walking-stick from the shoots of the old fig-tree, returned to the boats and reached the ship as the band struck up their exhilarating music for the evening on the quarter-deck.

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We passed two or three days at Elba most agreeably. The weather has been fine, and the ships have been thronged with company. The common-people of the town come on board in boat-loads—men, women and children—and are never satisfied with gazing and wondering. The inhabitants speak very pure Tuscan, and are mild and simple in their manners. They all take the ships to be bound upon a mere voyage of pleasure; and with the officers in their gay dresses, and the sailors in their clean white and blue, the music, morning and evening, and the general gaiety on board, the impression is not much to be wondered at.

Yesterday, after dinner, Captain Nicholson took us ashore in his gig to pass an hour or two in the shade. His steward followed, with a bottle or two of old wine; and landing near the fountain to which the boats are sent for

water, we soon found a spreading fig-tree, and, with a family of the country people from a neighbouring cottage around us, we idled away the hours till the cool of the evening. The simplicity of the old man and his wife, and the wonder of himself and several labourers in his vineyard, to whom the captain gave a glass or two of his excellent wines, would have made a study for Wilkie. Sailors are merry companions for a party like this. We returned over the unruffled expanse of the bay, charmed with the beauty of the scene by sunset, and as happy as a life, literally *sans souci*, could make us. What is it, in this rambling absence from all to which we look forward in love and hope, that so fascinates the imagination?

* * * * *

I went, in the commodore's suite, to call upon the governor this morning. He is a military, commanding-looking man, and received us in Napoleon's saloon, surrounded by his officers. He regretted that his commission did not permit him to leave the shore, even to visit the ship, but offered a visit on the part of his sister and a company of the first ladies of the town. They came off this evening. She was a lady-like woman, not very pretty, of thirty years perhaps. As she spoke only Italian, she was handed over to me, and I waited on her through the ship, explaining a great many things, of which I knew as much as herself. This visit over, we get under weigh to-morrow morning for Naples.

LETTER XX

Departure from Elba—Ischia—Bay of Naples—Naples—San Carlo—
Repeated Conspiracies—Scene on Shipboard—Castellamare.

June 3, 1833.

WE SET SAIL FROM ELBA ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD OF June. The inhabitants, all of whom I presume had been on board the ships, were standing along the walls and

looking from the embrasures of the fortress to see us off. It was a clear summer's morning, without much wind, and we crept slowly off from the point, gazing up at the windows of Napoleon's house as we passed under, and laying on our course for the shore of Italy. We soon got into the fresher breeze of the open sea; and the low white line of villages on the Tuscan coast appeared more distant, till, with a glass, we could see the people at the windows watching our progress. Fishing-boats were drawn up on shore, and the idle sailors were leaning in the half-shadow which they afforded; but with the almost total absence of trees, and the glaring white of the walls, we were content to be out upon the cool sea, passing town after town unvisited. Island after island was approached and left during the day; barren rocks, with only a lighthouse to redeem their nakedness; and in the evening at sunset we were in sight of Ischia, the towering isle in the bosom of the bay of Naples. The band had been called as usual at seven, and were playing a delightful waltz upon the quarter-deck; the sea was even, and just crisped by the breeze from the Italian shore; the sailors were leaning on the guns, listening; the officers clustered in their various places; and the murmur of the foam before the prow was just audible in the lighter passages of the music. Above and in the west glowed the eternal but untiring tints of the summer sky, of the Mediterranean—a gradually fading gold from the edge of the sea to the zenith, and the early star soon twinkled through it, and the air dampened to a reviving freshness. I do not know that a mere scene like this, without incident, will interest a reader, but it was so delightful to myself, that I have described it for the mere pleasure of dwelling on it. The desert stillness and loneliness of the sea, the silent motion of the ship, and the delightful music swelling beyond the bulwarks and dying upon the wind, were such singularly combined circumstances! It was a moving paradise in the waste of the ocean.

Sail was shortened last night, and we lay to under the shore of Ischia, to enter the bay of Naples by daylight. As the morning mist lifted a little, the peculiar shape of Vesuvius, the boldness of the island of Capri, the sweeping curves of Baia and Portici, and the small promontory which lifts Naples toward the sea, rose like the features of a familiar friend to my eye. It would be difficult to have seen Naples without having a memory steeped in its beauty. A fair wind set us straight into the bay; and, one by one, the towns on its shore, the streaks of lava on the sides of its volcano, and soon after, the houses of friends on the street of the Chiaga, became distinguishable to the eye. There had been a slight eruption since I was here; but now, as before, there was scarce a puff of smoke to be seen rising from Vesuvius. My little specimen of sulphur, which I took from the just-hardened bosom of the crater now destroyed, lies before me on the table as I write, more valued than ever, since its bed has been melted and blown into the air. The new and lighter-coloured streak on the right of the mountain would have informed me of itself that the lava had issued since I was here. The sound of bells and the hum of the city reached our ears, and, running in between the mole and the castle, the anchor was dropped, and the ship surrounded with boats from the shore.

* * * *

The heat kept us on board till the evening, and with several of the officers I landed and walked up the Toledo as the lazzaroni were stirring from their sleep under the walls of the houses. With the exception of the absence of the English, who have mostly flitted to the baths, Naples was the same place as ever—crowded, busy, dirty, and gay. Her thousand beggars were still “dying of hunger,” and telling it to the passenger in the same exhausted tone; her gay carriages and skeleton hacks were still flying up and down, and dashing at and over you for your custom; the cows and goats were driven about to be milked in the street; the lemonade-sellers stood in their stalls, the money-

changers at their tables in the open squares; puncinello squeaked and beat his mistress at every corner; the awnings of the *cafés* covered hundreds of smokers and loungers; and this gay, miserable, homeless, out-of-doors people, seemed as degraded and thoughtless, and, it must be owned, as insensibly happy, as before. You would think, to walk through the Toledo of Naples, that two-thirds of its crowd of wretches, and all its horses and dogs, were at their last extremity; and yet they go on, and, I was told by an Englishman resident here who has become accustomed to meet always the same faces, seem never to change or disappear, suffering and groaning and dragging up and down, shocking the eye and sickening the heart of the inexperienced stranger for years and years.

We passed the *prima sera*, the first part of the evening, as most men in Italy pass it, eating ices at the thronged *café*, and at nine we went to the splendid theatre of San Carlo to see *La Sonnambula*. The king and queen were present, with the queen-mother. I was instantly struck with the alteration in the appearance of the young queen. When I was here three months ago, she was just married, and appeared frequently in the public walks—and a fresher or brighter face I never had seen. She was acknowledged the most beautiful woman in Naples, and had what is very much valued in this land of pale brunettes, a clear rosy cheek, and lips as bright as a child's. She is now thin and white, and looks to me like a person fading with a rapid consumption. I found some Italian acquaintances in looking round the house, and soon learned in whispers the news of the day, most of which depended on this circumstance.

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Several conspiracies have been detected within a month or two, the last of which was very nearly successful. The day before we arrived, two officers in the royal army, men of high rank, had shot themselves, each putting a pistol to the other's breast, believing discovery inevitable. One died instantly, and the other lingers to-day, without any hope

of recovery. The king was fired at on parade the day previous, which was supposed to have been the first step, but the plot had been checked by partial disclosure, and hence the tragedy I have just related.

The ships have been thronged with visitors during the two or three days we have lain at Naples, among whom have been the prime minister and his family. Orders are given to admit everyone on board that wishes to come; and the decks, morning and evening, present the most motley scene imaginable. Cameo and lava sellers expose their wares on the gun-carriages, surrounded by midshipmen—Jews and fruit-sellers hail the sailors through the ports—boats full of chickens and pigs, all in loud outcry, are held up to view with a recommendation in broken English—contadini in their best dresses walk up and down, smiling on the officers and wondering at the cleanliness of the decks, and the elegance of the captain's cabin—Punch plays his tricks under the gun-deck ports—bands of wandering musicians sing and hold out their hats, as they row around, and all is harmony and amusement. In the evening it is pleasanter still, for the band is playing, and the better classes of people come off from the shore, and boats filled with these pretty dark-eyed Neapolitans row round and round the ship, eyeing the officers as they lean over the bulwarks, and ready with but half a nod to make acquaintance and come up the gangway. I have had a private pride of my own in showing the frigate as American to many of my foreign friends. One's nationality becomes nervously sensitive abroad; and in the beauty and order of the ships, the manly elegance of the officers, and the general air of superiority and decision throughout, I have found food for some of the highest feelings of gratification of which I am capable.

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We weighed anchor yesterday morning (the twentieth of June), and stood across the bay for Castellamare. Running close under Vesuvius, we passed Portici, Torre del Greco, and Pompeii, and rounded-to in the little harbour

of this fashionable watering-place soon after noon. Castellamare is about fifteen miles from Naples, and in the summer months it is crowded with those of the fashionables who do not make a northern tour. The shore rises directly from the sea into a high mountain, on the side of which the king has a country-seat, and around it hang, on terraces, the houses of the English. Strong mineral springs abound on the slope.

We landed directly, and, mounting the donkeys waiting on the pier, started to make the round of the village-walks. English maids with their prettily-dressed and rosy children, and English ladies and gentlemen, mounted like ourselves on donkeys, met us at every turn as we wound up the shady and zig-zag roads to the palace. The views became finer as we ascended, till we could look down into Pompeii, which was but four miles off, and away towards Naples, following the white road with the eye along the shore of the sea. The paths were in fine order, and as beautiful as green trees and shade and living fountains, crossing the road continually, could make them. In the neighbourhood of the royal casino the ground was planted more like a park, and the walks were terminated with artificial fountains, throwing up their bright waters amid statuary and over grottos; and here we met the idlers of the place of all nations, enjoying the sunset. I met an acquaintance or two, and felt the yearning unwillingness to go away which I have felt on every spot almost of this delicious land.

We set sail again with the night-breeze, and at this moment are passing between Ischia and Capri, running nearly on our course for Sicily. We shall probably be at Palermo to-morrow. The ship's bell beats ten, and the lights are ordered out, and, under this imperative government, I must say, "Good night!"

LETTER XXI

Island of Sicily—Palermo—Saracenic appearance of the Town—Cathedral—The Marina—Viceroy Leopold—Monastery of the Capuchins—Celebrated Catacombs—Fanciful Garden.

June 24, 1833.

THE MOUNTAIN-COAST OF SICILY LAY PILED UP BEFORE US at the distance of ten or twelve miles, when I came on deck this morning. The quarter-master handed me the glass, and, running my eye along the shore, I observed three or four low plains, extending between projecting spurs of the hills, studded thickly with country-houses, and bright with groves which I knew, by the deep glancing green, to be the orange. In a corner of the longest of these intervals, a sprinkling of white, looking in the distance like a bed of pearly shells on the edge of the sea, was pointed out as Palermo. With a steady glass its turrets and gardens became apparent, and its mole, bristling above the wall with masts; and running in with a free wind, the character of our ship was soon recognized from the shore, and the flags of every vessel in the harbour ran up to the mast, the customary courtesy to a man-of-war entering port.

As the ship came to her anchorage, the view of the city was very captivating. The bend of the shore embraced our position, and the eastern half of the curve was a succession of gardens and palaces. A broad street extended along in front, crowded with people gazing at the frigates; and up one of the long avenues of the public garden we could distinguish the veiled women walking in groups, children playing, priests, soldiers, and all the motley frequenters of such places in this idle clime, enjoying the refreshing sea-breeze upon whose wings we had come. I was impatient to get ashore, but, between the health-officer and some other hindrances, it was evening before we set foot upon the pier.

With Captain Nicholson and the purser I walked up the Toledo, as the still half-asleep tradesmen were opening their shops after the *siesta*. The oddity of the Palermitan

style of building struck me forcibly. Of the two long streets, crossing each other at right angles and extending to the four gates of the city, the lower story of every house is a shop, of course. The second and third stories are ornamented with tricky-looking iron balconies, in which the women sit at work universally; while from above projects, far over the street, a grated enclosure, like a long bird-cage, from which look down girls and children (or, if it is a convent, the nuns), as if it were an airy prison to keep the household from the contact of the world. The whole air of Palermo is different from that of the towns upon the Continent. The peculiarities are said to be Saracenic, and inscriptions in Arabic are still found upon the ancient buildings. The town is poetically called the *concha d'oro*, or the "golden shell."

We walked on to the cathedral, followed by a troop of literally naked beggars, baked black in the sun, and more emaciated and diseased than any I have yet seen abroad. Their cries and gestures were painfully energetic. In the course of five minutes we had seen two or three hundred. They lay along the sidewalks, and upon the steps of the houses and churches—men, women, and children, nearly or quite naked, and as unnoticed by the inhabitants as the stones of the street.

Ten or twenty indolent-looking priests sat in the shade at the porch of the cathedral. The columns of the vestibule were curiously wrought, the capitals exceedingly rich with fretted leaf-work and the ornaments of the front of the same wild-looking character as the buildings of the town. A hunchback, scarce three feet high, came up and offered his services as a cicerone, and we entered the church. The antiquity of the interior was injured by the new white paint, covering every part except the more valuable decorations; but with its four splendid sarcophagi standing like separate buildings, in the aisles, and covering the ashes of Ruggiero and his kinsmen; the eighty columns of Egyptian granite in the nave; the *ciborio* of entire *lapis-lazuli* with its lovely blue; and the mosaics, frescos, and relievos about the altar, it could scarce fail of producing

an effect of great richness. The floor was occupied by here and there a kneeling beggar, praying in his rags and undisturbed even by the tempting neighbourhood of strangers. I stood long by an old man, who seemed hardly to have the strength to hold himself upon his knees. His eyes were fixed upon a lovely picture of the Virgin, and his trembling hands loosed bead after bead as his prayer proceeded. I slipped a small piece of silver between his palm and the cross of his rosary, and, without removing his eyes from the face of the Holy Mother, he implored an audible blessing upon me in a tone of the most earnest feeling. I have scarce been so moved within my recollection.

The equipages were beginning to roll towards the "Marina," and the sea-breeze was felt even through the streets. We took a carriage and followed to the Corso, where we counted near two hundred gay, well-appointed equipages, in the course of an hour. What a contrast to the wretchedness we had left behind! Driving up and down this half-mile in front of the palaces on the sea, seemed quite a sufficient amusement for the indolent nobility of Palermo. They were named to us by their imposing titles as they passed, and we looked in vain into their dull unanimated faces for the chivalrous character of the once-renowned knights of Sicily. Ladies and gentlemen sat alike silent, leaning back in their carriages in the elegant attitudes studied to such effect on this side the water, and gazing for acquaintances among those passing on the opposite line.

Towards the dusk of the evening, an *avant-courier* on horseback announced the approach of the viceroy Leopold, the brother of the king of Naples. He drove himself in an English hunting-wagon with two seats, and looked like a dandy whip of the first water from Regent Street. He is about twenty, and very handsome. His horses, fine English bays, flew up and down the short *corso*, passing and repassing every other minute, till we were weary of touching our hats and stopping till he had gone by. He noticed the uniform of our officers, and raised his hat with particular politeness to them.

As it grew dark, the carriages came to a stand around a

small open gallery raised in the broadest part of the Marina. Rows of lamps, suspended from the roof, were lit, and a band of forty or fifty musicians appeared in the area, and played parts of the popular operas. We were told they performed every night from nine till twelve. Chairs were set around for the people on foot, ices circulated, and some ten or twelve thousand people enjoyed the music in the delicious moonlight, keeping perfect silence from the first note till the last. These heavenly nights of Italy are thus begun, and at twelve the people separate and go to visit, or lounge at home till morning, when the windows are closed, the cool night-air shut in, and they sleep till evening comes on again, literally "keeping the hours the stars do." It is very certain that it is the only way to enjoy life in this enervating climate. The sun is the worst enemy to health, and life and spirits sink under its intensity. The English, who are the only people abroad in an Italian noon, are constant victims to it.

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We drove this morning to the monastery of the Capuchins. Three or four of the brothers, in long grey beards, and the heavy brown sackcloth cowls of the order tied around the waist with ropes, received us cordially and took us through the cells and chapels. We had come to see the famous catacombs of the convent. A door was opened in the side of the main cloister, and we descended a long flight of stairs into the centre of three lofty vaults, lighted each by a window at the extremity of the ceiling. A more frightful scene never appalled the eye. The walls were lined with shallow niches, from which hung, leaning forward, as if to fall upon the gazer, the dried bodies of monks in the full dress of their order. Their hands were crossed upon their breasts or hung at their sides, their faces were blackened and withered, and everyone seemed to have preserved, in diabolical caricature, the very expression of life. The hair lay reddened and dry on the dusty skull; the teeth, perfect or imperfect, had grown brown in their open mouths; the nose had shrunk; the cheeks fallen in and cracked;

and they looked more like living men cursed with some horrid plague than the inanimate corpses they were. The name of each was pinned upon his cowl, with his age and the time of his death. Below, in three or four tiers, lay long boxes painted fantastically, and containing, the monk told us, the remains of Sicilian nobles. Upon a long shelf above sat, perhaps, a hundred children of from one year to five, in little chairs worn with their use while in life, dressed in the gayest manner, with fanciful caps upon their little blackened heads, dolls in their hands, and, in one or two instances, a stuffed dog or parrot lying in their laps. A more horribly ludicrous collection of little withered faces, shrunk into expression so entirely inconsistent with the gaiety of their dresses, could scarce be conceived. One of them had his arm tied up, holding a child's whip in the act of striking, while the poor thing's head had rotted and dropped upon his breast; and a leather cap fallen on one side showed his bare skull, with the most comical expression of carelessness. We quite shocked the old monk with our laughter, but the scene was irresistible.

We went through several long galleries filled in the same manner with the dead monks standing over the coffins of nobles, and children on the shelf above. There were three thousand bodies and upwards in the place, monks and all. Some of them were very ancient. There was one, dated a century and a half back, whose tongue still hangs from his mouth. The friar took hold of it, and moved it up and down, rattling it against his teeth. It was like a piece of dried fish-skin, and as sharp and thin as a nail.

At the extremity of the last passage was a new vault appropriated to women. There were nine already lying on white pillows in the different recesses, who had died within the year, and among them a young girl, the daughter of a noble family of Palermo, stated in the inscription to have been a virgin of seventeen years. The monk said her twin-sister was one of the most beautiful women of the city at this moment. She was laid upon her back, on a small shelf, faced with a wire grating, dressed in white, with a large bouquet of artificial flowers on the centre of the body.

Her hands and face were exposed, and the skin, which seemed to me scarcely dry, was covered with small black ants. I struck with my stick against the shelf, and, startled by the concussion, the disgusting vermin poured from the mouth and nostrils in hundreds. How difficult it is to believe that the beauty we worship must come to this!

As we went towards the staircase, the friar showed us the deeper niches, in which the bodies were placed for the first six months. There were fortunately no fresh bodies in them at the time of our visit. The stench, for a week or two, he told us, was intolerable. They are suffered to get quite dry here, and then are disposed of according to their sex or profession. A rope passed round the middle fastens the dead monk to his shallow niche, and there he stands still his bones rot from each other, sometimes for a century or more.

We hurried up the gloomy stairs, and, giving the monk our gratuity, were passing out of the cloister to our carriage, when two of the brothers entered, bearing a sedan-chair with the blinds closed. Our friend called us back and opened the door. An old grey-headed woman sat bolt upright within, with a rope around her body and another round her neck, supporting her by two rings in the back of the sedan. She had died that morning, and was brought to be dried in the capuchin catacombs. The effect of the newly-deceased body in a handsome silk dress and plaited cap was horrible.

We drove from the monastery to the gardens of a Sicilian prince, near by. I was agreeably disappointed to find the grounds laid out in the English taste, winding into secluded walks shaded with unclipped trees, and opening into glades of greensward cooled by fountains. We strolled on from one sweet spot to another, coming constantly upon little Grecian temples, ruins, broken aqueducts, aviaries, bowers furnished with curious seats and tables, bridges over streams, and labyrinths of shrubbery ending in hermitages built curiously of cane. So far, the garden, though lovely, was like many others. On our return, the person who accompanied us began to surprise us with singular

contrivances—fortunately for us, selecting the coachman who had driven us as the subject of his experiments. In the middle of a long green alley he requested him to step forward a few paces, and, in an instant, streams of water poured upon him from the bushes around in every direction. There were seats in the arbours, the least pressure of which sent up a stream beneath the unwary visitor; steps to an ascent, which you no sooner touched than you were showered from an invisible source; and one small hermitage, which sent a *jet-d'eau* into the face of a person lifting the latch. Nearly in the centre of the garden stood a pretty building, with an ascending staircase. At the first step, a friar in white, represented to the life in wax, opened the door, and fixed his eyes on the comer. At the next step, the door was violently shut. At the third, it was half-opened again, and as the foot pressed the platform above, both doors flew wide open, and the old friar made room for the visitor to enter. Life itself could not have been more natural. The garden was full of similar tricks. We were hurried away by an engagement before we had seen them all; and stopping for a moment to look at a magnificent Egyptian Ibis, walking around in an aviary like a temple, we drove into town to dinner.

LETTER XXII

The Lunatic Asylum at Palermo—Marina—Distress of the Sicilians—Conspiracies.

June 27, 1833.

TWO OF THE BEST-CONDUCTED LUNATIC ASYLUMS IN THE world are in the kingdom of Naples—one at Aversa, near Capua, and the other at Palermo. The latter is managed by a whimsical Sicilian baron, who has devoted his time and fortune to it, and, with the assistance of the government, has carried it to great extent and perfection. The

poor are received gratuitously; and those who can afford it, enter as boarders, and are furnished with luxuries according to their means.

The hospital stands in an airy situation in the lovely neighbourhood of Palermo. We were received by a porter in a respectable livery, who introduced us immediately to the old baron—a kind-looking man, rather advanced beyond middle life, of manners singularly well-bred and prepossessing. “*Je suis le premier fou,*” said he, throwing his arms out as he bowed on our entrance. We stood in an open court, surrounded with porticos lined with stone seats. On one of them lay a fat, indolent-looking man, in clean grey clothes, talking to himself with great apparent satisfaction. He smiled at the baron as he passed, without checking the motion of his lips; and three others standing in the doorway of a room marked as the kitchen, smiled also as he came up, and fell into his train, apparently as much interested as ourselves in the old man’s explanation.

The kitchen was occupied by eight or ten people all at work, and all, the baron assured us, mad. One man, of about forty, was broiling a steak with the gravest attention. Another who had been furious till employment was given him, was chopping meat with violent industry in a large wooden bowl. Two or three girls were about, obeying the little orders of a middle-aged man, occupied with several messes cooking on a patent stove. I was rather incredulous about his insanity, till he took a small bucket and went to the jet of a fountain, and, getting impatient from some cause or other, dashed the water upon the floor. The baron mildly called him by name, and mentioned to him as a piece of information that he had wet the floor. He nodded his head, and, filling his bucket quietly, poured a little into one of the pans, and resumed his occupation.

We passed from the kitchen into an open court, curiously paved and ornamented with Chinese grottos, artificial rocks, trees, cottages, and fountains. Within the grottos reclined figures of wax. Before the altar of one, fitted up as a Chinese chapel, a mandarin was prostrated in prayer. The walls on every side were painted in perspective scenery,

and the whole had as little the air of a prison as the open valley itself. In one of the corners was an unfinished grotto, and a handsome young man was entirely absorbed in thatching the ceiling with strips of cane. The baron pointed to him, and said he had been incurable till he found this employment for him. Everything about us, too, he assured us, was the work of his patients. They had paved the court, built the grottos and cottages, and painted the walls under his direction. The secret of his whole system, he said, was employment and constant kindness. He had usually about one hundred and fifty patients, and he dismissed upon an average two-thirds of them quite recovered.

We went into the apartment of the women. These, he said, were his worst subjects. In the first room sat eight or ten employed in spinning, while one infuriated creature not more than thirty, but quite grey, was walking up and down the floor, talking and gesticulating with the greatest violence. A young girl of sixteen, an attendant, had entered into her humour, and, with her arm put affectionately round her waist, assented to everything she said, and called her by every name of endearment while endeavouring to silence her. When the baron entered, the poor creature addressed herself to him, and seemed delighted that he had come. He made several mild attempts to check her, but she seized his hands, with the veins of her throat swelling with passion, her eyes glaring terribly, and her tongue white and trembling, she continued to declaim more and more violently. The baron gave an order to a male attendant at the door, and, beckoning us to follow, led her gently through a small court planted with trees, to a room containing a hammock. She checked her torrent of language as she observed the preparations going on, and seemed amused with the idea of swinging. The man took her up in his arms without resistance, and laced the hammock over her, confining everything but her head; and the female attendant, one of the most playful and prepossessing little creatures I ever saw, stood on a chair, and at every swing threw a little water on her face as if in sport. Once or twice the maniac attempted to resume the subject

of her ravings, but the girl laughed in her face and diverted her from it, till at last she smiled, and, dropping her head into the hammock, seemed disposed to sink into an easy sleep.

We left her swinging, and went out into the court, where eight or ten women in the grey gowns of the establishment were walking up and down, or sitting under the trees, lost in thought. One, with a fine intelligent face, came up to me and curtsied gracefully without speaking. The physician of the establishment joined me at the moment, and asked her what she wished. "To kiss his hand," said she, "but his looks forbade me." She coloured deeply, and folded her arms across her breast, and walked away. The baron called us, and in going out I passed her again, and, taking her hand, kissed it, and bade her good-bye. "You had better kiss my lips," said she; "you'll never see me again." She laid her forehead against the iron bars of the gate and with a face working with emotion, watched us till we turned out of sight. I asked the physician for her history. "It was a common case," he said. "She was the daughter of a Sicilian noble, who, too poor to marry her to one of her own rank, had sent her to a convent, where confinement had driven her mad. She is now a charity patient in the asylum."

The courts in which these poor creatures are confined open upon a large and lovely garden. We walked through it with the baron, and then returned to the apartments of the females. In passing a cell, a large majestic woman strided out with a theatrical air, and commenced an address to the Deity, in a language strangely mingled of Italian and Greek. Her eyes were naturally large and soft, but excitement had given them additional dilation and fire, and she looked a prophetess. Her action, with all its energy, was lady-like. Her feet, half-covered with slippers, were well-formed and slight, and she had every mark of superiority both of birth and endowment. The baron took her by the hand with the deferential courtesy of the old school, and led her to one of the stone seats. She yielded to him politely, but resumed her harangue, upbraiding the Deity,

as well as I could understand her, for her misfortune. They succeeded in soothing her by the assistance of the same playful attendant who had accompanied the other to the hammock, and she sat still, with her lips white and her tongue trembling like an aspen. While the good old baron was endeavouring to draw her into a quiet conversation, the physician told me some curious circumstances respecting her. She was a Greek, and had been brought to Palermo when a girl. Her mind had been destroyed by an illness, and after seven years' madness, during which she had refused to rise from her bed, and had quite lost the use of her limbs, she was brought to this establishment by her friends. Experiments were tried in vain to induce her to move from her painful position. At last the baron determined upon addressing what he considered the master-passion in all female bosoms. He dressed himself in the gayest manner, and, in one of her gentle moments, entered her room with respectful ceremony and offered himself to her in marriage! She refused him with scorn, and with seeming emotion he begged forgiveness and left her. The next morning, on his entrance, she smiled—the first time for years. He continued his attentions for a day or two, and after a little coquetry she one morning announced to him that she had re-considered his proposal, and would be his bride. They raised her from her bed to prepare her for the ceremony, and she was carried in a chair to the garden, where the bridal feast was spread, nearly all the other patients of the hospital being present. The gaiety of the scene absorbed the attention of all; the utmost decorum prevailed; and when the ceremony was performed, the bride was crowned, and carried back in state to her apartment. She recovered gradually the use of her limbs; her health is improved, and excepting an occasional paroxysm, such as we happened to witness, she is quiet and contented. The other inmates of the asylum still call her the bride; and the baron, as her husband, has the greatest influence over her.

While the physician was telling me these circumstances, the baron had succeeded in calming her, and she sat with

her arms folded, dignified and silent. He was still holding her hand, when the woman whom we had left swinging in the hammock, came stealing up behind the trees on tiptoe, and, putting her hand suddenly over the baron's eyes, kissed him on both sides of his face, laughing heartily, and calling him by every name of affection. The contrast between this mood and the infuriated one in which we had found her, was the best comment on the good man's system. He gently disengaged himself, and apologized to his lady for allowing the liberty, and we followed him to another apartment.

It opened upon a pretty court, in which a fountain was playing, and against the different columns of the portico sat some half-dozen patients. A young man of eighteen, with a very pale, scholar-like face, was reading Ariosto. Near him, under the direction of an attendant, a fair, delicate girl, with a sadness in her soft blue eyes that might have been a study for a *mater dolorosa*, was cutting paste upon a board laid across her lap. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was about; and when I approached and spoke to her, she laid down the knife and rested her head upon her hand, and looked at me steadily, as if she was trying to recollect where she had known me. "I cannot remember," she said to herself, and went on with her occupation. I bowed to her as we took our leave, and she returned it gracefully, but coldly. The young man looked up from his book and smiled; the old man lying on the stone seat in the outer court rose up and followed us to the door, and we were bowed out by the baron and his gentle madmen as politely and kindly as if we were concluding a visit to a company of friends.

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An evening out of doors, in summer, is pleasant enough anywhere in Italy: but I have found no place where the people and their amusements were so concentrated at that hour, as upon the "Marina" of Palermo. A ramble with the officers up and down; renewing the acquaintances made with visitors to the ships; listening to the music and

observing the various characters' of the crowd, conclude every day agreeably. A terraced promenade, twenty feet above the street, extends nearly the whole length of the Marina, and here under the balconies of the viceroy's palace, with the crescent harbour spread out before the eye, trees above, and marble seats tempting the weary at every step, may be met pedestrians of every class, from the first cool hour when the sea-breeze sets in till midnight or morning. The intervals between the pieces performed by the royal band in the centre of the drive are seized by the wandering *improvisatrice* or the ludicrous *puncinello*, and even the beggars cease to importune in the general abandonment to pleasure. Every other moment the air is filled with a delightful perfume, and you are addressed by the bearer of a tall pole tied thickly with the odorous flowers of this voluptuous climate—a mode of selling these cheap luxuries which I believe is peculiar to Palermo. The gaiety they give a crowd, by the way, is singular. They move about among the gaudily-dressed contadini like a troop of banners—tulips, narcissus, moss-roses, branches of jasmine, geraniums, every flower that is rare and beautiful scenting the air from a hundred overladed poles, and the merest pittance will purchase the rarest and loveliest. It seems a clime of fruits and flowers; and if one could but shut his eyes to the dreadful contrasts of nakedness and starvation, he might believe himself in a Utopia.

We were standing on the balcony of the consul's residence (a charming situation overlooking the Marina), and remarking the gaiety of the scene on the first evening of our arrival. The conversation turned upon the condition of the people. The consul remarked that it was an everyday circumstance to find beggars starved to death in the streets, and that, in the small villages near Palermo, eight or ten were often taken up dead from the road-side in the morning. The difficulty of getting a subsistence is every day increasing, and in the midst of one of the most fertile spots of the earth, one half the population are driven to the last extremity for bread. The results appear in constant con-

spiracies against the government, detected and put down with more or less difficulty. The island is garrisoned with troops from Italy, and the viceroy has lately sent to his brother for a re-inforcement, and is said to feel very insecure.

LETTER XXIII

Fête given by Mr. Gardiner, the American Consul—Messina—
Lipari Islands—Scylla and Charybdis.

June, 1833.

THE CURVE OF "THE GOLDEN SHELL," WHICH BENDS TO the east of Palermo, is a luxuriant plain of ten miles in length, terminated by a bluff which forms a headland corner of the bay. A broad neck of land between this bay and another indenting the coast less deeply on the other side, is occupied by a cluster of summer palaces belonging to several of the richer princes of Sicily. The breeze, whenever there is one on land or sea, sweeps freshly across this ridge; and a more desirable residence for combined coolness and beauty could scarce be imagined. The Palermitan princes, however, find every country more attractive than their own; and while you may find a dozen of them in any city of Europe, their once magnificent residences are deserted and falling to decay, almost without an exception.

The old walls of one of these palaces were enlivened yesterday by a *fête* given to the officers of the squadron by the American consul, Mr. Gardiner. We left Palermo in a long cavalcade, followed by a large omnibus containing the ship's band, early in the forenoon. The road was lined with prickly pear and oleander in the most luxuriant blossom. Exotics in our country, these plants are indigenous to Sicily, and form the only hedges to the large plantations of cane and the spreading vineyards and fields. A more brilliant show than these long lines of trees, laden

with bright pink flowers, and varied by the gigantic and massive leaf of the pear, cannot easily be imagined.

We were to visit one or two palaces on our way. The carriage drew up about eight miles from town, at the gate of a ruinous building, and, passing through a deserted court, we entered an old-fashioned garden, presenting one succession of trimmed walks, urns, statues, and fountains. The green mould of age and exposure upon the marbles, the broken seats, the once costly but now ruined and silent fountains, the tall weeds in the seldom-trodden walks, and the wild vegetation of fragrant jasmine and briar, burying everything with its luxuriance, all told the story of decay. I remembered the scenes of the *Decameron*—the “hundred tales of love”—laid in these very gardens; the gay romances of which Palermo was the favourite home, and the dames and knights of Sicily, the fairest and bravest themes; and I longed to let my merry companions pass on, and remain to realize more deeply the spells of poetry and story. The pleasure of travel is in the fancy. Men and manners are so nearly alike over the world, and the same annoyances disturb so certainly, wherever we are, the gratification of seeing and conversing with our living fellow-beings, that it is only by the mingled illusion of fancy and memory, by getting apart, and peopling the deserted palace or the sombre ruin from the pages of a book, that we ever realize the anticipated pleasure of standing on celebrated ground. The eye, the curiosity, are both disappointed, and the voice of a common companion reduces the most romantic ruin to a heap of stone. In some of the footsteps of “Childe Harold” himself, with his glorious thoughts upon my lips and all that moved his imagination addressing my eye with the additional grace which his poetry has left around them, I have found myself unable to overstep the vulgar circumstances of the hour. The “Temple of the Clitumnus” was a ruined shed glaring in the sunshine, and the “Cottage of Petrarch” an apology for extortion and annoyance.

I heard a shout from the party, and followed them to a building at the foot of the garden. I passed the threshold and started back. A ghastly monk, with a broom in his

hand, stood gazing at me, and at a door just beyond, a decrepit nun was see-sawing backwards and forwards, ringing a bell with the most impatient violence. I ventured to pass in; and a door opened at the right, disclosing the self-denying cell of a hermit with his narrow bed and single chair, and at the table sat the rosy-gilled friar, filling his glass from an antiquated bottle and nodding his head to his visitor in grinning welcome. A long cloister with six or eight cells extended beyond and in each was a monk in some startling attitude, or a pale and saintly nun employed in work or prayer. The whole was as like a living monastery as wax could make it. The mingling of monks and nuns seemed an anachronism,¹ but we were told that it represented a tale, the title of which I have forgotten. It was certainly an odd as well as an expensive fancy for a garden ornament, and shows by its uselessness the once princely condition of the possessors of the palace. An Englishman married not many years since an old princess, to whom the estates had descended; and with much unavailable property and the title of prince, he has entered the service of the king of the Sicilies for a support.

We drove on to another palace, still more curious in its ornaments. The extensive walls which enclosed it; the gates, the fountains in the courts and gardens, were studded with marble monsters of every conceivable deformity. The head of a man crowned the body of an eagle, standing on the legs of a horse; the lovely face and bosom of a female crouched upon the body of a dog; alligators, serpents, lions, monkeys, birds, and reptiles were mixed up with parts of the human body in the most revolting variety. So admirable was the work, too, and so beautiful the material, that even outraged taste would hesitate to destroy them. The wonder is, that artists of so much merit could have been hired to commit such sins against decency, or that a man in his senses would waste upon them the fortune they must have cost.

We mounted a massive flight of steps, with a balustrade of gorgeously carved marble, and entered a hall hung round with the family portraits, the eccentric founder at their

head. He was a thin, quizzical-looking gentleman, in a laced coat and sword, and had precisely the face I imagined for him—that of a whimsied madman. You would select it from a thousand as the subject for a lunatic asylum.

We were led next to a long narrow hall, famous for having dined the king and his courtiers an age or two ago. The ceiling was of plate mirror, reflecting us all, upside down, as we strolled through, and the walls were studded from the floor to the roof with the quartz diamond (valueless, but brilliant), bits of coloured glass, spangles, and everything that could reflect light. The effect, when the quaint old chandeliers were lit, and the table spread with silver and surrounded by a king and his nobles, in the costume of a court in the olden time, must have exceeded faëry.

Beyond, we were ushered into the state drawing-room; a saloon of grand proportions, roofed like the other with mirrors, but paved and lined throughout with the costliest marbles; Sicilian agates; paintings set in the wall and covered with glass, while on pedestals around stood statues of the finest workmanship, representing the males of the family in the costume or armour of the times. A table of inlaid precious stones stood in the centre; cabinets of lapis-lazuli and side-tables occupied the spaces between the furniture, and the chairs and sofas were covered with the rich velvet stuffs now out of use, embroidered and fringed magnificently. I sat down upon a tripod stool, and with my eyes half closed looked up at the mirrored reflections of the officers in the ceiling, and tried to imagine back the gay throngs that had moved across the floor they were treading so unceremoniously; the knightly and royal feet that had probably danced the stars down with the best beauty of Sicily beneath those silent mirrors; the joy, the jealousy, the love and hate that had lived their hour and been repeated, as were our lighter feelings and faces now, outlived by the perishing mirrors that might still outlive ours as long. How much there is in *atmosphere*! How full the air of these old palaces is of thought! How one might enjoy them, could he ramble here alone, or with one congenial and amusing companion, to answer to his moralizing.

We drove on to our appointment. At the end of a handsome avenue stood a large palace, in rather more modern taste than those we had left. The crowd of carriages in the court, the gold-laced midshipmen scattered about the massive stairs and in the formal walks of the gardens, the gay dresses of the ship's band playing on the terrace, and the troops of ladies and gentlemen in every direction, gave an air of bustle to the stately structure that might have reminded the marble nymphs of the days when they were first lifted to their pedestals. The old hall was thrown open at two, and a table stretching from one end to the other, loaded with every luxury of the season, and capable of accommodating sixty or seventy persons, usurped the place of unsubstantial romance, and brought in the wildest straggler willingly from his ramble. No cost had been spared and the hospitable consul (a Bostonian) did the honours of his table in a manner that stirred powerfully my pride of country and birthplace. All the English resident in Palermo were present; and it was the more agreeable to me that their countrymen are usually the only givers of generous entertainment in Europe. One feels ever so distant a reflection on his country abroad. The liberal and elegant hospitality of one of our countrymen at Florence ¹ has served me as a better argument against the charge of hardness and selfishness urged upon our nation, than all which could be drawn from the acknowledgments of travellers.

When dinner was over, an hour was passed at coffee in a small saloon stained after the fashion of Pompeii, and we then assembled on a broad terrace facing the sea, and, with the band in the gallery above, commenced dances which lasted till an hour or two into the moonlight. The sunset has the eternal but untiring glory of the Italian summer, and it never sat on a gayer party. There were among the English one or two lovely girls; and with the four ladies belonging to the squadron (the commodore's family and Captain Reed's), the dancers were sufficient to include all the officers, and the scene in the soft light of the moon was

¹ Colonel Thorn.

like a description in an old tale. The broad sea on either side, broke by the headland in front; the distant crescent of lights glancing along the sea-side at Palermo; the solemn old palaces seen from the eminence around us, and the noble pile through whose low windows we strolled out upon the terrace; the music and the excitement; all blended a scene that is drawn with bright and living lines in my memory. We parted unwillingly, and, reaching Palermo about midnight, pulled off to the frigates, and were under weigh at daylight for Messina.

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This is the poetry of sailing. The long, low frigate glides on through the water with no more motion than is felt in a dining-room on shore. The sea changes only from a glossy calm to a feathery ripple; the sky is always serene; the merchant sail appears and disappears on the horizon edge; the island rises on the bow, creeps along the quarter, is examined by the glasses of the idlers on deck, and sinks gradually astern; the sun-fish whirls in the eddy of the wake; the tortoise plunges and breathes about us; and the delightful temperature of the sea, even and invigorating, keeps both mind and body in an undisturbed equilibrium of enjoyment. For me it is a paradise. I am glad to escape from the contact, the dust, the trials of temper, the noon-day sultriness and the midnight chill; the fatigue, and privation, and vexation, which beset the traveller on shore. I shall return to it no doubt willingly after a while, but, for the present, it is rest, it is relief, refreshment, to be at sea. There is no swell in the Mediterranean during the summer months, and this gliding about, sleeping or reading as if at home, from one port to another, seems to me just now the Utopia of enjoyment.

We have been all day among the Lipari Islands. It is pleasant to look up at the shaded and peaceful huts on their mountain sides, as we creep along under them, or to watch the fisherman's children with a glass, as they run out from their huts on the sea-shore to gaze at the uncommon apparition of a ship-of-war. They seem seats of solitude

and retirement. I have just dropped the glass, which I had raised to look at what I took to be a large ship in full sail rounding the point of Felicudi. It is a tall, pyramidal rock, rising right from the sea and resembling exactly a ship with studding-sails set, coming down before the wind. The band is playing on the deck, and a fisherman's boat with twenty of the islanders resting on their oars, and listening in wondering admiration, lies just under our quarter. It will form a tale for the evening meal, to which they were hastening home.

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• We ran between Scylla and Charybdis, with a fresh wind and a strong current. The "dogs" were silent, and the "whirlpool" is a bubble to Hell-gate. Scylla is quite a town, and the tall rock at the entrance of the strait is crowned with a large building, which seems part of a fortification. The passage through the Faro is lovely—quite like a river. Messina lies in a curve of the western shore, at the base of a hill; and, opposite, a graceful slope covered with vineyards swells up to a broad table plain on the mountain, which looked like the home of peace and fertility.

We rounded-to off the town, to send in for letters, and I went ashore in the boat. Two American friends, whom I had as little expectation of meeting as if I had dropped upon Jerusalem, hailed me from the grating of the health-office, before we reached the land, and, having exhibited our bill of health, I had half an hour for a call upon an old friend resident at Messina, and we were off again to the ship. The sails filled, and we shot away on a strong breeze down the Straits. Rhègium lay on our left—a large cluster of old-looking houses on the edge of the sea. It was at this town of Calabria that St. Paul landed on his journey to Rome. We sped on without much time to look at it, even with a glass, and were soon rounding the toe of "the boot"—the southern point of Italy. We are heading at this moment for the Gulf of Taranto, and hope to be in Venice by the fourth of July.

LETTER XXIV

The Adriatic—Albania—Gay Costumes and Beauty of the Albanese—Capo D'Istria—Visit to the Austrian Authorities of the Province—Curiosity of the Inhabitants—Gentlemanly Reception by the Military Commandant—Visit to Vienna—Singular Notions of the Austrians respecting the Americans—Similarity of the Scenery to that of New England—Meeting with German Students—Frequent Sights of Soldiers and Military Preparations—Picturesque Scenery of Styria.

July 4, 1833.

THE DOGE OF VENICE HAD A FAIR BRIDE IN THE ADRIATIC. It is the fourth of July, and with the Italian Cape Colonna on our left, and the long low coast of Albania shading the horizon on the east, we are gazing upon her from the deck of the first American frigate that has floated upon her bosom. We head for Venice, and there is a stir of anticipation on board, felt even through the hilarity of our cherished anniversary. I am the only one in the ward-room to whom that wonderful city is familiar, and I feel as if I had forestalled my own happiness—the first impression of it is so enviable.

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It is difficult to conceive the gay costumes and handsome features of the Albanese, existing in these barren mountains that bind the Adriatic. It has been but a continued undulation of rock and sand for three days past; and the closer we hug to the shore, the more we look at the broad canvas above us, and pray for wind. We make Capo d'Istria now; a small town nestled in a curve of the sea, and an hour or two more will bring us to Trieste, where we drop anchor, we hope, for many an hour of novelty and pleasure.

Trieste lies sixty or eighty miles from Venice, across the head of the gulf. The shore between is piled up to the sky with the "blue Friuli mountains"; and from the town of Trieste, the low coast of Istria breaks away at a right angle to the south, forming the eastern bound of the Adriatic. As we ran into the harbour on our last tack, we passed close under the garden-walls of the villa of the

ex-queen of Naples, a lovely spot just in the suburbs. The palace of Jerome Bonaparte was also pointed out to us by the pilot, on the hill just above. They have both removed since to Florence and their palaces are occupied by English. We dropped anchor within a half-mile of the pier, and the flags of a dozen American vessels were soon distinguishable among the various colours of the shipping in the port.

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July 9, 1833.

I accompanied Commodore Patterson to-day on a visit of ceremony to the Austrian authorities of the province. We made our way with difficulty through the people, crowding in hundreds to the water-side, and following us with the rude freedom of a showman's audience. The vice-governor, a polite but Frenchified German Count, received us with every profession of kindness. His Parisian gestures sat ill enough upon his national high cheek-bones, lank hair, and heavy shoulders. We left him to call upon the military commandant—an Irishman, who occupies part of the palace of the ex-king of Westphalia. Our reception by him was gentlemanly, cordial, and dignified. I think the Irish are, after all, the best-mannered people in the world. They are found in every country as adventurers for honour, and they change neither in character nor manner. They follow foreign fashions, and acquire a foreign language; but in the first they retain their heart, and in the latter their brogue. They are Irishmen always. Count N—— is high in the favour of the Emperor, has the commission of a field-marshal, and is married to a Neapolitan princess, who is a most accomplished and lovely woman, and related to most of the royal houses of Europe. The Count's reputation as a soldier is well known, and he seems to me to have no drawback to the enviableness of his life, except his expatriation.

Trieste is a busy, populous place, resembling extremely our new towns in America. We took a stroll through the principal streets after our visits were over, and I was surprised at the splendour of the shops, and the elegance of

the costumes and equipages. It is said to contain thirty thousand inhabitants.

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The frigates were to lie three or four weeks at Trieste. One-half of the officers had taken the steamboat for Venice on the second evening of our arrival, and the other half waited impatiently their turn of absence. Vienna was but some four hundred miles distant, and I might never be so near it again. On a rainy evening, at nine o'clock, I left Trieste in the "*eil-wagon*," with a German courier, and commenced the ascent of the spur of the Friuli mountains that overhangs the bay.

My companions inside were a merchant from Gratz; a fantastical and poor Hungarian Count; a Corfu shop-keeper, and an Italian ex-militaire and present apothecary, going to Vienna to marry a lady whom he had never seen. After a little bandying of compliments in German, of which I understood nothing except that they were apologies for the incessant smoking of three disgusting pipes, the conversation, fortunately for me, settled into Italian. The mountain was steep and very high, and my friends soon grew conversible. The novelty of two American frigates in the harbour naturally decided the first topic. Our Gratz merchant was surprised at the light colour of the officers he had seen, and doubted if they were not Englishmen in the American service. He had always heard Americans were black. "They are so," said the soldier apothecary; "I saw the real Americans yesterday in a boat, quite black." (One of the cutters of the *Constellation* had a negro crew, which he had probably seen at the pier.) The assertion seemed to satisfy the doubts of all parties. They had wondered how such beautiful ships could come from a savage country. It was now explained—"They were bought from the English, and officered by Englishmen." I was too much amused with their speculations to undeceive them; and with my head thrust half out of the window to avoid choking with the smoke of their pipes, I gazed back at the glittering lights of the town below, and

indulged the never-palling sensation of a first entrance into a new country. The lantern at the peak of the *United States* was the last thing I saw as we rose the brow of the mountain, and started off on a rapid trot towards Vienna.

I awoke at daylight with the sudden stop of the carriage. We were at the low door of a German tavern, and a clear, rosy, good-humoured-looking girl bade us good morning, as we alighted one by one. The phrase was so like English, that I asked for a basin of water in my mother tongue. The similarity served me again. She brought it without hesitation; but the question she asked me as she set it down was like nothing that had ever before entered my ears. The Count smiled at my embarrassment, and explained that she wished to know if I wanted soap.

I was struck with the cleanliness of everything. The tables, chairs, and floors looked worn away with scrubbing. Breakfast was brought in immediately—eggs, rolls, and coffee; the latter in a glass bottle like a chemist's retort, corked up tightly, and wrapped in a snowy napkin. It was an excellent breakfast, served with cleanliness and good humour, and cost about fourteen cents each. Even from this single meal, it seemed to me that I had entered a country of simple manners and kind feelings. The conductor gravely kissed the cheek of the girl who had waited on us; my companions lit their pipes afresh; and the postilion, in cocked hat and feather, blew a stave of a waltz on his horn, and fell into a steady trot, which he kept up with phlegmatic perseverance to the end of his post.

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As we get away from the sea, the land grows richer, and the farm-houses more frequent. We are in the Duchy of Carniola, forty or fifty miles from Trieste. How very unlike Italy and France, and how very like New England it is! There are no ruined castles nor old cathedrals. Every village has its small white church with a tapering spire, large manufactories cluster on the water-courses; the small rivers are rapid and deep; the horses large and strong; the barns immense; the crops heavy; the people grave and

hard at work, and not a pauper by the post together. We are very far north, too, and the climate is like New England. The wind, though it is midsummer, is bracing, and there is no travelling, as in Italy, with one's hat off and breast open, dissolving at midnight in the luxury of the soft air. The houses, too, are ugly and comfortable; staring with paint, and pierced in all directions with windows. The children are white-headed and serious. The hills are half covered with woods, and clusters of elms are left here and there through the meadows, as if their owners could afford to let them grow for a shade to the mowers. I was perpetually exclaiming, "How like America!"

We dined at Laybach. My companions had found out by my passport that I was an American, and their curiosity was most amusing. The report of the arrival of the two frigates had reached the capital of Illyria; and with the assistance of the information of my friends, I found myself an object of universal attention. The crowd around the door of the hotel looked into the windows while we were eating, and followed me round the house as if I had been a savage. One of the passengers told me they connected the arrival of the ships with some political object, and thought I might be the envoy. The landlord asked me if we had potatoes in our country.

I took a walk through the city after dinner with my mincing friend, the Count. The low, two-story wooden houses, the sidewalks enclosed with trees, the matter-of-fact-looking people, the shut windows, and neat white churches, remind me again strongly of America. It was like the more retired streets of Portland or Portsmouth. The Illyrian language spoken here seemed to me the most inarticulate succession of sounds I had ever heard. In crossing the bridge in the centre of the town we met a party of German students travelling on foot with their knapsacks. My friend spoke to them to gratify my curiosity. I wished to know where they were going. They all spoke French and Italian, and seemed in high heart—bold, cheerful, and intelligent. They were bound for Egypt, determined to seek their fortunes in the service of

the present reforming and liberal Pasha. Their enthusiasm, when they were told I was an American, quite thrilled me. They closed about me and looked into my eyes, as if they expected to read the spirit of freedom in them. I was taken by the arms at last, and almost forced into a beer-shop. The large tankards were filled, each touched mine and the others, and "America" was drunk with a grave earnestness of manner that moved my heart within me. They shook me by the hand on parting, and gave me a blessing in German, which, as the old Count translated it, was the first word I have learnt of their language. We had met constantly parties of them on the road. They all dress alike, in long travelling frocks of brown stuff, and small green caps with straight vizors; but, coarsely as they are clothed, and humbly as they seem to be faring, their faces bear always a mark that can never be mistaken. They look like scholars.

The roads, by the way, are crowded with pedestrians. It seems to be the favourite mode of travelling in this country. We have scarce met a carriage, and I have seen, I am sure, in one day, two hundred passengers on foot. Among them is a class of people peculiar to Germany. I was astonished occasionally at being asked for charity by stout well-dressed young men, to all appearance as respectable as any travellers on the road. Expressing my surprise, my companions informed me that they were *apprentices*, and that the custom or law of the country compelled them, after completing their indentures, to travel into some distant province, and depend upon charity and their own exertions for two or three years before becoming masters at their trade. It is a singular custom, and, I should think, a useful lesson in hardship and self-reliance. They held out their hats with a confident independence of look that quite satisfied me they felt no degradation in it.

We soon entered the province of Styria; and brighter rivers, greener woods, richer and more graceful uplands and meadows, do not exist in the world. I had thought the scenery of Stockbridge, in my own state, unequalled till now. I could believe myself there, were not the women

alone working in the fields, and the roads lined for miles together with military wagons and cavalry upon march. The conscript law of Austria compels every peasant to serve *fourteen* years! and the labours of agriculture fall, of course, almost exclusively upon females. Soldiers swarm like locusts through the country, but they seem as inoffensive and as much at home as the cattle in the farm-yards. It is a curious contrast, to my eye, to see parks of artillery glistening in the midst of a wheat-field, and soldiers sitting about under the low thatches of these peaceful-looking cottages. I do not think, among the thousands that I have passed in three days' travel, I have seen a gesture or heard a syllable. If sitting, they smoke and sit still, and, if travelling, they economize motion to a degree that is wearisome to the eye.

Words are limited, and the description of scenery becomes tiresome. It is a fault that the sense of beauty, freshening constantly on the traveller, compels him who makes a note of impressions to mark every other line with the same ever-recurring exclamations of pleasure. I saw a hundred miles of unrivalled scenery in Styria, and how can I describe it? It were keeping silence on a world of enjoyment to pass it over. We come to a charming descent into a valley. The town beneath, the river, the embracing mountains, the swell to the ear of its bells ringing some holiday, affect my imagination powerfully. I take out my tablets. What shall I say? How convey to your minds, who have not seen it, the charm of a scene I can only describe as I have described a thousand others?

LETTER XXV

Gratz—Vienna—St. Etienne—The Tomb of the Son of Napoleon.

July 15, 1833.

WE HAD FOLLOWED STREAM AFTER STREAM THROUGH A succession of delicious valleys for a hundred miles. Descending from a slight eminence, we came upon the broad

and rapid Muhr, and soon after caught sight of a distant citadel upon a rock. As we approached, it struck me as one of the most singular freaks of nature I had ever seen. A pyramid, perhaps three hundred feet in height, and precipitous on every side, rose abruptly in the midst of a broad and level plain, and around it, in a girdle of architecture, lay the capital of Styria. The fortress on the summit hung like an eagle's nest over the town, and from its towers a pistol-shot would reach the outermost point of the wall.

Wearied with travelling near three hundred miles without sleep, I dropped upon a bed at the hotel, with an order to be called in two hours. It was noon, and we were to remain at Gratz till the next morning. My friend, the Hungarian, had promised, as he threw himself on the opposite bed, to wake and accompany me in a walk through the town; but the shake of a stout German chambermaid at the appointed time had no effect upon him, and I descended to my dinner alone. I had lost my interpreter. The *carte* was in German, of which I did not know even the letters. After appealing in vain in French and Italian to the persons eating near me, I fixed my finger at hazard upon a word, and the waiter disappeared. The result was a huge dish of cabbage cooked in some filthy oil and graced with a piece of beef. I was hesitating whether to dine on bread or make another attempt, when a gentlemanlike man of some fifty years came in and took the vacant seat at my table. He addressed me immediately in French, and, smiling at my difficulties, undertook to order a dinner for me something less national. We improved our acquaintance with a bottle of Johannesberg, and after dinner he kindly offered to accompany me in my walk through the city.

Gratz is about the size of Boston; a plain German city, with little or no pretensions to style. The military band was playing a difficult waltz very beautifully in the public square, but no one was listening except a group of young men dressed in the worst taste of dandyism. We mounted by a zig-zag path to the fortress. On a shelf of the preci-

pice half-way up, hangs a small casino used as a beer-shop. The view from the summit was a feast to the eye. The wide and lengthening valley of the Muhr lay asleep beneath its loads of grain, its villas and farm-houses the picture of "waste and mellow fruitfulness;" the rise to the mountains around the head of the valley was clustered with princely dwellings; thick forests with glades between them, and churches with white slender spires shooting from the bosom of elms; and right at our feet, circling around the precipitous rock for protection, lay the city enfolded in its rampart, and sending up to our ears the sound of every wheel that rolled through her streets. Among the striking buildings below, my friend pointed out to me a palace which he said had been lately purchased by Joseph Bonaparte, who was coming here to reside. The people were beginning to turn out for their evening walk upon the ramparts, which are planted with trees and laid out for a promenade, and we descended to mingle in the crowd.

My old friend had a great many acquaintances. He presented me to several of the best-dressed people we met, all of whom invited me to supper. I had been in Italy almost a year and a half, and such a thing had never happened to me. We walked about until six, and as I preferred going to the play, which opened at that early hour, we took tickets for *Der Schlimme Leisel*, and were seated presently in one of the simplest and prettiest theatres I have ever seen.

Der Schlimme Leisel was an old maid who kept house for an old bachelor brother, proposing, at the time the play opens, to marry. Her dislike to the match, from the dread of losing her authority over his household, formed the humour of the piece, and was admirably represented. After various unsuccessful attempts to prevent the nuptials, the lady is brought to the house, and the old maid enters in a towering passion, throws down her keys, and flirts out of the room with a threat that she "*will go to America!*" Fortunately she is not driven to that extremity. The lady has been already married secretly to a poorer

lover; and the old bachelor, after the first shock of the discovery, settles a fortune on them, and returns to his celibacy and his old maid sister, to the satisfaction of all parties. Certainly the German is the most unmusical language of Babel. If my good old friend had not translated it for me word for word, I should scarce have believed the play to be more than a gibbering pantomime. I shall think differently when I have learned it, no doubt, but a strange language strikes upon one's ear so oddly! I was too tired, when the play was over (which, by the way, was at the sober hour of nine), to accept any of the kind invitations of which my companion reminded me. We supped *tête-à-tête*, instead, at the hotel. I was delighted with my new acquaintance. He was an old citizen of the world. He had left Gratz at twenty, and, after thirty years' wandering from one part of the globe to the other, had returned to end his days in his birthplace. His relations were all dead; and, speaking all the languages of Europe, he preferred living at an hotel for the society of strangers. With a great deal of wisdom, he had preserved his good humour towards the world; and I think I have rarely seen a kinder and never a happier man. I parted from him with regret, and the next morning at daylight had resumed my seat in the Eil-wagon.

Imagine the Hudson, at the highlands, reduced to a sparkling little river a bowshot across, and a rich valley threaded by a road occupying the remaining space between the mountains—and you have the scenery for the first thirty miles beyond Gratz. There is one more difference. On the edge of one of the most towering precipices, clear up against the clouds, hang the ruins of a noble castle. The rents in the wall, and the embrasures in the projecting turrets, seem set into the sky. Trees and vines grow within and about it, and the lacings of the twisted roots seem all that keep it together. It is a perfect "castle in the air."

A long day's journey and another long night (during which we passed Neustadt, on the confines of Hungary) brought us within sight of Baden, but an hour or two from

Vienna. It was just sunrise, and market-carts, and pedestrians, and suburban vehicles of all descriptions notified us of our approach to a great capital. A few miles farther we were stopped in the midst of an extensive plain by a crowd of carriages. A criminal was about being guillotined. What was that to one who saw Vienna for the first time? A few steps farther the postilion was suddenly stopped. A gentleman alighted from a carriage in which were two ladies, and opened the door of the diligence. It was the bride of the soldier-apothecary come to meet him with her mother and brother. He was buried in dust, just waked out of sleep, a three days' beard upon his face, and, at the best, not a very lover-like person. He ran to the carriage-door, jumped in, and there was an immediate cry for water. The bride had fainted! We left her in his arms and drove on. The courier had no bowels for love.

There is a small Gothic pillar before us, on the rise of a slight elevation. Thence we shall see Vienna. Stop, thou tasteless postilion! Was ever such a scene revealed to mortal sight? It is like Paris from the *Barrière de l'Etoile*—it seems to cover the world. What is that broad water on which the rising sun glances so brightly? The Danube! What is that unparalleled Gothic structure piercing the sky? What columns are these? What spires? Beautiful! beautiful city!

* * * * *

It *must* be a fine city that impresses one with its splendour before breakfast, after driving all night in a mail-coach. It was six o'clock in the morning when I left the post-office in Vienna, to walk to an hotel. The shops were still shut, the milk-women were beating at the gates, and the short, quick ring upon the church bells summoned all early risers to mass. A sudden turn brought me upon a square. In its centre stood one of the most imposing fabrics that has ever yet filled my eye. It looked like the structure of a giant, encrusted by fairies—a majestically proportioned mass, and a spire tapering to the clouds, but a surface so curiously beautiful, so traced and fretted, so full of

exquisite ornament, that it seemed rather some curious cabinet gem seen through a magnifier, than a building in the open air. In these foreign countries, the labourer goes in with his load to pray, and I did not hesitate to enter the splendid church of St. Etienne, though a man followed me with a portmanteau on his back. What a wilderness of arches! Pulpits, chapels, altars, ciboriums, confessionals, choirs, all in the exquisite slenderness of Gothic tracery, and all of one venerable and time-worn die, as if the incense of a myriad censers had steeped them in their spicy odours. The mass was chanting, and hundreds were on their knees about me, and not one without some trace that he had come in on his way to his daily toil. It was the hour of the poor man's prayer. The rich were asleep in their beds. The glorious roof over their heads, the costly and elaborated pillars against which they pressed their foreheads, the music and the priestly service, were, for that hour, theirs alone. I seldom have felt the spirit of a place of worship so strong upon me.

The foundations of St. Etienne were laid seven hundred years ago. It has twice been partly burnt, and has been embellished in succession by nearly all the emperors of Germany. Among its many costly tombs, the most interesting is that of the hero Eugene of Savoy, erected by his niece, the Princess Therese, of Lichtenstein. There is also a vault in which it is said, in compliance with an old custom, the entrails of all the emperors are deposited.

Having marked thus much upon my tablets, I remembered the patient porter of my baggage, who had taken the opportunity to drop on his knees while I was gazing about, and, having achieved his matins, was now waiting submissively till I was ready to proceed. A turn or two brought us to the hotel, where a bath and a breakfast soon restored me, and in an hour I was again on the way, with a *valet de place*, to visit the tomb of the son of Napoleon.

He lies in the deep vaults of the Capuchin convent, with eighty-four of the imperial family of Austria beside him. A monk answered our pull at the cloister bell, and the valet translated my request into German. He opened the

gate with a guttural "Yaw!" and lighting a wax candle at a lamp burning before the image of the Virgin, unlocked a massive brazen door at the end of the corridor, and led the way into the vault. The Capuchin was as pale as marble, quite bald, though young, and with features which expressed, I thought, the subdued fierceness of a devil. He impatiently waved away the officious interpreter after a moment or two, and asked me if I understood Latin. Nothing could have been more striking than the whole scene. The immense bronze sarcophagi lay in long aisles behind railings and gates of iron; and as the long-robed monk strode on with his lamp through the darkness, pronouncing the name and title of each as he unlocked the door and struck it with his heavy key, he seemed to me, with his solemn pronounciation, like some mysterious being calling forth the imperial tenants to judgment. He appeared to have a something of scorn in his manner as he looked on the splendid workmanship of the vast coffin, and pronounced the sounding titles of the ashes within. At that of the celebrated Empress Maria Theresa alone, he stopped to make a comment. It was a simple tribute to her virtues, and he uttered it slowly, as if he were merely musing to himself. He passed on to her husband, Francis the First, and then proceeded uninterruptedly till he came to a new copper coffin. It lay in a niche beneath a tall, dim window; and the monk, merely pointing to the inscription, set down his lamp, and began to pace up and down the damp floor, with his head on his breast, as if it was a matter of course that here I was to be left awhile to my thoughts.

It was certainly the spot, if there is one in the world, to feel emotion. In the narrow enclosure on which my finger rested lay the last hopes of Napoleon. The heart of the master-spirit of the world was bound up in these ashes. He was beautiful, accomplished, generous, brave. He was loved with a sort of idolatry by the nation with which he had passed his childhood. He had won all hearts. His death seemed impossible. There was a universal prayer that he might live; his inheritance of glory was so incalculable.

I read his epitaph. It was that of a private individual. It gave his name, and his father's and mother's, and then enumerated his virtues, with a common-place regret for his early death. The monk took up his lamp and re-ascended to the cloister in silence. He shut the convent door behind me, and the busy street seemed to me profane. How short a time does the most moving event interrupt the common current of life!

LETTER XXVI

VIENNA

Magnificence of the Emperor's Stables—The young Queen of Hungary—The Palace—Hall of Curiosities, Jewellery, etc.—The Polytechnic School—Geometrical Figures described by the Vibrations of Musical Notes—Liberal provision for the Public Institutions—Popularity of the Emperor.

July 24, 1833.

I HAD QUITE FORGOTTEN, IN PACKING UP MY LITTLE PORTMANTEAU to leave the ship, that I was coming so far north. Scarce a week ago, in the south of Italy, we were panting in linen jackets. I find myself shivering here, in a latitude five hundred miles north of Boston, with no remedy but exercise and an extra shirt, for a cold that would grace December.

It is amusing, sometimes, to abandon one's self to a *valet de place*. Compelled to resort to one from my ignorance of the German, I have fallen upon a dropsical fellow, with a Bardolph nose, whose French is execrable, and whose selection of objects of curiosity is worthy of his appearance. His first point was the emperor's stables. We had walked a mile and a half to see them. Here were two or three hundred horses of all breeds, in a building that the emperor himself might live in, with a magnificent inner court for a circus, and a wilderness of grooms, dogs and

other appurtenances. I am as fond of a horse as most people, but with all Vienna before me, and little time to lose, I broke into the midst of the head groom's pedigrees, and requested to be shown the way out. Monsieur Karl did not take the hint. We walked on half a mile, and stopped before another large building. "What is this?"—"The imperial carriage-house, Monseigneur." I was about turning on my heel and taking my liberty into my own hands, when the large door flew open, and the blaze of gilding from within turned me from my purpose. I thought I had seen the *ne plus ultra* of equipages at Rome. The imperial family of Austria ride in more style than his Holiness. The models are lighter and handsomer, while the gold and crimson is put on quite as resplendently. The most curious part of the show were ten or twelve state *traineaux*, or sleighs. I can conceive nothing more brilliant than a turn-out of these magnificent structures upon the snow. They are built with aerial lightness, of gold and sable, with the seat fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and are driven, with two or four horses, by the royal personage himself. The grace of their shape and the splendour of their gilded trappings are inconceivable to one who has never seen them.

Our way lay through the court of the imperial palace. A large crowd was collected round a carriage with four horses standing at the side-door. As we approached it, all hats flew off, and a beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-eight, came down the steps, leading a handsome boy of two or three years. It was the young Queen of Hungary and her son. If I had seen such a face in a cottage *ornée* on the borders of an American lake, I should have thought it made for the spot.

We entered a door of the palace at which stood a ferocious-looking Croat sentinel, near seven feet high. Three German travelling students had just been refused admittance. A little man appeared at the ring of the bell within, and after a preliminary explanation by my valet, probably a lie, he made a low bow and invited me to enter. I waited a moment, and a permission was brought

me to see the imperial treasury. Handing it to Karl, I requested him to get permission inserted for my three friends at the door. He accomplished it in the same incomprehensible manner in which he had obtained my own, and introducing them with the ill-disguised contempt of a valet for all men with dusty coats, we commenced the rounds of the curiosities together.

A large clock facing us, as we entered, was just striking. From either side of its base, like companies of gentlemen and ladies advancing to greet each other, appeared figures in the dress and semblance of the royal family of Austria, who remained a moment, and then retired, bowing themselves courteously out backwards. It is a costly affair, presented by the landgrave of Hesse to Maria Theresa, in 1750.

After a succession of watches, snuff-boxes, necklaces, and jewels of every description, we came to the famous Florentine diamond, said to be the largest in the world. It was lost by a duke of Burgundy upon the battlefield of Granson, found by a soldier, who parted with it for five florins, sold again, and found its way at last to the royal treasury of Florence, whence it was brought to Vienna. Its weight is one hundred and thirty-nine and a half carats, and it is estimated at one million forty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-four florins. It looks like a lump of light. Enormous diamonds surround it, but it hangs among them like Hesperus among the stars.

The next side of the gallery is occupied by specimens of carved ivory. Many of them are antique, and half of them are more beautiful than decent. There were two bas-reliefs among them by Raphael Donner, which were worth, to my eye, all the gems in the gallery. They were taken from Scripture, and represented the Woman of Samaria at the well, and Hagar waiting for the death of her son. No powers of elocution, no enhancement of poetry, could bring those touching passages of the Bible so movingly to the heart. The latter particularly arrested me. The melancholy beauty of Hagar, sitting with her head bowed upon her knees, while her boy is lying a

little way off, beneath a shrub of the desert, is a piece of unparalleled workmanship. It may well hang in the treasury of an emperor.

Miniatures of the royal family in their childhood, set in costly gems; massive plate curiously chased; services of gold, robes of diamonds, gem-hilted swords, dishes wrought of solid integral agates, and finally the crown and sceptre of Austria upon red velvet cushions, looking very much like their imitations on the stage, were among the world of splendour unfolded to our eyes. The Florentine diamond and the bas-reliefs by Raphael Donner were all I coveted. The beauty of the diamond was royal. It needed no imagination to feel its value. A savage would pick it up in a desert for a star dropped out of the sky. For the rest, the demand on my admiration fatigued me, and I was glad to escape with my dusty friends from the university, and exchange courtesies in the free air. One of them spoke English a little, and called me "Meester Englishman" on bidding me adieu. I was afraid of a beer-shop scene in Vienna, and did not correct the mistake.

As we were going out of the court, four covered wagons, drawn each by four superb horses, dashed through the gate. I waited a moment to see what they contained. Thirty or forty servants in livery came out from the palace, and took from the wagons quantities of empty baskets carefully labelled with directions. They were from Schoenbrunn, where the emperor is at present residing with his court, and had come to market for the imperial kitchen. It should be a good dinner that requires sixteen such horses to carry to the cook.

It was the hungry hour of two, and I was still musing on the emperor's dinner, and admiring the anxious interest his servitors took in their disposition of the baskets, when a blast of military music came to my ear. It was from the barracks of the Imperial Guard, and I stepped under the arch, and listened to them an hour. How gloriously they played! It was probably the finest band in Austria. I have heard much good music, but of its kind this was like a new sensation to me. They stand, in playing, just under the

• window at which the emperor appears daily when in the city.

I have been indebted to Mr. Schwartz, the American consul at Vienna, for a very unusual degree of kindness. Among other polite attentions, he procured for me to-day an admission to the Polytechnic school—a favour granted with difficulty, except at the appointed days for public visits.

The Polytechnic School was established in 1816 by the present emperor. The building stands outside the rampart of the city, of elegant proportions, and about as large as all the buildings of Yale or Harvard College thrown into one; its object is to promote instruction in the practical sciences, or, in other words, to give a practical education for the trades, commerce, or manufactures. It is divided into three departments. The first is preparatory, and the course occupies two years. The studies are religion and morals, elementary mathematics, natural history, geography, universal history, grammar, and “the German style,” declamation, drawing, writing, and the French, Italian and Bohemian languages. To enter this class, the boy must be thirteen years of age, and pays fifty cents per month.

The second course is commercial, and occupies one year. The studies are mercantile correspondence, commercial law, mercantile arithmetic, the keeping of books, geography and history, as they relate to commerce, acquaintance with merchandise, etc.

The third course lasts one year. The studies are chemistry as applicable to arts and trades, the fermentation of woods, tannery, soap-making, dyeing, blanching, etc.; also mechanism, practical geometry, civil architecture, hydraulics, and technology. The two last courses are given gratis.

The whole is under the direction of a principal, who has under him thirty professors and two or three guardians of apparatus.

We were taken first into a noble hall lined with glass cases containing specimens of every article manufactured

in the German dominions. From the finest silks down to shoes, wigs, nails, and mechanics' tools, here were all the products of human labour. The variety was astonishing. Within the limits of a single room, the pupil is here made acquainted with every mechanic art known in his country.

The next hall was devoted to models. Here was every kind of bridge, fortification, lighthouse, dry-dock, break-water, canal-lock, etc.; models of steamboats, of ships, and of churches, in every style of architecture. It was a little world.

We went thence to the chemical apartment. The servitor here—a man without education—has constructed all the apparatus. He is an old grey-headed man, of a keen German countenance, and great simplicity of manners. He takes great pride in having constructed the largest and most complete chemical apparatus now in London. The one which he exhibited to us occupies the whole of an immense hall, and produces an electric discharge like the report of a pistol. The ordinary batteries in our universities are scarce a twentieth part as powerful.

After showing us a variety of experiments, the old man turned suddenly and asked us if we knew the geometrical figures described by the vibrations of musical notes. We confessed our ignorance, and he produced a pane of glass covered with black sand. He then took a fiddle-bow, and, holding the glass horizontally, drew it downwards against the edge at a peculiar angle. The sand flew as if it had been bewitched, and took the shape of a perfect square. He asked us to name a figure. We named a circle. Another careful draw of the bow, and the sand flew into a circle, with scarce a particle out of its perfect curve. Twenty times he repeated the experiment, and with the most complicated figures drawn on paper. He had reduced it to an art. It would have burnt him for a magician a century ago.

However one condemns the policy of Austria with respect to her subject provinces and the rest of Europe, it is impossible not to be struck with her liberal provision for her own immediate people. The public institutions of all kinds in Vienna are allowed to be the finest and most

liberally endowed on the Continent. Her hospitals, prisons, houses of industry, and schools, are on an imperial scale of munificence. The emperor himself is a father to his subjects, and every tongue blesses him. Napoleon envied him their affection, it is said, and certainly no monarch could be more universally beloved.

VOLUME THE SECOND

LETTER I

Vienna, Palaces and Gardens—Mosaic Copy of Da Vinci's "Last Supper"—Collection of warlike Antiquities; Scanderburg's Sword, Montezuma's Tomahawk, Relics of the Crusaders, Warriors in Armour, the Farmer of Augsburg—Room of Portraits of celebrated Individuals—Gold Busts of Jupiter and Juno—The Glacis, full of Gardens, the general Resort of People—Universal Spirit of Enjoyment—Simplicity and Confidence in the Manners of the Viennese—Baden.

July 25, 1833.

AT THE FOOT OF A HILL IN ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL SUBURBS of Vienna, stands a noble palace called the Lower Belvedere. On the summit of the hill stands another, equally magnificent, called the Upper Belvedere, and between the two extend broad and princely gardens, open to the public.

On the lower floor of the entrance-hall in the former palace lies the copy, in mosaic, of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," done at Napoleon's order. Though supposed to be the finest piece of mosaic in the world, it is so large that they have never found a place for it. A temporary balcony has been erected on one side of the room, and the spectator mounts nearly to the ceiling to get a fair position for looking down upon it. That unrivalled picture, now going to decay in the convent at Milan, will probably depend upon this copy for its name with posterity. The expression in the faces of the apostles is as accurately preserved as in the admirable engraving of Morghen.

The remaining halls in the palace are occupied by a grand collection of antiquities, principally of a warlike character. When I read in my old worm-eaten Burton, of "Scanderburg's strength," I never thought to see *his sword*.

It stands here against the wall, a long straight weapon with a cross hilt, which few men could heave to their shoulders. The tomahawk of poor Montezuma hangs near it. It was presented to the emperor by the King of Spain. It is of a dark granite, and polished very beautifully. What a singular curiosity to find in Austria!

The windows are draped with flags dropping in pieces with age. This, so in tatters, was renowned in the crusades. It was carried to the Holy Land and brought back by the Archduke Ferdinand.

A hundred warriors in bright armour stand round the hall. Their visors are down, their swords in their hands, their feet planted for a spring. One can scarce believe there are no *men* in them. The name of some renowned soldier is attached to each. This was the armour of the cruel Visconti of Milan—that of Duke Alba of Florence—both costly suits, beautifully inlaid with gold. In the centre of the room stands a gigantic fellow in full armour, with a sword on his thigh and a beam in his right hand. It is the shell of the famous farmer of Augsburg, who was in the service of one of the emperors. He was over eight feet in height, and limbed in proportion. How near such relics bring history! With what increased facility one pictures the warrior to his fancy, seeing his sword, and hearing the very rattle of his armour. Yet it puts one into Hamlet's vein to see a contemptible valet lay his hand with impunity on the armed shoulder, shaking the joints that once belted the soul of a Visconti! I turned, in leaving the room, to take a second look at the flag of the Crusade. It had floated, perhaps, over the helmet of Cœur de Lion. Saladin may have had it in his eye, assaulting the Christian camp with his pagans.

In the next room hung fifty or sixty portraits of celebrated individuals, presented in their time to the emperors of Austria. There was one of Mary of Scotland. It is a face of superlative loveliness, taken with a careless and most bewitching half-smile, and yet not without the look of royalty, which one traces in all the pictures of the unfortunate queen. One of the emperors of Germany

married Phillippina, a farmer's daughter, and here is her portrait. It is done in the prim old style of the middle ages, but the face is full of character. Her husband's portrait hangs beside it, and she looks more born for an emperor than he.

Hall after hall followed, of costly curiosities. A volume would not describe them. Two gold busts of Jupiter and Juno, by Benvenuto Cellini, attracted my attention particularly. They were very beautiful, but I would copy them in bronze, and coin the thunderer and his queen, were they mine.

Admiration is the most exhausting thing in the world. The servitor opened a gate leading into the gardens of the palace that we might mount to the Upper Belvedere, which contains the imperial gallery of paintings. But I had no more strength. I could have dug in the field till dinner-time—but to be astonished more than three hours without respite is beyond me. I took a stroll in the garden. How delightfully the unmeaning beauty of a fountain refreshes one after this inward fatigue! I walked on, up one alley and down another, happy in finding nothing that surprised me, or worked upon my imagination, or *bothered* my historical recollection, or called upon my worn-out superlatives for expression. I fervently hoped not to have another new sensation till after dinner.

* * * * *

Vienna is an immense city (two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants), but its heart only is walled in. You may walk from gate to gate in twenty minutes. In leaving the walls you come upon a feature of the city which distinguishes it from every other in Europe. Its rampart is encircled by an open park (called the Glacis), a quarter of a mile in width and perhaps three miles in circuit, which is in fact in the centre of Vienna. The streets commence again on the other side of it, and on going from one part of the city to the other, you constantly cross this lovely belt of verdure, which girds her heart like a cestus of health. The top of the rampart itself is planted with trees, and

commanding beautiful views in every direction, it is generally thronged with people. (It was a favourite walk of the Duke of Reichstadt.) Between this and the Glacis lies a deep trench, crossed by draw-bridges at every gate, the bottom of which is cultivated prettily as a flower-garden. Altogether Vienna is a beautiful city. Paris may have single views about the Tuileries that are finer than anything of the same kind here, but this capital of western Europe, as a whole, is quite the most imposing city I have seen.

The Glacis is full of gardens. I requested my disagreeable necessity of a *valet*, this afternoon, to take me to two or three of the most general resorts of the people. We passed out by one of the city gates, five minutes' walk from the hotel, and entered immediately into a crowd of people, sauntering up and down under the alleys of the Glacis. A little farther on we found a fanciful building, buried in trees, and occupied as a summer *café*. In a little circular temple in front was stationed a band of music, and around it for a considerable distance were placed small tables, filled just now with elegantly dressed people, eating ices or drinking coffee. It was in every respect like a private *fête champêtre*. I wandered about for an hour, expecting involuntarily to meet some acquaintance—there was such a look of kindness and unreserve throughout. It is a desolate feeling to be alone in such a crowd.

We jumped into a carriage and drove round the Glacis for a mile, passing everywhere crowds of people idling leisurely along, and evidently out for pleasure. We stopped before a superb *façade*, near one of the gates of the city. It was the entrance to the Volksgarten. We entered in front of a fountain, and, turning up a path to the left, found our way almost impeded by another crowd. A semi-circular building, with a range of columns in front encircling a stand for a band of music, was surrounded by perhaps two or three thousand people. Small tables and seats under trees were spread in every direction within reach of the music. The band played charmingly. Waiters in white jackets and aprons were running to and fro,

receiving and obeying orders for refreshments, and here again all seemed abandoned to one spirit of enjoyment. I had thought we must have left all Vienna at the other garden. I wondered how so many people could be spared from their occupations and families. It was no holiday. "It is always as gay in fair weather," said Karl.

A little back into the garden stands a beautiful little structure, on the model of the temple of Theseus, in Greece. It was built for Canova's group of "Theseus and the Centaur," bought by the Emperor. I had seen copies of it in Rome, but was of course much more struck with the original. It is a noble piece of sculpture.

Still farther back, on the rise of a mount, stood another fanciful *café*, with another band of music—and another crowd! After we had walked around it my man was hurrying me away. "You have not seen the *Augarten*," said he. It stands upon a little green island in the Danube, and is more extensive than either of the others. But I was content where I was; and, dismissing my Asmodeus, I determined to spend the evening wandering about in the crowds alone. The sun went down, the lamps were lit, the alleys were illuminated, the crowd increased; and the emperor himself could not have given a gayer evening's entertainment.

Vienna has the reputation of being the most profligate capital in Europe. Perhaps it is so. There is certainly, even to a stranger, no lack of temptation to every species of pleasure. But there is, besides, a degree of simplicity and confidence in the manners of the Viennese which I had believed peculiar to America, and inconsistent with the state of society in Europe. In the most public resorts, and at all hours of the day and evening, modest and respectable young women of the middle classes walk alone perfectly secure from molestation. They sit under the trees in these public gardens, eat ices at the *cafés*, walk home unattended, and no one seems to dream of impropriety. Whole families, too, spend the afternoon upon a seat in a thronged place of resort, their children playing about them, the father reading, and the mother sewing or knit-

ting, quite unconscious of observation. The lower and middle classes live all summer, I am told, out of doors. It is never oppressively warm in this latitude, and their houses are deserted after three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and the whole population pours out to the different gardens on the Glacis, where, till midnight, they seem perfectly happy in the enjoyment of the innocent and unexpensive pleasures which a wise government has provided for them.

The nobles and richer class pass their summer in the circle of rural villages near the city. They are nested about on the hills, and crowded with small and lovely rural villas, more like the neighbourhood of Boston than anything I have seen in Europe.

Baden, where the emperor passes much of his time, is called "the miniature Switzerland." Its baths are excellent, its hills are cut into retired and charming walks, and from June till September it is one of the gayest of watering-places. It is about a two hours' drive from the city, and omnibuses, at a very low rate, run between at all times of the day. The Austrians seldom travel, and the reason is evident—they have everything for which others travel, at home.

LETTER II

Vienna—The Palace of Liechtenstein—Galleries.

July, 1833.

THE RED-NOSED GERMAN LED ON THROUGH THE CROWDED Graben, jostling aside the Parisian-looking lady and her handsome Hungarian cavalier, the phlegmatic smoker and the bearded Turk alike. We passed the Imperial Guard, the city gate, the lofty bridge over the trench (casting a look below at the flower-garden laid out in "the ditch" which encircles the wall), and entered upon

the lovely Glacis—one step from the crowded street to the fresh greenness of a park.

Would you believe, as you walk up this shaded alley, that you are in the heart of the city still?

The Glacis is crossed, with its groups of fair children and shy maids, its creeping invalids, its solitude-seeking lovers, and its idling soldiers, and we again enter the crowded street. A half-hour more, and the throng thins again, the country opens, and here you are, in front of the palace of Liechtenstein, the first noble of Austria. A modern building, of beautiful and light architecture, rises from its clustering trees; servants in handsome livery hang about the gates and lean against the pillars of the portico, and with an explanation from my lying valet, who evidently makes me out an ambassador at least by the ceremony with which I am received, a grey servitor makes his appearance and opens the immense glass door leading from the side of the court.

One should step gingerly on the polished marble of this superb staircase! It opens at once into a lofty hall, the ceiling of which is painted in fresco by an Italian master. It is a room of noble proportions. Few churches in America are larger, and yet it seems in keeping with the style of the palace, the staircase—everything but the creature meant to inhabit it.

How different are the moods in which one sees pictures! To-day I am in the humour to give in to the painter's delusion. The scene is real. Asmodeus is at my elbow, and I am witched from spot to spot, invisible myself, gazing on the varied scenes revealed only to the inspired vision of genius.

A landscape opens.¹ It is one of the woody recesses of Lake Nemi, at the very edge of "Dian's Mirror." The huntress queen is bathing with her nymphs; the sandal is half laced over an ankle that seems fit for nothing less than to sustain a goddess—when, casting her eye on the lovely

¹ By Franceschini. He passed his life with the Prince Liechtenstein, and his pictures are found only in this collection. He is a delicious painter, full of poetry, with the one fault of too voluptuous a style.

troop emerging from the water, she sees the unfortunate Calista surrounded by her astonished sisters, and fainting with shame. Poor Calista! one's heart pleads for her. But how expressive is the cold condemning look in the beautiful face of her mistress queen! Even the dogs have started from their reclining position on the grass, and stand gazing at the unfortunate, wondering at the silent astonishment of the virgin troop. Pardon her, imperial Dian!

Come to the baptism of a child! It is a vision of Guido Reni's.¹ A young mother, apparently scarce sixteen, has brought her first child to the altar. She kneels with it in her arms, looking earnestly into the face of the priest while he sprinkles the water on its pure forehead, and pronounces the words of consecration. It is a most lovely countenance, made lovelier by the holy feeling in her heart. Her eyes are moist, her throat swells with emotion—my own sight dims while I gaze upon her. We have intruded on one of the most holy moments of nature. A band of girls, sisters by the resemblance, have accompanied the young mother, and stand, with love and wonder in their eyes, gazing on the face of the child. How strangely the mingled thoughts crowding through their minds, are expressed in their excited features. It is a scene worthy of an audience of angels.

We have surprised Giorgione's wife (the "Flora" of Titian, the "love in life" of Byron) looking at a sketch by her husband. It stands on his easel, outlined in crayons, and represents Lucretia the moment before she plunges the dagger into her bosom. She was passing through his studio, and you see by the half-suspended foot, that she stopped but for a momentary glance, and has forgotten herself in thoughts that have risen unaware. The head of Lucretia resembles her own, and she is wondering what Giorgione thought while he drew it. Did he resemble her to the Roman's wife in virtue as well as in feature? There is an embarrassment in the expression of her face, as if she doubted he had drawn it half in mischief. We will leave

¹ One of the very loveliest pictures that divine painter ever drew.

the lovely Venetian to her thoughts. When she sits again to Titian, it will be with a colder modesty.

Hoogstraeten, a Dutch painter, conjures up a scene for you. It is an old man, who has thrust his head through a prison-gate, and is looking into the street with the listless patience and curiosity of one whom habit has reconciled to his situation. His beard is neglected, his hair is slightly grizzled, and on his head sits a shabby fur cap, that has evidently shared all his imprisonment, and is quite past any pride of appearance. What a vacant face! How perfectly he seems to look upon the street below, as upon something with which he has nothing more to do. There is no anxiety to get out, in its expression. He is past that. He looks at the playing children, and watches the zig-zag trot of an idle dog with the quiet apathy of one who can find nothing better to help off the hour. It is a picture of solid, contented, unthinking misery.

Look at this boy, standing impatiently on one foot at his mother's knee, while she pares an apple for him! With what an amused and playful love she listens to his hurrying entreaties, stealing a glance at him as he pleads, with a deeper feeling than he will be able to comprehend for years! It is one of the commonest scenes in life, yet how pregnant with speculation!

On—on—what an endless gallery! I have seen twelve rooms with forty or fifty pictures in each, and there are thirteen halls more! The delusion begins to fade. These are pictures merely. Beautiful ones, however! If language could convey to your eye the impressions that this waste and wealth of beauty have conveyed to mine, I would write of every picture. There is not an indifferent one here. All Italy together has not so many works by the Flemish masters as are contained in this single gallery—certainly none so fine. A most princely fortune for many generations must have been devoted to its purchase.

I have seen seven or eight things in all Italy by Correggio. They were the gems of the galleries in which they exist, but always small, and seemed to me to want a certain

finish. Here is a Correggio, a large picture, and no miniature ever had so elaborate a beauty. It melts into the eye. It is a conception of female beauty so very extraordinary, that it seems to me it must become, in the mind of everyone who sees it, the model and the standard of all loveliness. It is a nude Venus, sitting lost in thought, with Cupid asleep in her lap. She is in the sacred retirement of solitude, and the painter has thrown into her attitude and expression so speaking an unconsciousness of all presence, that you feel like a daring intruder while you gaze upon the picture. Surely such softness of colouring, such faultless proportions, such subdued and yet eloquent richness of tint in the skin, was never before attained by mortal pencil. I am here, some five thousand miles from America, yet would I have made the voyage but to raise my standard of beauty by this ravishing image of woman.

In the circle of Italian galleries, one finds less of female beauty, both in degree and in variety, than his anticipation had promised. Three or four heads at the most, of the many hundreds that he sees, are imprinted in his memory, and serve as standards in his future observations. Even when standing before the most celebrated pictures, one often returns to recollections of living beauty in his own country, by which the most glowing head of Titian or the Veronese suffer in comparison. In my own experience this has been often true, and it is perhaps the only thing in which my imagination of foreign wonders was too fervent. To this Venus of Correggio's, however, I unhesitatingly submit all knowledge, all conception even, of female loveliness. I have seen nothing in life, imagined nothing from the description of poets, that is in any way comparable to it. It is matchless.

In one of the last rooms the servitor unlocked two handsome cases, and showed me, with a great deal of circumstance, two heads by Denner. They were an old man and his wife—two hale, temperate, good old country gossips—but so curiously finished! Every pore was painted. You counted the stiff stumps of the good man's beard, as you

might those of a living person, till you were tired. Every wrinkle looked as if a month had been spent in elaborating it. The man said they were extremely valuable, and I certainly never saw anything more curiously and perhaps uselessly wrought.

Near them was a capital picture of a drunken fellow, sitting by himself and laughing heartily at his own performance on the pipe. It was irresistible, and I joined in the laugh till the long suite of halls rung again.

Landscapes by Van Delen—such as I have seen engravings of in America and sighed over as unreal—the skies, the temples, the water, the soft mountains, the distant ruins, seemed so like the beauty of a dream. Here they recall to me even lovelier scenes in Italy—atmospheres richer than the painter's pallet can imitate, and ruins and temples whose ivy-grown and melancholy grandeur are but feebly copied at the best.

Come, Karl! I am bewildered with these pictures. You have twenty such galleries in Vienna, you say! I have seen enough for to-day, however, and we will save the Belvedere till to-morrow. Here! pay the servitor and the footman and the porter, and let us get into the open air. How common look your Viennese after the celestial images we have left behind! And, truly, this is the curse of refinement. The faces we should have loved else, look dull! The forms that were graceful before, move somehow heavily. I have entered a gallery ere now, thinking well of a face that accompanied me, and I have learned indifference to it, by sheer comparison, before coming away.

We return through the Kohlmarket, one of the most fashionable streets of Vienna. It is like a fancy ball. Hungarians, Poles, Croats, Wallachians, Jews, Moldavians, Greeks, Turks, all dressed in their national and striking costumes, promenade up and down, smoking all, and none exciting the slightest observation. Every third window is a pipe-shop, and they show, by their splendour and variety, the expensiveness of the passion. Some of them are marked "two hundred dollars." The streets reek with

tobacco-smoke. You never catch a breath of untainted air within the Glacis. Your hotel, your *café*, your coach, your friend, are all redolent of the same disgusting odour.

LETTER III

The Palace of Schoenbrunn—Hietzing, the summer Retreat of the wealthy Viennese—Country-house of the American Consul—Specimen of pure domestic Happiness in a German Family—Splendid Village Ball—Substantial Fare for the Ladies—Curious Fashion of Cushioning the Windows—German Grief—The upper Belvedere Palace—Endless quantity of Pictures:

July, 1833.

DROVE TO SCHOENBRUNN. IT IS A PRINCELY PALACE, SOME three miles from the city, occupied at present by the emperor and his court. Napoleon resided here during his visit to Vienna, and here his son died—the two circumstances which alone make it worth much trouble to see. The afternoon was too cold to hope to meet the emperor in the grounds, and, being quite satisfied with drapery and modern paintings, I contented myself with having driven through the court, and kept on to Hietzing.

This is a small village of country-seats within an hour's drive of the city—another Jamaica-Plains, or Dorchester in the neighbourhood of Boston. It is the summer retreat of most of the rank and fashion of Vienna. The American consul has here a charming country-house, buried in trees, where the few of our countrymen who travel to Austria find the most hospitable of welcomes. A bachelor friend of mine from New York is domesticated in the village with a German family. I was struck with the Americanism of their manners. The husband and wife, a female relative and an intimate friend of the family were sitting in the garden engaged in grave, quiet, sensible conversation. They had passed the afternoon together. Their manners

were affectionate to each other, but serious and respectful. When I entered, they received me with kindness, and the conversation was politely changed to French, which they all spoke fluently. Topics were started, in which it was supposed I would be interested, and altogether the scene was one of the simplest and purest domestic happiness. This seems to you, I dare say, like the description of a very common thing, but I have not seen such a one before since I left my country. It is the first family I have found in two years' travel who lived in, and seemed sufficient for, themselves. It came over me with a kind of feeling of refreshment.

In the evening there was a ball at a public room in the village. It was built in the rear of a *café*, to which we paid about thirty cents for entrance. I was not prepared for the splendour with which it was got up. The hall was very large and of beautiful proportions, built like the interior of a temple, with columns on the four sides. A partition of glass divided it from a supper-room equally large, in which were set out perhaps fifty tables, furnished with a *carte*, from which each person ordered his supper when he wished it, after the fashion of a *restaurant*. The best band in Vienna filled the orchestra, led by the celebrated Strauss, who has been honoured for his skill with presents from half the monarchs of Europe.

The ladies entered, dressed in perfect taste, *à la Parisienne*, but the gentlemen (hear it, Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope!) came in frock-coats and boots, and danced with their hats on! It was a public ball, and there was, of course, a great mixture of society; but I was assured that it was attended constantly by the most respectable people of the village, and was as respectable as anything of the kind in the middle classes. There were, certainly, many ladies in the company of elegant manners and appearance, and among the gentlemen I recognized two *attachés* to the French embassy, whom I had known in Paris, and several Austrian gentlemen of rank were pointed out to me among the dancers. The galopade and the waltz were the only dances, and dirty boots and hats to the contrary

notwithstanding, it was the best waltzing I ever saw. They danced with a *soul*.

The best part of it was the supper. They danced and eat—danced and eat, the evening through. It was quite the more important entertainment of the two. The most delicate ladies present returned three and four times to the supper, ordering fried chicken, salads, cold meats and beer, again and again, as if every waltz created a fresh appetite. The bill was called for; the ladies assisted in making the change; the tankard was drained, and off they strolled to the ball-room to engage with renewed spirit in the dance. And these, positively, were ladies who in dress, manners, and modest demeanour, might pass uncriticized in any society in the world! Their husbands and brothers attended them, and no freedom was attempted, and I am sure it would not have been permitted even to speak to a lady without a formal introduction.

We left most of the company supping at a late hour, and I drove into the city, amused with the ball, and reconciled to any or all of the manners which travellers in America find so peculiarly entertaining.

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These cold winds from the Danube have given me a rheumatism. I was almost reconciled to it this morning, however, by a curtain-scene which I should have missed but for its annoyance. I had been driven out of my bed at daylight, and was walking my room between the door and the window, when a violent knocking in the street below arrested my attention. A respectable family occupies the house opposite, consisting of a father and mother and three daughters, the least attractive of whom has a lover. I cannot well avoid observing them whenever I am in my room, for every house in Vienna has a leaning cushion on the window for the elbows, and the ladies of all classes are upon them the greater part of the day. A handsome carriage, servants in livery, and other circumstances, leave no doubt in my mind that my neighbours are rather of the better class.

The lover stood at the street-door with a cloak on his arm, and a man at his side with his portmanteau. He was going on a journey and had come to take leave of his mistress. He was let in by a gaping servant, who looked rather astonished at the hour he had chosen for his visit, but the drawing-room windows were soon thrown open, and the lady made her appearance with her hair in papers and other marks of a hasty toilet. My room is upon the same floor, and as I paced to and fro, the narrowness of the street in a manner forced them upon my observation. The scene was a very violent one, and the lady's tears flowed without restraint. After twenty partings at least, the lover scarce getting to the door before he returned to take another embrace, he finally made his exit, and the lady threw herself on a sofa and hid her face—for five minutes! I had begun to feel for her, although her swollen eyes added very unnecessarily to her usual plainness, when she rose and rang the bell. The servant appeared and disappeared, and in a few minutes returned with a ham, a loaf of bread, and a mug of beer! and down sits my sentimental miss and consoles the agony of parting, with a meal that I would venture to substitute in quantity for any working man's lunch.

I went to bed and rose at nine, and she was sitting at breakfast with the rest of the family, playing as good a knife and fork as her sisters, though, I must admit, with an expression of sincere melancholy in her countenance.

The scene, I am told by my friend the consul, was perfectly German. They eat a great deal, he says, in affliction. The poet writes:

They are the *silent* griefs which cut the heart-strings.

For *silent* read *hungry*.

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The Upper Belvedere, a palace containing eighteen large rooms, filled with pictures. This is the imperial gallery, and the first in Austria. How can I give you an idea

of perhaps five hundred masterpieces? You see here how, and by whom, Italy has been stripped. They have bought up all Flanders one would think, too. In one room here are twenty-eight superb Vandykes. Austria, in fact, has been growing rich while every other nation on the Continent has been growing poor, and she has purchased the treasures of half the world at a discount.¹

It is wearisome writing of pictures, one's language is so limited. I must mention one or two in this collection, however, and I will let you off entirely on the Esterhazy, which is nearly as fine.

Cleopatra dying. She is represented younger than usual, and with a more fragile and less queenly style of beauty than is common. It is a fair slight creature of seventeen, who looks made to depend for her very breath upon affection, and is dying of a broken heart. It is painted with great feeling, and with a soft and delightful tone of colour which is peculiar to the artist. It is the third of Guido Cagnacci's pictures that I have seen. One was the gem of a gallery at Bologna, and was bought last summer by Mr. Cabot of Boston.

The wife of Potiphar is usually represented as a woman of middle age, with a full voluptuous person. She is so drawn, I remember, in the famous picture in the Barberini palace at Rome, said to be the most expressive thing of its kind in the world. Here is a painting less dangerously expressive of passion, but full of beauty. She is eighteen at the most, fair, delicate, and struggles with the slender boy, who seems scarce older than herself—more like a sister from whom a mischievous brother has stolen something in sport. Her partly disclosed figure has all the incomplete slightness of a girl. The handsome features of Joseph express more embarrassment than anger. The habitual

¹ Besides the three galleries of the Belvedere, Liechtenstein, and Esterhazy, which contain as many choice masters as Rome and Florence together, the guide-book refers the traveller to sixty-four private galleries of oil-paintings, well worth his attention, and to twenty-five private collections of engravings and antiquities. We shall soon be obliged to go to Vienna to study the arts, at this rate. They have only no sculpture.

courtesy to his lovely mistress is still there; his glance is just averted from the snowy bosom toward which he is drawn; but in the firmly curved lip the sense of duty sits clearly defined, and evidently will triumph. I have forgotten the painter's name. His model must have been some innocent girl whose modest beauty led him away from his subject. Called by another name, the picture were perfect.

A portrait of Count Wallenstein, by Vandyke. It looks a man, in the fullest sense of the word. The pendant to it is the Countess Tourentaxis, and she is a woman he might well have loved—calm, lofty, and pure. They are pictures I should think would have an influence on the character of those who saw them habitually.

Here is a curious picture by Schnoer—Mephistopheles tempting Faust. The scholar sits at his table, with a black-letter volume open before him, and apparatus of all descriptions around. The devil has entered in the midst of his speculations, dressed in black, like a professor, and stands waiting the decision of Faust, who gazes intently on the manuscript held in his hand. His fingers are clenched, his eyes start from his head, his feet are braced, and the devil eyes him with a side-glance, in which malignity and satisfaction are admirably mingled. The features of Faust are emaciated, and show the agitation of his soul very powerfully. The points of his compasses, globes, and instruments, emit electric sparks towards the infernal visitor; his lamp burns blue, and the picture altogether has the most diabolical effect. It is a large painting; and just below, by the same artist, hangs a small, simple, sweet Madonna. It is a singular contrast in subjects by the same hand.

A portrait of the Princess Esterhazy, by Angelica Kauffmann—a beautiful woman, painted in the pure, touching style of that interesting artist.

Then comes a "Cleopatra, dropping the pearl into the cup." How often and how variously, and how admirably always, the Egyptian queen is painted: I never have seen an indifferent one. In this picture the painter seems to

have lavished all he could conceive of female beauty upon his subject. She is a glorious creature. It reminds me of her own proud description of herself, when she is reproaching Antony to one of her maids, in "The False One" of Beaumont and Fletcher:

to prefer
The lustre of a little trash, Arsinoe,
Before the life of love and soul of beauty!

I have marked a great many pictures in this collection I cannot describe without wearying you, yet I feel unwilling to let them go by. A female, representing Religion feeding a dove from a cup, a most lovely thing by Guido; portraits of Gerard Douw and Rembrandt by themselves; Rubens' children, a boy and girl ten or twelve years of age, one of the most finished paintings I ever saw, and entirely free from the common dropsical style of colouring of this artist; another portrait of Giorgione's wife, the fiftieth that I have seen, at least, yet a face of which one would never become weary; a glowing landscape by Fischer, the first by this celebrated artist I have met; and last (for this is mere catalogue-making), a large picture representing the sitting of the English Parliament in the time of Pitt. It contains about a hundred portraits, among which those of Pitt and Fox are admirable. The great prime minister stands speaking in the foreground, and Fox sits on the opposite side of the House, listening attentively with half a smile on his features. It is a curious picture to find in Vienna.

One thing more, however—a Venus, by Lampi. It kept me a great while before it. She lies asleep on a rich couch, and, apparently, in her dream, is pressing a rose to her bosom, while one delicate foot, carelessly thrown back, is half imbedded in a superb cushion supporting a crown and sceptre. It is a lie, by all experience. The moral is false, but the picture is delicious.

LETTER IV

Departure from Vienna—The Eil-wagon—Motley quality of the Passengers—Thunderstorm in the Mountains of Styria—Trieste—Short Beds of the Germans—Grotto of Adelsburg; curious Ball-room in the Cavern—Nautical Preparations for a Dance on board the *United States* swept away by the Bora—Its successful Termination.

July, 1833.

I LEFT VIENNA AT DAYLIGHT IN A DILIGENCE NEARLY AS capacious as a steam-boat—inaptly called the *Eil-wagon*. A Friuli count with a pair of cavalry mustachios; his wife, a pretty Viennese of eighteen, scarce married a year; two fashionable-looking young Russians; an Austrian mid-shipman; a fat Gratz lawyer; a trader from the Danube; and a young Bavarian student, going to seek his fortune in Egypt, were my companions. The social habits of Continental travellers had given me thus much information by the end of the first post.

We drove on with German regularity, three days and three nights, eating four meals a day (and very good ones), and improving hourly in our acquaintance. The Russians spoke all our languages. The Friuliese and the Bavarian spoke everything but English; and the lady, the trader, and the Gratz *avocat*, were confined to their vernacular. It was a pretty idea of Babel when the conversation became general.

We were coursing the bank of a river, in one of the romantic passes of the mountains of Styria, with a dark thunderstorm gathering on the summit of a crag overhanging us. I was pointing out to one of my companions a noble ruin of a castle seated very loftily on the edge of one of the precipices, when a streak of the most vivid lightning shot straight upon the northernmost turret, and the moment after several large masses rolled slowly down the mountain-side. It was so like the scenery in a play, that I looked at my companion with half a doubt that it was some optical delusion. It reminded me of some of Martin's

engravings. The sublime is so well imitated in our day, that one is less surprised than he would suppose when nature produces the reality.

The night was very beautiful when we reached the summit of the mountain above Trieste. The new moon silvered the little curved bay below like a polished shield, and right in the path of its beams lay the two frigates like a painting. I must confess that the comfortable cot swinging in the ward-room of the *United States* was the prominent thought in my mind as I gazed upon the scene. The fatigue of three days' and nights' hard driving had dimmed my eye for the picturesque. Leaving my companions to the short beds¹ and narrow coverlets of a German hotel, I jumped into the first boat at the pier, and in a few minutes was alongside the ship. How musical is the hail of a sentry in one's native tongue, after a short habitation to the jargon of foreign languages! "Boat ahoy!" It made my heart leap. The officers had just returned from Venice, some overland from the Friuli, and some by the steamer through the gulf, and were sitting round the table, laughing with professional merriment over their various adventures. It was getting back to country, and friends, and home.

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I accompanied the commodore's family yesterday in a visit to the Grotto of Adelsburg. It is about thirty miles back into the Friuli mountains, near the province of Cariola. We arrived at the nearest tavern at three in the afternoon, and subscribing our names upon the magistrate's books, took four guides and the requisite number of torches, and started on foot. A half-hour's walk brought us to a large, rushing stream, which, after turning a mill, disappeared with violence into the mouth of a broad cavern, sunk in the base of a mountain. An iron gate opened on the nearest side, and, lighting our torches, we

¹ A German bed is never over five feet in length, and proportionately narrow. The sheets, blankets, and coverlets are cut exactly to the size of the bed's *surface*, so that there is no *tucking up*. The bed-clothes seem made for cradles. It is easy to imagine how a tall person sleeps in them.

received an addition of half a dozen men to our party of guides, and entered. We descended for ten or fifteen minutes, through a capacious gallery of rock, up to the ankles in mud, and feeling continually the drippings exuding from the roof till, by the echoing murmurs of dashing water, we found ourselves approaching the bed of a subterraneous river. We soon emerged in a vast cavern, whose height, though we had twenty torches, was lost in the darkness. The river rushed dimly below us, at the depth of perhaps fifty feet, partially illuminated by a row of lamps hung on a slight wooden bridge, by which we were to cross to the opposite side.

We descended by a long flight of artificial stairs, and stood upon the bridge. The wildness of the scene is indescribable. A lamp or two glimmered faintly from the lofty parapet from which we had descended; the depth and breadth of the surrounding cave could only be measured by the distance of the echoes of the waters; and beneath us leaped and foamed a dark river, which sprang from its invisible channel, danced a moment in the faint light of our lamps, and was lost again instantly in darkness. It brought with it from the green fields through which it had come, a current of soft warm air, peculiarly delightful after the chilliness of the other parts of the cavern; there was a smell of new-mown hay in it which seemed lost upon the Tartarean blackness around.

Our guides led on, and we mounted a long staircase on the opposite side of the bridge. At the head of it stood a kind of monument, engraved with the name of the emperor of Austria, by whose munificence the staircases had been cut and the conveniences for strangers provided. We turned hence to the right, and entered a long succession of natural corridors, roofed with stalactites, with a floor of rock and mud, and so even and wide that the lady under my protection had seldom occasion to leave my arm. In the narrowest part of it, the stalactites formed a sort of reversed grove, with the roots in the roof. They were of a snowy white, and sparkled brilliantly in the light of the torches. One or two had reached the floor, and formed

slender and beautiful sparry columns, upon which the names of hundreds of visitors were written in pencil.

The spars grew white as we proceeded, and we were constantly emerging into large halls of the size of handsome drawing-rooms, whose glittering roofs, and sides lined with fantastic columns, seemed like the brilliant frost-work of a crystallized cavern of ice. Some of the accidental formations of the stalagmites were very curious. One large area was filled with them, of the height of small plants. It was called by the guides the "English Garden." At the head of another saloon stood a throne, with a stalactite canopy above it, so like the work of art that it seemed as if the sculptor had but left the finishing undone.

We returned part of the way we had come, and took another branch of the grotto, a little more on the descent. A sign above informed us that it was the "road to the infernal regions." We walked on an hour at a quick pace, stopping here and there to observe the oddity of the formations. In one place, the stalactites had enclosed a room, leaving only small openings between the columns, precisely like the grating of a prison. In another, the ceiling lifted out of the reach of torch light, and far above us we heard the deep-toned beat as upon a muffled bell. It was a thin circular sheet of spar, called "the bell," to which one of the guides had mounted, striking upon it with a billet of wood.

We came after a while to a deeper descent, which opened into a magnificent and spacious hall. It is called the "ball-room," and used as such once a year, on the occasion of a certain Illyrian festa. The floor has been cleared of stalagmites; the roof and sides are ornamented beyond all art with glittering spars; a natural gallery with a balustrade of stalactites contains the orchestra; and side-rooms are all around where supper might be laid, and dressing-rooms offered in the style of a palace. I can imagine nothing more magnificent than such a scene. A literal description of it even would read like a fairy-tale.

A little farther on, we came to a perfect representation of a waterfall. The impregnated water had fallen on a

declivity, and, with a slightly ferruginous tinge of yellow, poured over in the most natural resemblance to a cascade after a rain. We proceeded for ten or fifteen minutes, and found a small room like a chapel, with a pulpit, in which stood one of the guides, who gave us, as we stood beneath, an Illyrian exhortation. There was a sounding-board above, and I have seen pulpits in old Gothic churches that seemed at a first glance to have less method in their architecture. The last thing we reached was the most beautiful. From the cornice of a long gallery hung a thin, translucent sheet of spar, in the graceful and waving folds of a curtain; with a lamp behind, the hand could be seen through any part of it. It was perhaps twenty feet in length, and hung five or six feet down from the roof of the cavern. The most singular part of it was the fringe. A ferruginous stain ran through it from one end to the other, with the exactness of a drawn line, and thence to the curving edge a most delicate rose-tint faded gradually down like the last flush of a sunset through a silken curtain. Had it been a work of art, done in alabaster, and stained with the pencil, it would have been thought admirable.

The guide wished us to proceed, but our feet were wet, and the air of the cavern was too chill. We were at least four miles, they told us, from the entrance, having walked briskly for upwards of two hours. The grotto is said to extend ten miles under the mountains, and has never been thoroughly explored. Parties have started with provisions, and passed forty-eight hours in it, without finding the extremity. It seems to me that any city I ever saw might be concealed in its caverns. I have often tried to conceive of the grottos of Anti-Paros, and the celebrated caverns of our own country, but I received here an entirely new idea of the possibility of space underground. There is no conceiving it unseen. The river emerges on the other side of the mountain, seven or eight miles from its first entrance.

We supped and slept at the little albergo of the village, and returned the next day to an early dinner.

A ball on board the *United States*. The guns were run out of the ports; the main and mizen-masts were wound with red and white bunting; the capstan was railed with arms and wreathed with flowers; the wheel was tied with nose-gays; the American eagle stood against the mainmast with a star of midshipmen's swords glittering above it; festoons of evergreens were laced through the rigging; the companion-way was arched with hoops of green leaves and roses; the decks were tastefully chalked; the commodore's skylight was piled with cushions and covered with red damask for an ottoman; seats were laid along from one carronade to the another; and the whole was enclosed with a temporary tent lined throughout with showy flags, and studded all over with bouquets of all the flowers of Illyria. Chandeliers made of bayonets, battle-lanterns, and candles in any quantity, were disposed all over the hall. A splendid supper was set out on the gun-deck below, draped in with flags. Our own and the *Constellation's* boats were to be at the pier at nine o'clock to bring off the ladies; and at noon everything promised of the brightest.

First, about four in the afternoon came up a saucy-looking cloud from the westernmost peak of the Friuli. Then followed from every point towards the north an extending edge of a broad, solid black sheet, which rose with the regularity of a curtain, and began to send down a wind upon us which made us look anxiously to our ballroom bowlines. The midshipmen were all forward, watching it from the forecastle. The lieutenants were in the gangway, watching it from the ladder. The commodore looked seriously out of the larboard cabin port. It was as grave a ship's company as ever looked out for a shipwreck.

The country about Trieste is shaped like a bellows, and the city and harbour lie in the nose. They have a wind that comes down through the valley, called the "bora," which several times in a year is strong enough to lift people from their feet. We could see by the clouds of dust on the mountain roads that it was coming. At six o'clock the shrouds began to creak; the white tops flew from the waves

in showers of spray, and the roof of our sea-palace began to shiver in the wind. There was no more hope. We had waited even too long. All hands were called to take down chandeliers, sword-stars, and ottomans; and before it was half done, the storm was upon us, the bunting was flying and flapping, the nicely-chalked decks were swashed with rain, and strown with leaves of flowers, and the whole structure, the taste and labour of the ship's company for two days, was a watery wreck.

Lieutenant C——, who had had the direction of the whole, was the officer of the deck. He sent for his pea-jacket, and, leaving him to pace out his watch among the ruins of his imagination, we went below to get early to bed, and forget our disappointment in sleep.

The next morning the sun rose without a veil. The "blue Friuli" looked clear and fresh; the south-west wind came over softly from the shore of Italy, and we commenced retrieving our disaster with elastic spirit. Nothing had suffered seriously except the flowers, and boats were despatched ashore for fresh supplies, while the awnings were lifted higher and wider than before, the bright-coloured flags replaced, the arms polished and arranged in improved order, and the decks re-chalked with new devices. At six in the evening everything was swept up, and the ballroom astonished even ourselves. It was the prettiest place for a dance in the world.

The ship has an admirable band of twenty Italians, collected from Naples and other ports, and a fanciful orchestra was raised for them on the larboard side of the mainmast. They struck up a march as the first boatful of ladies stepped upon the deck, and in the course of half an hour the waltzing commenced with at least two hundred couples, while the ottoman and seats under the hammock-cloths were filled with spectators. The frigate has a lofty poop, and there was room enough upon it for two quadrilles after it had served as a reception-room. It was edged with a temporary balustrade, wreathed with flowers, and studded with lights; and the cabin beneath (on a level with the main ballroom) was set out with card-

tables. From the gangway entrance, the scene was like a brilliant theatrical *ballet*.

An amusing part of it was the sailor's imitation on the forward decks. They had taken the waste shrubbery and evergreens, of which there was a great quantity, and had formed a sort of grove, extending all around. It was arched with festoons of leaves, with quantities of fruit tied among them; and over the entrance was suspended a rough picture of a frigate with the inscription "Free trade and sailors' rights." The forecastle was ornamented with cutlasses and one or two nautical transparencies, with pistols and miniature ships interspersed, and the whole lit up handsomely. The men were dressed in their white-duck trousers and blue jackets, and sat round on the guns playing at draughts, or listening to the music, or gazing at the ladies constantly promenading fore and aft—and to me this was one of the most interesting parts of the spectacle. Five hundred weather-beaten and manly faces are a fine sight anywhere.

The dance went gaily on. The reigning belle was an American, but we had lovely women of all nations among our guests. There are several wealthy Jewish families in Trieste, and their dark-eyed daughters, we may say at this distance, are full of the thoughtful loveliness peculiar to the race. Then we had Illyrians and Germans, and, Terpsichore be our witness—how they danced! My travelling companion, the Count of Friuli, was there; and his little Viennese wife, though she spoke no Christian language, danced as fealty as a fairy. Of strangers passing through Trieste we had several of distinction. Among them was a fascinating Milanese marchioness, a relative of Manzoni's the novelist (and as enthusiastic and eloquent a lover of her country as I ever listened to on the subject of oppressed Italy), and two handsome young men, the Counts Neipperg, sons-in-law to Maria-Louisa, who amused themselves as if they had seen nothing better in the little duchy of Parma.

We went below at midnight to supper, and the ladies came up with renewed spirit to the dance. It was a brilliant

scene indeed. The officers of both ships in full uniform; the gentlemen from shore, mostly military, in full dress; the gaiety of the bright-red bunting, laced with white and blue, and studded, wherever they would stand, with flowers; and the really uncommon number of beautiful women, with the foreign features and complexions so rich and captivating to our eyes, produced altogether an effect unsurpassed by anything I have ever seen even at the court *fêtes* of Europe. The daylight gun fired at the close of a galopade, and the crowded boats pulled ashore with their lovely freight by the broad light of morning.

LETTER V

Trieste, its extensive Commerce—Ruins of Pola—Immense Amphitheatre—Village of Pola—Coast of Dalmatia, of Apulia, and Calabria—Otranto—The Isles of Greece.

Aug. 11, 1833.

TRIESTE IS CERTAINLY A MOST AGREEABLE PLACE. ITS streets are beautifully paved and clean, its houses new and well-built, and its shops as handsome and as well-stocked with every variety of thing as those of Paris. Its immense commerce brings all nations to its port, and it is quite the commercial centre of the Continent. The Turk smokes cross-legged in the *café*; the English merchant has his box in the country, and his snug establishment in town; the Italian has his opera, and his wife her cavalier; the Yankee captain his respectable boarding-house, and the German his four meals a day at an hotel dyed brown with tobacco. Every nation is at home in Trieste.

The society is beyond what is common in a European mercantile city. The English are numerous enough to support a church, and the circle, of which our hospitable consul is the centre, is one of the most refined and agreeable it has been my happiness to meet. The friends of Mr.

Moore have pressed every possible civility and kindness upon the commodore and his officers, and his own house has been literally our home on shore! It is the curse of this *volant* life, otherwise so attractive, that its frequent partings are bitter in proportion to its good fortune. We make friends but to lose them.

We got under weigh with a light breeze this morning, and stole gently out of the bay. The remembrance of a thousand kindnesses made our anchors lift heavily. We waved our handkerchiefs to the consul, whose balconies were filled with his charming family watching our departure, and, with a freshening wind, disappeared around the point, and put up our helm for Pola.

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The ruins of Pola, though among the first in the world, are seldom visited. They lie on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, at the head of a superb natural bay, far from any populous town, and are seen only by the chance trader who hugs the shore for the land-breeze, or the Albanian robber who looks down upon them with wonder from the mountains. What their age is I cannot say nearly. The country was conquered by the Romans about one hundred years before the time of our Saviour, and the amphitheatre and temples were probably erected soon after.

We ran into the bay, with the other frigate close astern, and anchored off a small green island which shuts in the inner harbour. There is deep water up to the ancient town on either side, and it seems as if Nature had amused herself with constructing a harbour incapable of improvement. Pola lay about two miles from the sea.

It was just evening, and we deferred our visit to the ruins till morning. The majestic amphitheatre stood on a gentle ascent, a mile from the ship, goldenly bright in the flush of sunset; the pleasant smell of the shore stole over the decks, and the bands of the two frigates played alternately the evening through. The receding mountains of Istria changed their light blue veils gradually to grey and

sable; and with the pure stars of these enchanted seas and the shell of a new moon bending over Italy in the west, it was such a night as one remembers like a friend. The *Constellation* was to part from us here, leaving us to pursue our voyage to Greece. There were those on board who had brightened many of our "hours ashore," in these pleasant wanderings. We pulled back to our own ship, after a farewell visit, with regrets deepened by crowds of pleasant remembrances.

The next morning we pulled ashore to the ruins. The amphitheatre was close upon the sea, and, to my surprise and pleasure, there was no *cicerone*. A contemplative donkey was grazing under the walls, but there was no other living creature near. We looked at its vast circular wall with astonishment. The Coliseum at Rome, a larger building of the same description, is, from the outside, much less imposing. The whole exterior wall, a circular pile one hundred feet high in front, and of immense blocks of marble and granite, is as perfect as when the Roman workman hewed the last stone. The interior has been nearly all removed. The well-hewn blocks of the many rows of seats were too tempting, like those of Rome, to the barbarians who were building near. The circle of the arena, in which the gladiators and wild beasts of these then new-conquered provinces fought, is still marked by the foundations of its barrier. It measures two hundred and twenty-three feet. Beneath it is a broad and deep canal, running toward the sea, filled with marble columns, still erect upon their pedestals, used probably for the introduction of water for the *naumachia*. The whole circumference of the amphitheatre is twelve hundred and fifty-six feet, and the thickness of the exterior wall seven feet six inches. Its shape is oblong, the length being four hundred and thirty-six feet, and the breadth three hundred and fifty. The measurements were taken by the captain's orders, and are doubtless critically correct.

We loitered about the ruins several hours, finding in every direction the remains of the dilapidated interior. The sculpture upon the falling capitals and fragments of

frieze was in the highest style of ornament. The arena is overgrown with rank grass, and the crevices in the walls are filled with flowers. A vineyard, with its large blue grapes just within a week of ripeness, encircles the rear of the amphitheatre. The boat's crew were soon among them, much better amused than they could have been by all the antiquities in Istria.

We walked from the amphitheatre to the town; a miserable village built around two antique temples, one of which still stands alone, with its fine Corinthian columns, looking just ready to crumble. The other is incorporated barbarously with the guard-house of the place, and is a curious mixture of beautiful sculpture and dirty walls. The pediment, which is still perfect, in the rear of the building, is a piece of carving worthy of the choicest cabinet of Europe. The thieveries from the amphitheatre are easily detected. There is scarce a beggar's house in the village, that does not show a bit or two of sculptured marble upon its front.

At the end of the village stands a triumphal arch, recording the conquests of a Roman consul. Its front, towards the town, is of Parian marble, beautifully chiselled. One recognizes the solid magnificence of that glorious nation, when he looks on these relics of their distant conquests, almost perfect after eighteen hundred years. It seems as if the footprint of a Roman were eternal.

We stood out of the little bay, and, with a fresh wind, ran down the coast of Dalmatia, and then, crossing to the Italian side, kept down the ancient shore of Apulia and Calabria to the mouth of the Adriatic. I have been looking at the land with the glass, as we ran smoothly along, counting castle after castle built boldly on the sea, and behind them, on the green hills, the thickly built villages, with their smoking chimneys and tall spires—pictures of fertility and peace. It was upon these shores that the Barbarian corsairs descended so often during the last century, carrying off for Eastern harems the lovely women of Italy. We are just off Otranto, and a noble old castle stands frowning from the extremity of the Cape. We could throw

a shot into its embrasures as we pass. It might be the "Castle of Otranto," for the romantic look it has from the sea.

We have out-sailed the *Constellation*, or we should part from her here. Her destination is France; and we shall be to-morrow amid the Isles of Greece.¹ The pleasure of realizing the classic dreams of one's boyhood is not to be expressed in a line. I look forward to the succeeding month or two as to the "red-letter" chapter of my life. Whatever I may find the reality, my heart has glowed warmly and delightfully with the anticipation. Commodore Patterson is, fortunately for me, a scholar and a judicious lover of the arts, and loses no opportunity, consistently with his duty, to give his officers the means of examining the curious and the beautiful in these interesting seas. The cruise, thus far, has been one of continually mingled pleasure and instruction: and the best of it, by every association of our early days, is to come.

LETTER VI

GREECE

The Ionian Isles—Lord Nugent—Corfu—Greek and English Soldiers—Cockneyism—The Gardens of Alcinous—English Officers—Albanians—Dionisio Salomos, the Greek Poet—Greek Ladies—Dinner with the Artillery-mess.

Aug. 20, 1833.

THIS IS PROPER DREAMLAND. THE "ISLE OF CALYPSO"² folded in a drapery of blue air, lies behind, fading in the distance; "the Acroceraunian mountains of old name," which caught Byron's eye as he entered Greece, are piled up before us on the Albanian shore; and the Ionian sea is rippling under our bow, breathing, from every wave, of

¹ It was to this point (the ancient Hydrantum) that Pyrrhus proposed to build a bridge from Greece—only sixty miles! He deserved to ride on an elephant.

² Fano, which disputes it with Gozo, near Malta.

Homer, and Sappho, and "sad Penelope." Once more upon Childe Harold's footsteps. I closed the book at Rome, after following him for a summer through Italy, confessing by many pleasant recollections, that

Not in vain
He wore his sandal shoon and scallop shell.

I resume it here, with the feeling of Thalaba when he caught sight of the green bird that led him through the desert. It lies open on my knee at the Second Canto, describing our position, even to the hour.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve,
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar;
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave.

We shall lie off-and-on to-night, and go into Corfu in the morning. Two Turkish vessels of war, with the crescent flag flying, lie in a small cove a mile off, on the Albanian shore, and by the discharge of musketry our pilot presumes that they have accompanied the sultan's tax-gatherer, who gets nothing from these wild people without fighting for it.

The entrance to Corfu is considered pretty, but the English flag flying over the forts divested ancient Corcyra of its poetical associations. It looked to me a commonplace seaport glaring in the sun. The "Gardens of Alcinous" were here, but who could imagine them, with a red-coated sentry posted on every corner of the island?

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The lord high-commissioner of the Ionian Isles, Lord Nugent, came off to the ship this morning in a kind of Corfiote boat, called a *Scampavia*—a greyhound-looking craft, carrying sail enough for a schooner. She cut the water like the wing of a swallow. His lordship was playing sailor, and was dressed like the mate of one of our coasters.

* * * *

Went on shore for a walk. Greeks and English soldiers mix oddly together. The streets are narrow, and crowded

with them in about equal proportions. John Bull retains his red face, and learns no Greek. We passed through the Bazaar, and bad English was the universal language. There is but one square in the town, and round its wooden fence, enclosing a dusty area without a blade of grass, were riding the English officers, while the regimental band played in the centre. A more arid and cheerless spot never pained the eye. The appearance of the officers, retaining all their Bond Street elegance and mounted upon English hunters, was in singular contrast with the general shabbiness of the houses and people. I went into a shop at a corner to inquire for the residence of a gentleman to whom I had a letter. "It's werry 'ot, Sir," said a little red-faced woman behind the counter, as I went out, "perhaps you'd like a glass of vater." It was odd to hear the Wapping dialect in the "Isles of Greece." She sold green-groceries, and wished me to recommend her to the officers. *Mrs. Mary Flack's* "grocery" in the gardens of Alcinous!

"The wild Albanian, kirtled to the knee," walks through the streets of Corfu, looking unlike and superior to everything about him. I met several in returning to the boat. Their gait is very lofty, and the snow-white *jurtanilla*, or kirtle, with its thousand folds, sways from side to side as they walk, with a most showy effect. Lord Byron was very much captivated with these people, whose capital (just across the Strait from Corfu) he visited once or twice in his travels through Greece. Those I have seen are all very tall, and have their prominent features, with keen eyes, and limbs of the most muscular proportions. The common English soldiers look like brutes beside them.

The placard of a theatre hung on the walls of a church. A rude picture of a battle between the Greeks and Turks hung above it, and beneath was written in Italian, "*Honour the representation of the immortal deeds of your hero, Marco Botzaris.*" It is singular that even a pack of slaves can find pleasure in a remembrance that reproaches every breath they draw.

Called on Lord Nugent with the commodore. The governor, sailor, author, antiquary, nobleman (for he is

all these, and a jockey, to boot), received us in a calico morning-frock, with his breast and neck bare, in a large library lumbered with half-packed antiquities, and strewn with straw. Books, miniatures of his family, Whig-pamphlets, riding-whips, spurs, minerals, hammer and nails, half-eaten cakes, plans of fortifications, printed invitations to his own balls and dinners, military reports, Turkish pistols, and lastly, his own just printed answer to Mr. S——'s review of his book occupied the table. His lordship mentioned, with great apparent satisfaction, a cruise he had taken some years ago with Commodore Chauncey. The conversation was rather monologue than dialogue; his Excellency seeming to think, with Lord Bacon, that "the honourablest part of talk was to give the occasion, and then to moderate and pass to something else." He started a topic, exhausted and changed it with the same facility and rapidity with which he sailed his *scampavia*. An engagement with the artillery-mess prevented my acceptance of an invitation to dine with him to-morrow—a circumstance I rather regret, as he is said to be, at his own table, one of the most polished and agreeable men of his time.

Thank Heaven, revolutions do not affect the climate! The isle that gave a shelter to the storm-driven Ulysses is an English barrack, but the same balmy air that fanned the blind eyes of old Homer, blows over it still. "The breezes," says Landor, beautifully, "are the children of eternity." I never had the hair lifted so pleasantly from my temples as to-night, driving into the interior of the island. The gardening of Alcinous seems to have been followed up by nature. The rhododendron, the tamarisk, the almond, cypress, olive, and fig, luxuriate in the sweetest beauty everywhere.

There was a small party in the evening at the house of the gentleman who had driven me out, and among other foreigners present were the Count Dionisio Salomos, of Zante, and the Cavaliere Andrea Mustoxidi, both men of whom I had often heard. The first is almost the only modern Greek poet, and his "Hymns," principally patrio-

tic, are in the common dialect of the country, and said to be full of fire. He is an excessively handsome man, with a large dark eye, almost effeminate in its softness. His features are of the clearest Greek chiselling, as faultless as a statue, and are stamped with nature's most attractive marks of refinement and feeling. I can imagine Anacreon to have resembled him.

Mustoxidi has been a conspicuous man in the late chapter of Grecian history. He was much trusted by Capo d'Istria, and among other things had the whole charge of his school at Ægina. An Italian exile (a Modenese, and a very pleasant fellow) took me aside when I asked something of his history, and told me a story of him, which proves either that he was a dishonest man, or (no new truth) that conspicuous men are liable to be abused. A valuable donation of books was given by some one to the school library. They stood on the upper shelves, quite out of reach, and Mustoxidi was particular in forbidding all approach to them. Some time after his departure from the island, the library was committed to the charge of another person, and the treasures of the upper shelves were found to be—painted boards! His physiognomy would rather persuade me of the truth of the story. He is a small man, with a downcast look, and a sly, grey eye, almost hidden by his projecting eyebrows. His features are watched in vain for an open expression.

The ladies of the party were principally Greeks. None of them were beautiful, but they had the melancholy, retired expression of face which one looks for, knowing the history of their nation. They are unwise enough to abandon their picturesque national costume, and dress badly in the European style. The servant-girls with their hair braided into the folds of their turbans, and their open-laced bodices and sleeves, are much more attractive to the stranger's eye. The liveliest of the party, a little Zantiote girl of eighteen, with eyes and eyelashes that contradicted the merry laugh on her lips, sang us an Albanian song to the guitar very sweetly.

Dined to-day with the artillery mess in company with the commodore and some of his officers. In a place like this, the dinner naturally is the great circumstance of the day. The inhabitants do not take kindly to their masters, and there is next to no society for the English. They sit down to their soup after the evening drive, and seldom rise till midnight. It was a gay dinner, as dinners will always be where the whole remainder of what the "day may bring forth" is abandoned to them, and we parted from our hospitable entertainers, after four or five hours "measured with sands of gold." We must do the English the justice of confessing the manners of their best bred men to be the best in the world. One soon finds out in Europe that the dog and the lion are not more unlike, than the race of bagmen and runners with which our country is overrun, and the cultivated gentlemen of England.

On my right sat a captain of the corps, who had spent the last summer at the Saratoga springs. We found any number of mutual acquaintances, of course, and I was amused with the impressions which some of the fairest of my friends had made upon a man who had passed years in the most cultivated society of Europe. He liked America, with reservations. He preferred our ladies to those of any other country except England, and he had found more *dandies* in one hour in Broadway than he should have met in a week in Regent Street. He gave me a racy scene or two from the City Hotel, in New York, but he doubted if the frequenters of a public table in any country in the world were, on the whole, so well-mannered. If Americans were peculiar for anything, he thought it was for confidence in themselves and tobacco-chewing.

LETTER VII

Corfu—Superstition of the Greeks—Advantage of the Greek Costume
 —The Paxian Isles—Cape Leucas, or Sappho's Leap—Bay of
 Navarino, ancient Pylos—Modon—Coran's Bay—Cape St. Angelo
 —Isle of Cythera.

CORFU.—CALLED ON ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE TENTH this morning, and found lying on his table two books upon Corfu. They were from the circulating library of the town, much thumbed, and contained the most unqualified strictures on the English administration in the islands. In one of them, by a Count or Colonel Boig-de St. Vincent, a Frenchman, the Corfiotes were taunted with their slavish submission, and called upon to shake off the yoke of British dominion in the most inflammatory language. Such books in Italy or France would be burnt by the hangman, and prohibited on penalty of death. Here, with a haughty consciousness of superiority, which must be galling enough to an Ionian who is capable of feeling, they circulate uncensured in two languages; and the officers of the abused government read them for their amusement, and return them coolly to go their rounds among the people. They have twenty-five hundred troops upon the island, and they trouble themselves little about what is thought of them. They confess that their government is excessively unpopular: the officers mingle little in the native society, and the soldiers are scowled upon in the streets.

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The body of St. Spiridion was carried through the streets of Corfu to-day, sitting bolt upright in a sedan-chair, and accompanied by the whole population. He is the great saint of the Greek Church; and such is his influence, that the English government thought proper, under Sir Frederick Adam's administration, to compel the officers to walk in the procession. The saint was dried at his death, and makes a neat, black mummy, *sans* eyes and nose, but otherwise quite perfect. He was carried by four men in a

very splendid sedan, shaking from side to side with the motion, preceded by one of the bands of music from the English regiments. Sick children were thrown under the feet of the bearers; half-dead people brought to the doors as he passed, and every species of disgusting mummery practised. The show lasted about four hours, and was, on the whole, attended with more marks of superstition than anything I found in Italy. I was told that the better-educated Christians of the Greek Church disbelieve the saint's miracles. The whole body of the Corfiote ecclesiastics were in the procession, however.

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I passed the first watch in the hammock-nettings to-night, enjoying inexpressibly the phenomena of this brilliant climate. The stars seem burning like lamps in the absolute clearness of the atmosphere. Meteors shoot constantly with a slow liquid course over the sky. The air comes off from the land, laden with the breath of the wild thyme; and the water around the ship is another deep blue heaven, motionless with its studded constellations. The frigate seems suspended between them.

We have little idea, while conning an irksome school-task, how strongly the "unwilling lore" is rooting itself in the imagination. The frigate lies perhaps a half-mile from the most interesting scenes of the *Odyssey*. I have been recalling from the long-neglected stores of memory the beautiful descriptions of the court of King Alcinous, and of the meeting of his matchless daughter with Ulysses. The whole web of the poet's fable has gradually unwound, and the lamps, ashore, and the the outline of the hills, in the deceiving dimness of night, have entered into the delusion with the facility of a dream. Every scene in the *Homer* may be traced to this day, the blind old poet's topography was so admirable. It was over the point of land sloping down to the right that the Princess Nausicaa went with her handmaids to wash her bridal robes in the running streams. The description still guides the traveller to the spot where the damsels of the royal maid spread

the linen on the grass, and commenced the sports that waked Ulysses from his slumbers in the bed of leaves.

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Ashore with one of the officers this morning, amusing ourselves with trying on dresses in a Greek tailor's shop. It quite puts one out of conceit with these miserable European fashions. The easy and flowing juktanilla, the unembarrassed leggings, the open-sleeve of the collarless jacket leaving the throat exposed, and the handsome close-binding girdle seem to me the very dress dictated by reason and nature. The richest suit in the shop, a superb red velvet, wrought with gold, was priced at one hundred and forty dollars. The more sober colours were much cheaper. A dress lasts several years.

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We made our farewell visits to the officers of the English regiments, who had overwhelmed us with hospitality during our stay, and went on board to get under weigh with the noon-breeze. We were accompanied to the ship, not as the hero of Homer, when he left the same port, by three damsels of the royal train, bearing, "one a tunic, another a rich casket, and a third bread and wine" for his voyage; but by Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Wilson, soldiers' wives and washerwomen, with baskets of hurriedly-dried linen, pinned, every bundle, with a neat bill in shillings and halfpence.

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Ulysses slept all the way from Corcyra to Ithaca. He lost a great deal of fine scenery. The passage between Corfu and Albania is beautiful. We ran past the southern cape of the island, with a free wind, and are now off the Paxian isles, where, according to Plutarch, Æmilianus the rhetorician, voyaging by night, "heard a voice louder than human, announcing the death of Pan." A "schoolboy mid-

shipman" is breaking the same silence with "On deck, all hands! on deck, all of you!"

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August 26, 1833.

Off the mouth of the Alpheus. If he still chases Arethusa under the sea, and she makes straight for Sicily, her bed is beneath our keel. The moon is pouring her broad light over the ocean; the shadows of the rigging on the deck lie in clear and definite lines; the sailors of the watch sit around upon the guns in silence, and the ship, with her clouds of snowy sail spread aloft, is stealing through the water with the noiseless motion of a swan. Even the gallant man-of-war seems steeped in the spirit of the scene. The hour wants but an "Ionian Myrrha" to fill the last void of the heart.

Cape Leucas on the lee—the scene of Sappho's leap. We have coursed down the long shore of ancient Leucadia, and the precipice to which lovers came from all parts of Greece for an oblivious plunge is shining in the sun, scarce a mile from the ship. The beautiful Grecian here sang her last song, and broke her lyre, and died. The leap was not always so tragical; there are two lovers, at least, on record (Maces of Buthrotum, and Cephalos son of Deionios), who survived the fall, and were cured effectually by salt water. It was a common resource in the days of Sappho, and Strabo says that they were accustomed to check their descent by tying birds and feathers to their arms. Females, he says, were generally killed by the rapidity of the fall, their frames being too slight to bear the shock; but the men seldom failed to come safe to shore. The sex has not lost its advantages since the days of Phaon.

We have caught a glimpse of Ithaca through the isles—the land

Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave,

and which Ulysses loved, *non quia larga, sed quia sua*—the most natural of reasons. We lose "Childe Harold's" track here. He turned to the left, into the Gulf of Lepanto. We

shall find him again at Athens. Missolonghi, where he died, lies about twenty or thirty miles on our lee; and it is one of several places in the Gulf, that I regret to pass so near unvisited.

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Entering the Bay of Navarino. A picturesque and precipitous rock, filled with caves, nearly shuts the mouth of this ample harbour. We ran so close to it, that it might have been touched from the deck with a tandem whip. On a wild crag to the left, a small, white marble monument, with the earth still fresh about it, marks the grave of some victim of the late naval battle. The town and fortress, miserable heaps of dirty stone, lie in the curve of the southern shore. A French brig-of-war is at anchor in the port, and broad, barren hills, stretching far away on every side, complete the scene before us. We run up the harbour, and tack to stand out again, without going ashore. Not a soul is to be seen; and the bay seems the very sanctuary of silence. It is difficult to conceive, that but a year or two ago, the combined fleets of Europe were thundering among these silent hills, and hundreds of human beings lying in their blood, whose bones are now whitening in the sea beneath. Our pilot was in the fight, on board an English frigate. He has pointed out to us the position of the different fleets, and, among other particulars, he tells me, that when the Turkish ships were boarded, Greek sailors were found chained to the guns, who had been compelled, at the muzzle of the pistol, to fight against the cause of their country. Many of them must thus have perished in the vessels that were sunk.

Navarino was the scene of a great deal of fighting during the late Greek revolution. It was invested, while in possession of the Turks, by two thousand Peloponnesians and a band of Ionians; and the garrison were reduced to such a state of starvation, as to eat their slippers. They surrendered at last, under promise that their lives should be spared; but the news of the massacre of the Greek patriarch and clergy, at Adrianople, was received at the moment,

and the exasperated troops put their prisoners to death, without mercy.

The peaceful aspect of the place is better suited to its poetical associations. Navarino was the ancient Pylos; and it is here that Homer brings Telemachus in search of his father. He finds old Nestor and his sons sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune, with nine altars, and at each five hundred men. I should think the modern town contained scarce a twentieth of this number.

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Rounding the little fortified town of Modon under full sail. It seems to be built on the level of the water, and nothing but its high wall and its towers are seen from the sea. This, too, has been a much-contested place, and remained in possession of the Turks till after the formation of the provisional government, under Mavrocordato. It forms the south-western point of the Morea, and is a town of great antiquity. King Philip gained his first battle over the Athenians here, some thousands of years ago; and the brave old Miaulis beat the Egyptian fleet in the same bay, without doubt, in a manner quite as deserving of as long a remembrance. It is like a city of the dead—we cannot even see a sentinel on the wall.

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Passed an hour in the mizen-chains with "the Corsair" in my hand, and Coran's Bay opening on the lee. With what exquisite pleasure one reads, when he can look off from the page, and study the scene of the poet's fiction:

In Coran's Bay floats many a galley light,
Through Coran's lattices the lamps burn bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night.

It is a small, deep bay, with a fortified town, on the western shore, crowned on the very edge of the sea with a single tall tower. A small aperture near the top helps to

realize the Corsair's imprisonment, and his beautiful interview with Gulnare:

In the high chamber of his highest tower
Sate Conrad fetter'd in the Pacha's power, etc.

The Pirate's Isle is said to have been Poros, and the original of the Corsair himself, a certain Hugh Crevelier, who filled the *Ægean* with terror, not many years ago.

* * * * *

Made the Cape St. Angelo, the southern point of Peloponnesus, and soon after the Island of Cythera, near which Venus rose from the foam of the sea. We are now running northerly, along the coast of ancient Sparta. It is a mountainous country, bare and rocky, and looks as rude and hardy as the character of its ancient sons. I have been passing the glass in vain, along the coast, to find a tree. A small hermitage stands on the desolate extremity of the Cape, and a Greek monk, the pilot tells me, has lived there many years, who comes from his cell, and stands on the rock, with his arms outspread, to bless the passing ship. I looked for him in vain.

A French man-of-war bore down upon us a few minutes ago, and saluted the commodore. He ran so close, that we could see the features of his officers on the poop. It is a noble sight at sea, a fine ship passing, with all her canvass spread, with the added rapidity of your own course and hers. The peal of the guns in the midst of the solitary ocean had a singular effect. The echo came back from the naked shores of Sparta with a war-like sound, that might have stirred old Leonidas in his grave. The smoke rolled away on the wind, and the noble ship hoisted her royals once more, and went on her way. We are making for Napoli di Romania, with a summer breeze, and hope to drop anchor beneath its fortress at sunset.

LETTER VIII

The Harbour of Napoli—Tricoupi and Mavrocordato, Otho's Cabinet Councillors—King Otho—Prince of Saxe—Miaulis, the Greek Admiral—Excursion to Argos, the ancient Tirynthus.

Sept. 1, 1833.

NAPOLI DI ROMANIA.—ANCHORED IN THE HARBOUR OF Napoli after dark. An English frigate lies a little farther in; a French and a Russian brig-of-war astern, and two Greek steam-boats; King Otho's yacht, and a quantity of caiques, fill the inner port. The fort stands a hundred feet over our heads on a bold promontory, and the rocky Palamidi soars a hundred feet still higher, on a crag that thrusts its head sharply into the clouds, as if it would lift the little fortress out of the eye-sight. The town lies at the base of the mountain, an irregular-looking heap of new houses; and here, at present, resides the boy-king of Greece, Otho the First. His predecessors were Agamemnon and Perseus, who, some three thousand years ago (more or less, I am not certain of my chronology), reigned at Argos and Mycenæ, within sight of his present capital.

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Went ashore with the commodore, to call on Tricoupi and Mavrocordato, the king's cabinet councillors. We found the former in a new stone house, slenderly furnished, and badly painted, but with an entry full of servants, in handsome Greek costumes. He received the commodore with the greatest friendliness. He had dined with him on board the *Constitution* six years before, when his prospects were less promising than now. He is a short, stout man, of dark complexion, and very bright black eyes, and speaks English perfectly.

Went thence to Prince Mavrocordato's. He occupies the third story of a very indifferent house, furnished with the mere necessities of life. A shabby sofa, a table, two chairs, and a broken tumbler, holding ink and two pens, is the inventory of his drawing-room. He received us with ele-

gance and courtesy, and presented us to his wife. She gave the uncertainty of their residence until the seat of government was decided on, as the apology for their lodgings, and seemed immediately to forget that she was not in a palace. Mavrocordato is a strikingly handsome man, with long, curling black hair, and most luxuriant moustachios. His mouth is bland, and his teeth uncommonly beautiful; but, without being able to say where it lies, there is an expression of guile in his face, that shut my heart to him. He is getting fat, and there is a shade of red in the clear olive of his cheek, which is very uncommon in this country. The commodore remarked that he was very thin when he was here six years before. The settlement of affairs in Greece has probably relieved him from a great deal of care.

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Presented, with the commodore, to King Otho. Tri-coupi officiated as chamberlain, dressed in a court-suit of light blue, wrought with silver. The royal residence is a comfortable house, built by Capo d'Istria, in the principal street of Napoli. The King's Aid, a son of Marco Bozzaris, a very fine, resolute-looking young man, of eighteen, received us in the ante-chamber, and in a few minutes the door of the inner room was thrown open. His Majesty stood at the foot of the throne (a gorgeous red velvet arm-chair, raised on a platform, and covered with a splendid canopy of velvet), and with a low bow to each of us as we entered, he addressed his conversation immediately, and without embarrassment, to the commodore. I had leisure to observe him closely for a few minutes. He appears about eighteen. He was dressed in an exceedingly well-cut swallow-tailed coat, of very light blue, with a red standing collar, wrought with silver. The same work upon a red ground was set between the buttons of the waist, and upon the edges of the skirts. White pantaloons, and the ordinary straight court-sword, completed his dress. He is rather tall, and his figure is extremely light and elegant. A very flat nose, and high cheek-bones, are the most marked features

of his face; his hair is straight, and of a light brown, and with no claim to beauty; the expression of his countenance is manly, open, and prepossessing. He spoke French fluently, though with a German accent, and went through the usual topics of a royal presentation (very much the same all over the world) with grace and ease. In the few remarks which he addressed to me, he said that he promised himself great pleasure in the search for antiquities in Greece. He bowed us out, after an audience of about ten minutes, no doubt extremely happy to exchange his court-coat and our company for a riding-frock and saddle. His horse and a guard of twelve Lancers were in waiting at the door.

The king usually passes his evenings with the Misses Armansberg, the daughters of the president of the regency. They accompanied him from Munich, and are the only ladies in his realm with whom he is acquainted. They keep a carriage, which is a kind of wonder at Napoli; ride on horseback in the English style, very much to the amusement of the Greeks; and give *soirées* once or twice a week.

The Count Armansberg is a small, shrewd-looking man, with a thin German countenance, and agreeable manners. He is, of course, the real king of Greece.

The most agreeable man I found in Napoli was the king's uncle, at present in command of his army. He is a tall and uncommonly handsome soldier, of perhaps thirty-six-years, and with all the air of a man of high birth, has the open and frank manners of the camp. He has been twice on board the ship, and seemed to consider his acquaintance with the commodore's family as a respite from exile. The Bavarian officers in his suite spoke nothing but the native German, and looked like mere beef-eaters. The prince returns in two years, and when the King is of age, his Bavarian troops leave him, and he commits himself to the country.

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Hired the only two public vehicles in Napoli, and set off with the commodore's family, on an excursion to the

ancient cities in the neighbourhood. We left the gate built by the Venetians, and still 'adorned with a bas-relief of a winged lion, at nine o'clock of a clear Grecian summer's day. Auguries were against us. Pyrrhus did the same thing with his elephants and his army, one morning, about two thousand years ago, and was killed before noon; and our driver stopped his horses a half-mile out of the gate, and told us very gravely that *the evil eye* was upon him. He had dreamed that he had *found* a dollar the night before—a certain sign, by the laws of witchcraft in Greece, that he should *lose* one. He concluded by adding another dollar to the price of each carriage.

We passed the house of old Miaulis, the Greek admiral, a pretty cottage, a mile from the city, and immediately after came to the ruins of the ancient Tirynthus, the city of Hercules. The walls, built of the largest hewn stones in the world, still stand, and will till time ends. It would puzzle modern mechanics to carry them away. We drove along the same road upon which Autolycus taught the young hero to drive a chariot, and, passing ruins and fragments of columns strewn over the whole length of the plain of Argos, stopped under a spreading aspen-tree, the only shade within reach of the eye. A dirty khan stood a few yards off, and our horses were to remain here while we ascended the hills to Mycenæ.

It was a hot walk. The appearances of ladies, as we passed through a small Greek village on our way, drew out all the inhabitants, and we were accompanied by about fifty men, women, and children, resembling very much in complexion and dress the Indians of our country. A mile from our carriages we arrived at a subterranean structure, built in the side of the hill, with a door towards the east, surmounted by the hewn stone so famous for its size among the antiquities of Greece. It shuts the tomb of old Agamemnon. The interior is a hollow cone, with a small chamber at the side, and would make "very eligible lodgings for a single gentleman," as the papers say.

We kept on up the hill, wondering that the "king of many islands and of all Argos," as Homer calls him, should

have built his city so high in this hot climate. We sat down at last, quite fagged, at the gate of a city built *only* eighteen hundred years before Christ. A descendant of Perseus brought us some water in a wooden piggin, and somewhat refreshed, we went on with our examination of the ruins. The mere weight of the walls has kept them together three thousand six hundred years. You can judge how immovable they must be. The antiquaries call them the "Cyclopean walls of Mycenæ;" and nothing less than a giant, I should suppose, would dream of heaving such enormous masses one upon the other. "The gate of the Lions," probably the principal entrance to the city, is still perfect. The bas-relief from which it takes its name, is the oldest sculptured stone in Europe. It is of green basalt, representing two lions rampant, very finely executed, and was brought from Egypt. An angle of the city wall is just below, and the ruins of a noble aqueduct are still visible, following the curve of the opposite hill, and descending to Mycenæ on the northern side. I might bore you now with a long chapter on antiquities (for, however dry in the abstract, they are exceedingly interesting on the spot), but I let you off. Those who like them will find Spohn and Wheeler, Dodwell, Leake, and Gell, diffuse enough for the most classic enthusiasm.

We descended by a rocky ravine, in the bosom of which lay a well with six large fig-trees growing at its brink. A woman burnt black with the sun, was drawing water in a goat-skin, and we were too happy to get into the shade, and, in the name of Pan, sink delicacy, and ask for a drink of water. I have seen the time when nectar in a cup of gold would have been less refreshing.

We arrived at the aspen about two o'clock, and made preparations for our dinner. The sea-breeze had sprung up, and came freshly over the plain of Argos. We put our claret in a goat-skin of water hung at one of the wheels, the basket was produced, the ladies sat in the interior of the carriage, and the commodore and his son and myself made tables of the footboards; and thus we achieved a meal which, if meals are measured by content, old King

Danaus and his fifty daughters might have risen from their grave to envy us.

A very handsome Greek woman had brought us water, and stood near while we were eating; and making over to her the remnants of the ham and its condiments and the empty bottles, with which she seemed made happy for a day, we went on our way to Argos.

"Rivers die," it is said, "as well as men and cities." We drove through the bed of "Father Inachus," which was a respectable river in the time of Homer, but which, in our day, would be puzzled to drown a much less thing than a king. Men achieve immortality in a variety of ways. King Inachus might have been forgotten as the first Argive; but by drowning himself in the river which afterwards took his name, every knowledge-hunter that travels the world is compelled to look up his history. So St. Nippomuc became the guardian of bridges by breaking his neck over one.

The modern Argos occupies the site of the ancient. It is tolerably populous, but it is a town of most wretched hovels. We drove through several long streets of mud houses with thatched roofs, completely open in front, and the whole family huddled together on the clay floor, with no furniture but a flock-bed in the corner. The first settlement by Deucalion and Pyrrha on the sediment of the Deluge must have looked like it. Mud, stones and beggars, were all we saw. Old Pyrrhus was killed here, after all his battles, by a tile from a house-top; but modern Argos has scarce a roof high enough to overtop his helmet.

We left our carriages in the street, and walked to the ruins of the amphitheatre. The brazen thalamos, in which Danaë was confined when Jupiter visited her in a shower of gold, was near this spot—the supposed site of most of the thirty temples once famous in Argos.

Some solid brick walls, the seats of the amphitheatre cut into the solid rock of the hill, the rocky Acropolis above, and twenty or thirty horses tied together, and treading out grain on a threshing-floor in the open field, were all we found ancient or picturesque in the capitol of the Argives.

A hot, sultry afternoon was no time to weave romance from such materials.

We returned to our carriages, and while the Greek was getting his horses into their harness, we entered a most unpromising *café* for shade and water. A billiard-table stood in the centre; and the high broad bench on which the Turks seat themselves, with their legs crooked under them, stretched around the wall. The proprietor was a Venetian woman, who sighed, as she might well, for a gondola. The kingdom of Agamemnon was not to her taste.

After waiting a while here for the sun to get behind the hills of Sparta, we received a message from our coachman, announcing that he was arrested. The "evil eye" had not glanced upon him in vain. There was no returning without him, and I walked over with the commodore to see what could be done. A fine-looking man sat cross-legged on a bench, in the upper room of a building adjoining a prison, and a man, with a pen in his hand, was reading the indictment. The driver had struck a child who was climbing on his wheel. I pleaded his case in "choice Italian;" and after a half-hour's delay, they dismissed him, exacting a *dollar* as a security for re-appearance. It was a curious verification of his morning's omen.

We drove on over the plain, met the king, five camels, and the Misses Armansberg, and were on board soon after sunset.

LETTER IX

Visit from King Otho and Miaulis—Visits an English and Russian Frigate—Beauty of the Grecian Men—Lake Lerna—The Hermionius Sinus—Hydra—Egina.

Sept. 1833.

NAPOLI DI ROMANIA.—WENT ASHORE WITH ONE OF THE officers to look for the fountain of Canathus. Its waters

had the property (vide Pausanias) of renewing the infant purity of the women who bathed in them. Juno used it once a year. We found but one natural spring in all Napoli. It stands in a narrow street, filled with tailors, and is adorned with a marble font bearing a Turkish inscription. Two girls were drawing water in skins. We drank a little of it, but found nothing peculiar in the taste. Its virtues are confined probably to the other sex.

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The king visited the ship. As his barge left the pier the vessels of war in the harbour manned their yards and fired the royal salute. He was accompanied by young Bozzaris and the prince, his uncle, and dressed in the same uniform in which he received us at our presentation. As he stepped on the deck, and was received by Commodore Patterson, I thought I had never seen a more elegant and well-proportioned man. The frigate was in her usual admirable order, and the king expressed his surprise and gratification at every turn. His questions were put with uncommon judgment for a landsman. We had heard, indeed, on board the English frigate which brought him from Trieste, that he lost no opportunity of learning the duties and management of the ship, keeping watch with the midshipmen, and running from one deck to the other at all hours. After going thoroughly through the ship, the Commodore presented him to his family. He seemed very much pleased with the ease and frankness with which he was received, and seating himself with our fair countrywomen in the after-cabin, prolonged his visit to a very unceremonious length, conversing with the most unreserved gaiety. The yards were manned again, the salutes fired once more, and the king of Greece tossed his oars for a moment under the stern, and pulled ashore.

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Had the pleasure and honour of showing Miaulis through the ship. The old man came on board very modestly without even announcing himself, and as he

addressed one of the officers in Italian, I was struck with his noble appearance, and offered my services as interpreter. He was dressed in the Hydriote costume, the full blue trousers gathered at the knee, a short open jacket worked with black braid, and a red skull-cap. His lieutenant, dressed in the same costume—a tall, superb-looking Greek—was his only attendant. He was quite at home on board, comparing the *United States* continually to the Hellas, the American-built frigate which he commanded. Everyone on board was struck with the noble simplicity and dignity of his address. I have seldom seen a man who impressed me more. He requested me to express his pleasure at his visit, and his friendly feelings to the commodore, and invited us to his country house, which he pointed out from the deck, just without the city. Every officer in the ship uncovered as he passed. The gratification at seeing him was universal. He looks worthy to be one of the “three” that Byron demanded, in his impassioned verse—

To make a new Thermopylæ.

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Returned visits of ceremony, with the commodore, to the English and Russian vessels of war.

Captain Lyon spoke in the highest terms of his late passenger, King Otho, both as to disposition and talent. Somewhere in the Ægean, one of his Bavarian servants fell overboard, and the boatswain jumped after him and sustained him till the boat was lowered to his relief. On his reaching the deck, the king drew a valuable repeater from his pocket, and presented it to him in the presence of the crew. He certainly has caught the “trick of royalty” in its perfection.

The guard presented, the boatswain “piped us over the side,” and we pulled alongside the Russian. The file of marines drawn up in honour of the commodore on her quarter-deck looked like so many standing bears. Features and limbs so brutally coarse I never saw. The officers,

however, were very gentlemanlike, and the vessel was in beautiful condition. In inquiring after the health of the ladies on board our ship, the captain and his lieutenant rose from their seats and made a low bow—a degree of chivalrous courtesy very uncommon, I fancy, since the days of Sir Piercie Shafton. I left his imperial majesty's ship with an improved impression of him.

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They are a gallant-looking people, the Greeks. Byron says of them, "all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades." We walked beyond the walls of the city this evening, on the plain of Argos. The whole population were out in their Sunday costumes, and no theatrical ballet was ever more showy than the scene. They are a very affectionate people, and walk usually hand in hand, or sit upon the rocks at the road-side, with their arms over each other's shoulders; and their picturesque attitudes and lofty gait, combined with the flowing beauty of their dress, give them all the appearance of heroes on the stage. I saw literally no handsome women, but the men were magnificent, almost without exception. Among others, a young man passed us, with whose personal beauty the whole party were struck. As he went by, he laid his hand on his breast and bowed to the ladies, raising his red cap, with his flowing blue tassel, at the same time with perfect grace. It was a young man to whom I had been introduced the day previous, a brother of Mavromichalis, the assassin of Capo d'Istrias. He is about seventeen, tall and straight as an arrow, and has the eye of a falcon. His family is one of the first in Greece; and his brother, who was a fellow of superb beauty, is said to have died in the true heroic style, believing that he had rid his country of a tyrant.

The view of Napoli and the Palamidi from the plain, with its background of the Spartan mountains, and the blue line of the Argolic Gulf between, is very fine. The home of the Nemean lion, the lofty hill rising above Argos, was enveloped in a black cloud as the sun set on our walk; the short twilight of Greece thickened upon us; and the

white, swaying juktanillas of the Greeks striding past, had the effect of spirits gliding by in the dark.

The king, with his guard of lancers on a hard trot, passed us near the gate, followed close by the Misses Armansberg, mounted on fine Hungarian horses. His majesty rides beautifully, and the effect of the short, high-borne flag on the tips of the lances, and the tall Polish caps with their cord and tassels, is highly picturesque.

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Made an excursion with the commodore across the Gulf to Lake Lerna, the home of the Hydra. We saw nothing save the half-dozen small marshy lakes, whose overflow devastated the country, until they were damned by Hercules, who is thus poetically said to have killed a many-headed monster. We visited, nearby, "the Mills," which were the scene of one of the most famous battles of the late struggle. The mill is supplied by a lovely stream, issuing from beneath a rock, and running a short course of twenty or thirty rods to the sea. It is difficult to believe that human blood has ever stained its pure waters.

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Left Napoli with the daylight breeze, and are now entering the Hermionicus Sinus. A more barren land never rose upon the eye. The ancients considered this part of Greece so near to hell, that they omitted to put the usual obolon into the hands of those who died here, to pay their passage across the Styx.

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Off the town of Hydra. This is the birthplace of Miaulis, and its neighbour island, Spesia, that of the sailor-heroine Bobolina. It is a heap of square stone houses, set on the side of a hill, without the slightest reference to order. I see with the glass an old Greek smoking on his balcony, with his feet over the railing, and half a dozen bare-legged women getting a boat into the water on the beach. The whole island has a desolate and sterile aspect. Across the

strait, directly opposite the town, lies a lovely green valley, with olive-groves and pastures between, and hundreds of grey cattle feeding, in all the peace of Arcadia. I have seen such pictures so seldom of late; that it is like a medicine to my sight. "The sea and the sky," after a while, "lie like a load on the weary eye."

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In passing two small islands just now, we caught a glimpse between them of the *John Adams* sloop of war, under full sail in the opposite direction. Five minutes sooner or later we should have missed her. She has been cruising in the Archipelago a month or two, waiting the commodore's arrival, and has on board despatches and letters, which make the meeting a very exciting one to the officers. There is a general stir of expectation on board, in which my only share is that of sympathy. She brings her news from Smyrna, to which port, though my course has been errant enough, you will scarce have thought of directing a letter for me.

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Anchored off the island of Egina, a mile from the town. The rocks which King Æacus (since Judge Æacus of the infernal regions) raised in the harbour, to keep off the pirates, prevent our nearer approach. A beautiful garden of oranges and figs, close to our anchorage, promises to reconcile us to our position. The little bay is completely shut in by mountainous islands, and the sun pours down upon us, unabated by the "wooing Egean wind."

LETTER X

The Maid of Athens—Romance and Reality—American Benefactions to Greece—School of Capo d'Istrias—Grecian Disinterestedness—Ruins of the most ancient Temple—Beauty of the Grecian Landscape—Hope for the Land of Epaminondas and Aristides.

Sept. 1833.

ISLAND OF EGINA —THE "MAID OF ATHENS," IN THE VERY teeth of poetry, has become *Mrs. Black of Egina!* The beautiful Teresa Makri—of whom Byron asked back his heart—of whom Moore and Hobbhouse, and the poet himself, have written so much and so passionately—has forgotten the sweet burden of the sweetest of love-songs, and taken the unromantic name of a Scotchman!

The commodore proposed that we should call upon her on our way to the temple of Jupiter, this morning. We pulled up to the town in the barge, and landed on the handsome pier built by Dr. Howe (who expended thus, most judiciously, a part of the provisions sent from our country in his charge), and, finding a Greek in the crowd, who understood a little Italian, we were soon on our way to Mrs. Black's. Our guide was a fine, grave-looking man of forty, with a small cockade on his red cap, which indicated that he was, some way, in the service of the government. He laid his hand on his heart, when I asked him if he had known any Americans in Egina. "They built this," said he, pointing to the pier, the handsome granite posts of which we were passing at the moment. "They gave us bread and meat, and clothing, when we should otherwise have perished." It was said with a look and tone that thrilled me. I felt as if the whole debt of sympathy, which Greece owes our country, were repaid by this one energetic expression of gratitude.

We stopped opposite a small gate, and the Greek went in with our cards. It was a small stone house of a story and a half, with a rickety flight of wooden steps at the side, and not a blade of grass or sign of a flower in court or window.

If there had been but a geranium in the porch, or a rose-tree by the gate, for description's sake!

Mr. Black was *out*—Mrs. Black was *in*. We walked up the creaking steps, with a Scotch terrier barking and snapping at our heels, and were met at the door by really a very pretty woman. She smiled as I apologized for our intrusion, and a sadder or a sweeter smile I never saw. She said her welcome in a few, simple words of Italian, and I thought there were few sweeter voices in the world. I asked her if she had not learned English yet. She coloured, and said “No, Signore!” and the deep-red spot in her cheek faded gradually down, in tints a painter would remember. Her husband, she said, had wished to learn her language, and would never let her speak English.

I wished to ask her of Lord Byron, but I had heard that the poet's admiration had occasioned the usual scandal attendant on every kind of pre-eminence, and her modest and timid manners, while they assured me of her purity of heart, made me afraid to venture where there was even a possibility of wounding her. She sat in a drooping attitude on the coarsely-covered divan, which occupied three sides of the little room, and it was difficult to believe that any eye but her husband's had ever looked upon her, or that the “wells of her heart” had ever been drawn upon for anything deeper than the simple duties of a wife and mother.

She offered us some sweetmeats, the usual Greek compliment to visitors, as we rose to go, and laying her hand upon her heart, in the beautiful custom of the country, requested me to express her thanks to the commodore for the honour he had done her in calling, and to wish him and his family every happiness. A servant girl, very shabbily dressed, stood at the side-door, and we offered her some money, which she might have taken unnoticed. She drew herself up very coldly, and refused it, as if she thought we had quite mistaken her. In a country where gifts of the kind are so universal, it spoke well for the pride of the family, at least.

I turned, after we had taken leave, and made an apology

to speak to her again; for, in the interest of the general impression she had made upon me, I had forgotten to notice her dress, and I was not sure that I could remember a single feature of her face. We had called unexpectedly, of course, and her dress was very plain. A red cloth cap bound about the temples, with a coloured shawl, whose folds were mingled with large braids of dark-brown hair, and decked with a tassel of blue silk, which fell to her left shoulder, formed her head-dress. In other respects she was dressed like a European. She is a little above the middle height, slightly and well formed, and walks weakly, like most Greek women, as if her feet were too small for her weight. Her skin is dark and clear, and she has a colour in her cheek and lips that looks to me consumptive. Her teeth are white and regular, her face oval, and her forehead and nose form the straight line of the Grecian model—one of the few instances I have ever seen of it. Her eyes are large and of a soft, liquid hazel; and this is her chief beauty. There is that “looking out of the soul through them,” which Byron always described as constituting the loveliness that most moved him. I made up my mind as we walked away, that she would be a lovely woman anywhere. Her horrid name, and the unprepossessing circumstances in which we found her, had uncharmed, I thought, all poetical delusion that would naturally surround her as the “Maid of Athens.” We met her as simple Mrs. Black whose Scotch husband’s terrier had worried us at her door; and we left her, feeling that the poetry which she had called forth from the heart of Byron was her due by every law of loveliness.

From the house of the Maid of Athens we walked to the school of Capo d’Istrias. It is a spacious stone quadrangle, inclosing a court handsomely railed and gravelled, and furnished with gymnastic apparatus. School was out, and perhaps a hundred and fifty boys were playing in the area. An intelligent-looking man accompanied us through the museum of antiquities, where we saw nothing very much worth noticing, after the collections of Rome, and to the library, where there was a superb bust of Capo d’Istrias,

done by a Roman artist. It is a noble head, resembling Washington.

We bought a large basket of grapes for a few cents in returning to the boat, and offered money to one or two common men who had been of assistance to us, but *no one would receive it*. I italicize the remark, because the Greeks are so often stigmatized as utterly mercenary.

We pulled along the shore, passing round the point, on which stands a single fluted column, the only remains of a magnificent temple of Venus, and, getting the wind, hoisted a sail, and ran down the northern side of the island five or six miles, till we arrived opposite the mountain on which stands the temple of Jupiter Panhellenios. The view of it from the sea was like that of a temple drawn on the sky. It occupies the very peak of the mountain, and is seen many miles on either side by the mariner of the Ægean.

A couple of wild-looking, handsome fellows, bare-headed and bare-legged, with shirts and trousers reaching to the knee, lay in a small caique under the shore; and as we landed, the taller of the two laid his hand on his breast, and offered to conduct us to the temple. The ascent was about a mile.

We toiled over ploughed fields, with here and there a cluster of fig-trees, wild patches of rock and briar, and an occasional wall; and arrived breathless at the top, where a cool wind met us from the other side of the sea with delicious refreshment. We sat down among the ruins of the oldest temple of Greece, after that of Corinth. Twenty-three noble columns still lifted their heads over us, after braving the tempests of more than two thousand years. The ground about was piled up with magnificent fragments of marble, preserving, even in their fall, the sharp edges of the admirable sculpture of Greece. The Doric capital, the simple frieze, the well-fitted frustra, might almost be restored in the perfection with which they were left by the last touch of the chisel.

The view hence comprised a classic world. *There was Athens!* The broad mountain over the intensely blue

gulf at our feet was Hymettus, and a bright white summit as of a mound between it and the sea, glittering brightly in the sun, was the venerable pile of temples in the Acropolis. To the left, Corinth was distinguishable over its low Isthmus, and Megara and Salamis; and, following down the wavy line of the mountains of Attica, the promontory of Sunium, modern Cape Colonna, dropped the horizon upon the sea. One might sit out his life amid these loftily-placed ruins, and scarce exhaust in thought the human history that has unrolled within the scope of his eye.

We passed two or three hours wandering about among the broken columns, and gazing away to the main and the distant isles, confessing the surpassing beauty of Greece. Yet have its mountains scarce a green spot, and its vales are treeless and uninhabited, and all that constitutes desolation is there; and, strange as it may seem, you neither miss the verdure nor the people, nor find it desolate. The outline of Greece, in the first place, is the finest in the world. The mountains lean down into the valleys, and the plains swell up to the mountains, and the islands rise from the sea, with a mixture of boldness and grace altogether peculiar. In the most lonely parts of the Ægean, where you can see no trace of a human foot, it strikes you like a foreign land. Then the atmosphere is its own; and it exceeds that of Italy, far. It gives it the look of a landscape seen through a faintly-tinted glass. Soft blue mists of the most rarified and changing shades envelop the mountains on the clearest day, and, without obscuring the most distant points perceptibly, give hill and vale a beauty that surpasses that of verdure. I never saw such *air* as I see in Greece. It has the same effect on the herbless and rocky scenery about us, as a veil over the face of a woman.

The islander who had accompanied us to the temple stood on a fragment of a column, still as a statue, looking down upon the sea towards Athens. His figure, for Athletic grace of mould, and his head and features, for the expression of manly beauty and character, might have been models to Phidias. The beautiful and poetical land, of

which he inherited his share of unparalleled glory, lay around him. I asked myself why it should have become, as it seems to be, the despair of the philanthropist. Why should its people, who, in the opinion of "Childe Harold," "are nature's favourites still," be branded and abandoned as irreclaimable rogues, and the source to which we owe, even to this day, our highest models of taste, be neglected and forgotten? The nine days' enthusiasm for Greece has died away, and she has received a king from a family of despots. But there seems to me in her very beauty, and in the still superior qualities of her children, wherever they have room for competition, a promise of resuscitation. The convulsions of Europe may leave her soon to herself; and the slipper of the Turk and the hand of the Christian, once lifted fairly from her neck, she will rise, and stand up amid these imperishable temples, once more *free*!

LETTER XI

Athens—Ruins of the Parthenon—The Acropolis—Temple of Theseus—Burial-place of the Son of Miaulis—Bavarian Sentinel—Turkish Mosque, erected within the Sanctuary of the Parthenon—Wretched Habitations of the modern Athenians.

Sept. 1833.

ÆGEAN SEA.—WE GOT UNDER WEIGH THIS MORNING, AND stood towards Athens, followed by the sloop-of-war, *John Adams*, which had come to anchor under our stern the evening of our arrival at Egina. The day is like every day of the Grecian summer—heavenly. The stillness and beauty of a new world lie about us. The ships steal on with their clouds of canvass just filling in the light breeze of the Ægean, and, withdrawing the eye from the lofty temple crowning the mountain on our lee, whose shining columns shift slowly as we pass, we could believe ourselves asleep on the sea. I have been repeating to myself the beautiful re-

flection of Servius Sulpitius, which occurs in his letter of condolence to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, written on this very spot.¹ "On my return from Asia," he says, "as I was sailing from Egina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me. Egina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in the ruins; upon this sight I could not but presently think within myself, 'Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many cities lie here exposed before me in one view!'"

The columns of the Parthenon are easily distinguishable with the glass, and to the right of the Acropolis, in the plain, I see a group of tall ruins, which by the position must be near the banks of the Ilissus. I turn the glass upon the sides of the mount Hymettus, whose beds of thyme "the long, long summer gilds," and I can scarce believe that the murmur of the bees is not stealing over the water to my ear. Can this be Athens? Are these the same isles and mountains Alcibiades saw, returning with his victorious galleys from the Hellespont; the same that faded from the long gaze of the conqueror of Salamis, leaving his ungrateful country for exile, the same that to have seen for a Roman, was to be as complete as a man; the same whose proud dames wore the golden grasshopper in their hair, as a boasting token that they had sprung from the soil; the same where Pericles nursed the Arts, and Socrates and Plato taught "humanity," and Epicurus walked with his disciples, looking for truth? What an offset are these thrilling thoughts, with the nearing view in my sight, to a whole calendar of common misfortune!

Dropped anchor in the Piræus, the port of Athens. The city is five miles in the interior, and the "arms of Athens," as the extending walls were called, stretched in the times of the republic from the Acropolis to the sea. The Piræus,

¹ "Ex Asia rediens," etc.—I have given the translation from Middleton's Cicero.

now nearly a deserted port, with a few wretched houses, was then a large city. It wants an hour to sunset, and I am about starting with one of the officers to walk to Athens.

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Five miles more sacred in history than those between the Piræus and the Acropolis, do not exist in the world. We walked them in about two hours, with a golden sunset at our backs, and the excitement inseparable from an approach to "the eye of Greece," giving elasticity to our steps. Near the Párthenon, which had been glowing in a flood of Saffron light before us, the road separated, and, taking the right, we entered the city by its southern gate. A tall Greek, who was returning from the plains with a gun on his shoulder, led us through the narrow streets of the modern town to a hotel, where a comfortable supper, of which the most attractive circumstance to me was some honey from Hymettus, brought us to bed-time.

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We were standing under the colonnades of the temple of Theseus, the oldest and the best preserved of the antiquities of Athens, at an early hour. We walked around it in wonder. The sun that threw inward the shadows of its beautiful columns, had risen on that eastern porch for more than two thousand years, and it is still the transcendent model of the world. The Parthenon was a copy of it. The now venerable and ruined temples of Rome were built in its proportions when it was already an antiquity. The modern edifices of every civilized nation are considered faulty only as they depart from it. How little dreamed the admirable Grecian, when its proportions rose gradually to his patient thought, that the child of his teeming imagination would be so immortal!

The situation of the Theseion has done much to preserve it. It stands free of the city, while the Parthenon and the other temples of the Acropolis, being within the citadel, have been battered by every assailant, from the Venetian

to the iconoclast and the Turk. It looks at a little distance like a modern structure, its parts are so nearly perfect. It is only on coming close to the columns that you see the stains in the marble to be the corrosion of the long feeding tooth of ages. A young Englishman is buried within the nave of the temple; and the son of Miaulis, said to have been a young man worthy of the best days of Greece, lies in the eastern porch, with the weeds growing rank over his grave.

We passed a handsome portico, standing alone amid a heap of ruins. It was the entrance to the ancient Agora. Here assembled the people of Athens, the constituents and supporters of Pericles, the first possessors of these god-like temples. Here were sown, in the ears of the Athenians, the first seeds of glory and sedition, by patriots and demagogues, in the stirring days of Plataea and Marathon. Here was it first whispered that Aristides had been too long called "the Just," and that Socrates corrupted the youth of Athens. And, for a lighter thought, it was here that the wronged wife of Alcibiades, compelled to come forth publicly and sign her divorce, was snatched up in the arms of her brilliant but dissolute husband, and carried forcibly home, forgiving him, woman-like, with but half a repentance. The feeling with which I read the story when a boy is strangely fresh in my memory.

We hurried on to the Acropolis. The ascent is winding and difficult, and, near the gates, encumbered with marble rubbish. Volumes have been written on the antiquities which exist still within the walls. The greater part of four unrivalled temples are still lifted to the sun by this tall rock in the centre of Athens, the majestic Parthenon, visible over half Greece, towering above all. A Bavarian soldier received our passport at the gate. He was resting the butt of his musket on a superb bas-relief, a fragment from the ruins. How must the blood of a Greek boil to see a barbarian thus set to guard the very sanctuary of his glory!

We stood under the portico of the Parthenon, and looked down on Greece. Right through a broad gap in the

mountains, as if they had been swept away that Athens might be seen, stood the shining Acropolis of Corinth. I strained my eyes to see Diogenes lying under the walls, and Alexander standing in his sunshine. "Sea-born Salamis" was beneath me, but the "ships by thousands" were not there, and the king had vanished from the "rocky brow" with his "men and nations." Egina lay far down the gulf, folded in its blue mist, and I strained my sight to see Aristides wandering in exile on its shore. Mars' Hill was within the sound of my voice, but its Areopagus was deserted of its judges, and the intrepid apostle was gone. The rostrum of Demosthenes, and the academy of Plato, and the banks of the Ilissus, where Socrates and Zeno taught, were all around me; but the wily orator, and the philosopher, "on whose infant lips the bees shed honey as he slept," and he whose death and doctrine have been compared to those of Christ, and the self-denying stoic, were alike departed. Silence and ruin brood over all!

I walked through the nave of the Parthenon, passing a small Turkish mosque (built sacrilegiously by the former Disdar of Athens, within its very sanctuary), and mounted the south-eastern rampart of the Acropolis. Through the plain beneath ran the classic Ilissus, and on its banks stood the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, which I had distinguished with the glass in coming up the Egean. The Ilissus was nearly dry, but a small island covered with verdure divided its waters a short distance above the temple, and near it were distinguishable the foundations of the Lyceum. Aristotle and his Peripatetics ramble there no more. A herd of small Turkish horses were feeding up towards Hymettus, the only trace of life in a valley that was once alive with the brightest of the tides of human existence.

The sun poured into the Acropolis with an intensity I have seldom felt. The morning breeze had died away, and the glare from the bright marble ruins was almost intolerable to the eye. I climbed around over the heaps of fragmented columns, and maimed and fallen statues, to the north-western corner of the citadel, and sat down in the

shade of one of the embrasures to look over towards Plato's Academy. The part of the city below this corner of the wall was the ancient Pelasgicum. It was from the spot where I sat, that Parrhesiades, the fisherman, is represented in Lucian to have angled for philosophers, with a hook baited with gold and figs.

The Academy (to me the most interesting spot of Athens) is still shaded with olive-groves, as in the time of Plato. The Cephissus, whose gentle flow has mingled its murmur with so much sweet philosophy, was hidden from my sight by the numberless trees. I looked towards the spot with inexpressible interest. I had not yet been near enough to dispel the illusion. To me the Academy was still beneath those silvery olives in all its poetic glory. The "Altar of Love" still stood before the entrance; the temple of Prometheus, the sanctuary of the Muses, the statues of Plato and of the Graces, the sacred olive, the tank in the coal gardens, and the tower of the railing Timon, were all there. I could almost have waited till evening to see Epicurus and Leontium, Socrates and Aspasia, returning to Athens.

We passed the Tower of the Winds, the ancient clepsydra or water-clock of Athens, in returning to the hotel. The Eight Winds, sculptured on the octagonal sides, are dressed according to their temperatures, six of them being more or less draped, and the remaining two nude. It is a small marble building more curious than beautiful.

Our way lay through the sultry streets of Modern Athens. I can give you an idea of it in a single sentence. It is a large village of originally mean houses, pulled down to the very cellars, and lying choked in its rubbish. A large square in ruins, after a fire in one of our cities, looks like it. It has been destroyed so often by Turks and Greeks alternately, that scarce one stone is left upon another. The inhabitants thatch over one corner of these wretched and dusty holes with maize-stalks and straw, and live there like beasts. The fineness of the climate makes a roof almost unnecessary for eight months in the year. The consuls and authorities of the place, and the missionaries, have toler-

able houses, but the paths to them are next to impracticable for the rubbish. Nothing but a Turkish horse, which could be ridden up a precipice, would ever pick his way through the streets.

LETTER XII

The "Lantern of Demosthenes"—Byron's Residence in Athens—Temple of Jupiter Olympus—Superstitious Fancy of the Athenians respecting its Ruins—Hermitage of a Greek Monk—Petarches, the Antiquary and Poet, and his Wife, Sister to the "Maid of Athens"—Mutilation of a Basso-relievo by an English Officer—The Elgin Marbles—The Caryatides—Lord Byron's Autograph—The Sliding Stone—A Scene in the Rostrum of Demosthenes.

Sept. 1833.

TOOK A WALK BY SUNSET TO THE ILISSUS. I PASSED, ON THE way, the "Lantern of Demosthenes," a small, octagonal building of marble, adorned with splendid columns and a beautifully-sculptured frieze, in which it is said the orator used to shut himself for a month, with his head half-shaved, to practise his orations. The Franciscan convent, Byron's residence while in Athens, was built adjoining it, it is now demolished. The poet's name is written with his own hand on a marble slab of the wall.

I left the city by the gate of Hadrian, and walked on to the temple of Jupiter Olympus. It crowns a small elevation on the northern bank of the Ilissus. It was once beyond all comparison the largest and most costly building in the world. During seven hundred years it employed the attention of the rulers of Greece, from Pisistratus to Hadrian, and was never quite completed. As a ruin it is the most beautiful object I ever saw. Thirteen columns of Pentelic marble, partly connected by a frieze, are all that remain. They are of the flowery Corinthian order, and sixty feet in height, exclusive of base or capital.

Three perfect columns stand separate from the rest, and lift from the midst of that solitary plain with an effect that,

to my mind, is one of the highest sublimity. The sky might rest on them. They seem made to sustain it. As I lay on the parched grass and gazed on them in the glory of a Grecian sunset, they seemed to me proportioned for a continent. The mountains I saw between them were not designed with more amplitude, nor corresponded more nobly to the sky above.

The people of Athens have a superstitious reverence for these ruins. Dodwell says, "The single column towards the western extremity was thrown down, many years ago, by a Turkish voivode, for the sake of the materials, which were employed in constructing the great mosque of the bazaar. The Athenians relate, that, after it was thrown down, the three others nearest to it were heard to lament the loss of their sister, and these nocturnal lamentations did not cease till the sacrilegious voivode was destroyed by poison."

Two of the columns connected by one immense slab, are surmounted by a small building, now in ruins, but once the hermitage of a Greek monk. Here he passed his life, seventy feet in the air, sustained by two of the most graceful columns of Greece. A basket, lowered by a line, was filled by the pious every morning, but the romantic eremite was never seen. With the lofty Acropolis crowned with temples just beyond him, the murmuring Ilissus below, the thyme-covered sides of Hymettus to the south, and the blue Ægean stretching away to the west, his eye, at least, could never tire. There are times when I could envy him his lift above the world.

I descended to the Fountain of Callirhoë, which gushes from beneath a rock in the bed of the Ilissus, just below the temple. It is the scene of the death of the lovely nymph-mother of Ganymede. The twilight air was laden with the fragrant thyme, and the songs of the Greek labourers returning from the fields came faintly over the plains. Life seems too short when every breath is a pleasure. I loitered about the clear and rocky lip of the fountain till the pool below reflected the stars in its trembling bosom. The lamps began to twinkle in Athens, Hesperus rose over

Mount Pentelicus like a blazing lamp, the sky over Salamis faded down to the sober tint of night, and the columns of the Parthenon mingled into a single mass of shade. And so, I thought, as I strolled back to the city, concludes a day in Athens—one, at least, in my life, for which it is worth the trouble to have lived.

I was again in the Acropolis the following morning. Mr. Hill had kindly given me a note to Petarches, the king's antiquary, a young Athenian, who married the sister of the maid of Athens.¹ We went together through the ruins. They have lately made new excavations, and some superb *bassi-relievi* are among the discoveries. One of them represented a procession leading victims to sacrifice, and was quite the finest thing I ever saw. The leading figure was a superb female, from the head of which the nose had lately been barbarously broken. The face of the enthusiastic antiquary flushed while I was lamenting it.

For my own part, I cannot conceive the motive for carrying away a fragment of a statue or a column. I should as soon think of drawing a tooth as a specimen of some beautiful woman I had seen in my travels. And how one dare show such a theft to any person of taste, is quite as singular. Even when a whole column or statue is carried away, its main charm is gone with the association of the place. I venture to presume, that no person of classic feeling ever saw Lord Elgin's marbles without execrating the folly that could bring them from their bright native sky.

The Erechtheion and the adjoining temple are gems of architecture. The small portico of the caryatides (female figures, in the place of columns, with their hands on their hips) must have been one of the most exquisite things in Greece. One of them (fallen in consequence of Lord Elgin's removal of the sister statue) lies headless on the ground, and the remaining ones are badly mutilated, but they are very, very beautiful. I remember two in the

¹ Byron says of these three girls in one of his letters to Dr. Drury: "I almost forgot to tell you, that I am dying for love of three Greek girls, at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Marianna, and Katinka, are the names of these divinities—all under fifteen."

Villa Albani at Rome, brought from some other temple in Greece, and considered the choicest gems of the gallery.

We climbed up to the sanctuary of the Erechtheion, in which stood the altars to the two elements to which the temples were dedicated. The sculpture around the cornices is still so sharp, that it might have been finished yesterday. The young antiquary alluded to Byron's anathema against Lord Elgin, in "Childe Harold," and showed me, on the inside of the capital of one of the columns, the place where the poet had written his name. It was simply "Byron," in small letters, and would not be noticed by an ordinary observer.

If the lover, as the poet sings, was jealous of the star his mistress gazed upon, the sister of the "Maid of Athens" may well be jealous of the Parthenon. Petarches looks at it and talks of it with a fever in his eyes. I could not help smiling at his enthusiasm. He is about twenty-five, of a slender person, with downcast, melancholy eyes, and looks the poet according to the most received standard. His reserved manners melted towards me on discovering that I knew our countryman, Dr. Howe, who, he tells me, was his groomsmen (or the corresponding assistant at a Greek wedding), and to whom he seems, in common with all his countrymen, warmly attached. To a man of his taste, I can conceive nothing more gratifying than his appointment to the care of the Acropolis. He spends his day there with his book, attending the few travellers who come; and when the temples are deserted, he sits down in the shadow of a column, and reads amid the silence of the ruins he almost worships. There are few vocations in this envious world so separated from the jarring passions of our nature.

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Passed the morning on horseback, visiting the antiquities without the city. Turning by the temple of Theseus, we crossed Mars' Hill, the seat of the Arcopagus, and, passing a small valley, ascended the Pnyx. On the right of the

path we observed the rock of the hill worn to the polish of enamel by friction. It was an almost perpendicular descent of six or seven feet, and steps were cut at the sides to mount to the top. It is the famous *sliding stone*, believed by the Athenians to possess the power of determining the sex of unborn children. The preference of sons, if the polish of the stone is to be trusted, is universal in Greece.

The rostrum of Demosthenes was above us on the side of the hill facing from the sea. A small platform is cut into the rock, and on either side a seat is hewn out, probably for the distinguished men of the State. The audience stood on the side hill, and the orator and his listeners were in the open air. An older rostrum is cut into the summit of the hill facing the sea. It is said that when the maritime commerce of Greece began to enrich the lower classes, the Thirty Tyrants turned the rostrum towards the land, lest their orators should point to the ships of the Piræus, and remind the people of their power.

Scene after scene swept through my fancy as I stood on the spot. I saw Demosthenes, after his first unsuccessful oration, descending with a dejected air towards the temple of Theseus, followed by old Eunomas, abandoning himself to despair, and repressing the fiery consciousness within him as a hopeless ambition. I saw him again with the last glowing period of a Philippic on his lips, standing on this rocky eminence, his arm stretched towards Macedon, his eye flashing with success, and his ear catching the low murmur of the crowd below, which told him he had moved his country as with the heave of an earthquake. I saw the calm Aristides rise, with his mantle folded majestically about him; and the handsome Alcibiades waiting with a smile on his lips to speak; and Socrates gazing on his wild but winning disciple with affection and fear. How easily is this bare rock, whereon the eagle now alights unafrighted, re-peopled with the crowding shadows of the past!

LETTER. XIII

The Prison of Socrates—Turkish Stirrups and Saddles—Plato's Academy—The American Missionary School at Athens—The Son of Petarches, and Nephew of "Mrs. Black of Egina."

Sept. 10, 1833.

ATHENS.—WE DISMOUNTED AT THE DOOR OF SOCRATES' prison. A hill between the Areopagus and the sea is crowned with the remains of a showy monument to a Roman proconsul. Just beneath it, the hill forms a low precipice, and in the face of it you see three low entrances to caverns hewn in the solid rock. The farthest to the right was the room of the Athenian guard, and within it is a chamber with a round ceiling, which the sage occupied during the thirty days of his imprisonment. There are marks of an iron door which separated it from the guard-room, and through the bars of this he refused the assistance of his friends to escape, and held those conversations with Crito, Plato, and others, which have made his name immortal. On the day upon which he was doomed to die, he was removed to the chamber nearest the Acropolis, and here the hemlock was presented to him. A shallower excavation between held an altar to the gods; and after his death, his body was here given to his friends.

Nothing, except some of the touching narrations of Scripture, ever seemed to be so affecting as the history of the death of Socrates. It has been likened (I think, not profanely) to that of Christ. His virtuous life, his belief in the immortality of the soul, and a future state of reward and punishment, his forgiveness of his enemies, and his godlike death, certainly prove him, in the absence of revealed light, to have walked the "darkling path of human reason" with an almost inspired rectitude. I stood in the chamber which had received his last breath, not without emotion. The rocky walls about me had witnessed his composure as he received the cup from his weeping jailer: the roughly-hewn floor beneath my feet had sustained him, as he walked to and fro, till the poison had chilled his limbs;

his last sigh, as he covered his head with his mantle and expired, passed forth by that low portal. It is not easy to be indifferent on spots like these. The spirit of the place is felt. We cannot turn back and touch the brighter links of that "fleshly chain," in which all human beings since the Creation have been bound alike, without feeling, even through the rusty coil of ages, the electric sympathy. Socrates died here! The great human leap into eternity, the inevitable calamity of our race, was here taken more nobly than elsewhere. Whether the effect be to "fright us from the shore," or to nerve us, by the example, to look more steadily before us, a serious thought, almost of course a salutary one, lurks in the very air.

We descended the hill and galloped our small Turkish horses at a stirring pace over the plain. The short stirrup and high-peaked saddle of the country are (at least to men of my length of limb) uncomfortable contrivances. With the knees almost up to the chin, one is compelled, of course, to lean far over the horse's head, and it requires all the fulness of Turkish trousers to conceal the awkwardness of the positions. We drew rein at the entrance of the "olive-grove." Our horses walked leisurely along the shaded path between the trees, and we arrived in a few minutes at the site of Plato's Academy. The more ethereal portion of my pleasure in seeing it must be in the recollection. The Cephissus was dry, the noon-day sun was hot, and we were glad to stop, with throbbing temples, under a cluster of fig-trees, and eat the delicious fruit, forgetting all the philosophers incontinently. We sat in our saddles, and a Greek woman of gréat natural beauty, though dressed in rags, bent down the boughs to our reach. The honey from the over-ripe figs dropped upon us as the wind shook the branches. Our dark-eyed and bright-lipped Pomona served us with a grace and cheerfulness that would draw me often to the neighbourhood of the Academy if I lived in Athens. I venture to believe that Phryne herself, in so mean a dress, would scarce have been more attractive. We kissed our hands to her as our spirited horses leaped the hollow with which the trees were encircled, and pas-

sing the mound sacred to the Furies, where Œdipus was swallowed up, dashed over the sultry plain once more, and were soon in Athens.

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I have passed most of my leisure hours here in a scene I certainly did not reckon in anticipation, among the pleasures of a visit to Athens—the American missionary school. We have all been delighted with it, from the commodore to the youngest midshipman. Mr. and Mrs. Hill have been here some four or five years, and have attained their present degree of success in the face of every difficulty. Their whole number of scholars from the commencement has been upwards of three hundred; at present they have a hundred and thirty, mostly girls.

We found the school in a new and spacious stone building on the site of the ancient "market," where Paul, on his visit to Athens, "disputed daily with those that met with him." A large court-yard, shaded partly with a pomegranate tree, separates it from the marble portico of the Agora, which is one of the finest remains of antiquity. Mrs. Hill was in the midst of the little Athenians. Two or three serious-looking Greek girls were assisting her in regulating their movements, and the new and admirable system of combined instruction and amusement was going on swimmingly. There were, perhaps, a hundred children on the benches, mostly from three to six or eight years of age, dark-eyed, cheerful little creatures, who looked as if their "birthright of the golden grasshopper" had made them Nature's favourites as certainly as in the days when their ancestor-mothers settled questions of philosophy. They marched and recited, and clapped their sunburnt hands, and sang hymns, and I thought I never had seen a more gratifying spectacle. I looked around in vain for one who seemed discontented or weary. Mrs. Hill's manner to them was most affectionate. She governs, literally, with a smile.

I selected several little favourites. One was a fine fellow of two to three years, whose name I inquired immediately.

He was Plato Petarches, the nephew of the "Maid of Athens," and the son of the second of the three girls so admired by Lord Byron. Another was a girl of six or seven, with a face surpassing, for expressive beauty, that of any child I ever saw. She was a Hydriote by birth, and dressed in the costume of the islands. Her little feet were in Greek slippers; her figure was prettily set off with an open jacket, laced with buttons from the shoulder to the waist, and her head was enveloped in a figured handkerchief, folded gracefully in the style of a turban, and brought under her chin, so as to show suspended a rich metallic fringe. Her face was full, but marked with childish dimples, and her mouth and eyes, as beautiful as ever those expressive features were made, had a retiring seriousness in them, indescribably sweet. She looked as if she had been born in some scene of Turkish devastation, and had brought her mother's heartache into the world.

At noon, at the sound of a bell, they marched out, clapping their hands in time to the instructor's voice, and seated themselves in order upon the portico, in front of the school. Here their baskets were given them, and each one produced her dinner and ate it with the utmost propriety. It was really a beautiful scene.

It is to be remembered that here is educated a class of human beings who were else deprived of instruction by the universal custom of their country. The females of Greece are suffered to grow up in ignorance. One who can read and write is rarely found. The school has commenced fortunately at the most favourable moment. The government was in process of change, and an innovation was unnoticed in the confusion that at a later period might have been opposed by the prejudices of custom. The king and the president of the regency, Count Armansberg, visited the school frequently during their stay in Athens, and expressed their thanks to Mrs. Hill warmly. The Countess Armansberg called repeatedly to have the pleasure of sitting in the schoolroom for an hour. His Majesty, indeed, could hardly find a more useful subject

in his realm. Mrs. Hill, with her own personal efforts, has taught more than one hundred children to read the Bible. How few of us can write against our names an equal offset to the claims of human duty!

Circumstances made me acquainted with one or two wealthy persons residing in Athens, and I received from them a strong impression of Mr. Hill's usefulness and high standing. His house is the hospitable resort of every stranger of intelligence and respectability.

I passed my last evening among the magnificent ruins on the banks of the Ilissus. The next day was occupied in returning visits to the families who had been polite to us, and, with a farewell of unusual regret to our estimable missionary friends, we started on horseback to return by a gloomy sunset to the Piræus. I am looking more for the amusing than the useful, in my rambles about the world; and I confess I should not have gone far out of my way to visit a missionary station anywhere. But chance has thrown this of Athens across my path, and I record it as a moral spectacle to which no thinking person could be indifferent. I freely say I never have met with an equal number of my fellow-creatures, who seemed to me so indisputably and purely useful. The most cavilling mind must applaud their devoted sense of duty, bearing up against exile from country and friends, privations, trial of patience, and the many, many ills inevitable to such an errand in a foreign land, while even the coldest politician would find in their efforts the best promise for an enlightened renovation of Greece. .

Long after the twilight thickened immediately about us, the lofty Acropolis stood up, bathed in a glow of light from the lingering sunset. I turned back to gaze upon it with an enthusiasm I had thought laid on the shelf with my half-forgotten classics. The intrinsic beauty of the ruins of Greece, the loneliness of their situation, and the divine climate in which, to use Byron's expression, they are "buried," invest them with an interest which surrounds no other antiquities in the world. I rode on, repeating to myself Milton's beautiful description:

Look! on the Egean shore a city stands
 Built nobly; pure the air and light the soil;
 Athens—the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence; native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks or shades.
 See, there the olive-groves of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
 There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmurs, oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream; within the walls there view
 The schools of ancient sages, his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world!

LETTER XIV

The Piræus—The Sacra Via—Ruins of Eleusis—Gigantic Medallion
 —Costume of the Athenian Women—The Tomb of Themistocles—
 The Temple of Minerva.

Sept. 1833.

PIRÆUS.—WITH A BASKET OF HAM AND CLARET IN THE stern-sheets, a cool awning over our heads, and twelve men at the oars, such as the coxswain of Themistocles' galley might have sighed for, we pulled away from the ship at an early hour, for Eleusis. The conqueror of Salamis delayed the battle for the ten-o'clock breeze; and as Nature (which should be called *he* instead of *she*, for her constancy) still ruffles the Ægean at the same hour, we had a calm sea through the strait where once lay the "ships by thousands."

We soon rounded the point, and shot along under the

Rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis.

It is a bare, bold precipice, a little back from the sea, and

commands an entire view of the strait. Here sat Xerxes, "on his throne of gold,¹ with many secretaries about him to write down the particulars of the action." The Athenians owed their victory to the wisdom of Themistocles, who managed to draw the Persians into the strait (scarce a cannon-shot across just here), where only a small part of their immense fleet could act at one time. The wind, as the wily Greek had foreseen, rose at the same time, and rendered the lofty-built Persian ships unmanageable; while the Athenian galleys, cut low to the water, were easily brought into action in the most advantageous position. It is impossible to look upon this beautiful and lovely spot, and imagine the stirring picture it presented. The wild sea-bird knows no lonelier place. Yet on that rock once sat the son of Darius, with his royal purple floating to the wind, and, below him, within these rocky limits, lay "one thousand two hundred ships of war, and two thousand transports," while behind him, on the shores of the Piræus, were encamped "seven hundred thousand foot and four hundred thousand horse"—"amounting," says Potter in his notes, "with the retinue of women and servants that attended the Asiatic princes in their military expeditions, to more than five millions." How like a king must the royal Persian have felt, when

He counted them at break of day!

With an hour or two of fast pulling, we opened into the broad bay of Eleusis. The first Sabbath after the Creation could not have been more absolutely silent. Megara was away on the left, Eleusis before us at the distance of four or five miles, and the broad plains where agriculture was first taught by Triptolemus, the poetical home of Ceres, lay an utter desert in the sunshine. Behind us, between the mountains, descended the Sacra Via, by which the procession came from Athens to celebrate the Eleusinian

¹ So says Phanodemus, quoted by Plutarch. The commentators upon the tragedy of Æschylus on this subject say it was a "silver chair," and that it "was afterwards placed in the temple of Minerva at Athens, with the golden-hilted cimeter of Mardonius."

Mysteries—a road of five or six miles, lined, in the time of Pericles, with temples and tombs. I could half fancy the scene as it was presented to the eyes of the invading Macedonians—when the procession of priests and virgins, accompanied by the whole population of Athens, wound down into the plain, guarded by the shining spears of the army of Alcibiades. It is still doubtful, I believe, whether these imposing ceremonies were the pure observances of a lofty and sincere superstition, or the orgies of a licentious Saturnalia.

We landed at Eleusis, and were immediately surrounded by a crowd of people, as simple and curious in their manners, and resembling somewhat, in their dress and complexion, the Indians of our country. The ruins of a great city lay about us, and their huts were built promiscuously among them. Magnificent fragments of columns and blocks of marble interrupted the path through the village, and between two of the houses lay, half buried, a gigantic medallion of Pentelic marble, representing, in *alto rilievo*, the body and head of a warrior in full armour. A hundred men would move it with difficulty. Commodore Patterson attempted it six years ago in the *Constitution*, but his launch was found unequal to its weight.

The people here gathered more closely around the ladies of our party, examining their dress with childish curiosity. They were doubtless the first females ever seen at Eleusis in European costume. One of the ladies happening to pull off her glove, there was a general cry of astonishment. The brown kid had clearly been taken as the colour of the hand. Some curiosity was then shown to see their faces, which were covered with thick green veils, as a protection against the sun. The sight of their complexions (in any country remarkable for a dazzling whiteness) completed the astonishment of these children of Ceres.

We, on our part, were scarcely less amused with their costumes in turn. Over the petticoat was worn a loose jacket of white cloth reaching to the knee, and open in front—its edges and sleeves wrought very tastefully with red cord. The head-dress was composed entirely of money.

A fillet of gold sequins was first put, *à la feronière*, around the forehead, and a close cap, with a throat-piece like the gorget of a helmet, fitted the skull exactly, stitched with coins of all values, folded over each other according to their sizes, like scales. The hair was then braided, and fell down the back, loaded also with money. Of the fifty or sixty women we saw, I should think one half had money on her head to the amount of from one to two hundred dollars. They suffered us to examine them with perfect good humour. The greater proportion of pieces were *paras*, a small and thin Turkish coin of very small value. Among the larger pieces were dollars of all nations, five-franc pieces, Sicilian piastres, Tuscan colonati, Venetian swansicas, etc. I doubted much whether they were not the collections of some piratical caïque. There is no possibility of either spending or getting money within many miles of Eleusis, and it seemed to be looked upon as an ornament which they had come too lightly by to know its use.

We walked over the foundations of several large temples, with the remains of their splendour lying unvalued about them, and at half a mile from the village came to the "well of Proserpine," whence, say the poets, the ravished daughter of Ceres emerged from the infernal regions on her visits to her mother. The modern Eleusinians know it only as a well of the purest water.

On our return we stopped at the southern point of the Piræus, to see the tomb of Themistocles. We were directed to it by thirteen or fourteen frustra of enormous columns, which once formed the monument to his memory. They buried him close to the edge of the sea, opposite Salamis. The continual beat of the waves for so many hundred years has worn away the promontory, and his sarcophagus, which was laid in a grave cut in the solid rock, is now filled by every swell from the Ægean. The old hero was brought back from his exile to be gloriously buried. He could not lie better for the repose of his spirit (if it returned with his bones from Argos). The sea on which he beat the haughty Persians with his handful of galleys sends every wave to his feet. The hollows in the rock around his grave

are full of snowy salt left by the evaporation. You might scrape up a bushel within six feet of him. It seems a natural tribute to his memory.¹

On a high and lonely rock, stretching out into the midst of the sea, stands a solitary temple. As far as the eye can reach, along the coast of Attica and to the distant isles, there is no sign of human habitation. There it stands, lifted into the blue sky of Greece, like the unreal "fabric of a vision."

Cape Colonna and its "temple of Minerva" were familiar to my memory, but my imagination had pictured nothing half so beautiful. As we approached it from the sea, it seemed so strangely out of place, even for a ruin, so far removed from what had ever been the haunt of man, that I scarce credited my eyes. We could soon count them—thirteen columns of sparkling marble, glittering in the sun. The sea-air keeps them spotlessly white, and, until you approach them nearly, they have the appearance of a structure, from its freshness, still in the sculptor's hands.

The boat was lowered, and the ship lay off-and-on while we landed near the rocks where Falconer was shipwrecked, and mounted to the temple. The summit of the promontory is strewn with the remains of the fallen columns, and their smooth surfaces are thickly inscribed with the names of travellers. Among others, I noticed Byron's and Hobhouse's. Byron, by the way, mentions having narrowly escaped robbery here, by a band of Mainote pirates. He was surprised, swimming off the point, by an English vessel containing some ladies of his acquaintance. He concludes the "Isles of Greece" beautifully with an allusion to it by its ancient name:

Place me 'on Sunium's marbled steep, etc.

The view from the summit is one of the finest in all Greece. The isle where Plato was sold as a slave, and where Aristides and Demosthenes passed their days in

¹ Langhorne says in his notes on Plutarch, "There is the genuine *Attic salt* in most of the retorts and observations of Themistocles. His wit seems to have been equal to his military and political capacity."

exile, stretches along the west; the wide Ægean, sprinkled with here and there a solitary rock, herbless but beautiful in its veil of mist, spreads away from its feet to the southern line of the horizon, and crossing each other almost imperceptibly on the light winds of this summer sea, the red-sailed caique of Greece, the merchantmen from the Dardanelles, and the heavy men-of-war of England and France, cruising wherever the wind blows fairest, are seen like broad-winged and solitary birds, lying low with spread pinions upon the waters. The place touched me. I shall remember it with an affection.

There is a small island close to Sunium, which was fortified by one of the heroes of the Iliad on his return from Troy—why, Heaven only knows. It was here, too, that Phrontes, the pilot of Menelaus, died and was buried.

We returned on board after an absence of two hours from the ship, and are steering now straight for the Dardanelles. The plains of Marathon are but a few hours north of our course, and I pass them unwillingly; but what is there one would not see? Greece lies behind, and I have realized one of my dearest dreams in rambling over its ruins. Travel is an appetite that “grows by what it feeds on.”

LETTER XV

Mitylene—The Tomb of Achilles—Turkish Burying-ground—Lost Reputation of the Scamander—Asiatic Sunsets—Visit to a Turkish Bey—The Castles of the Dardanelles—Turkish Bath, and its Consequences.

Sept. 1833.

LESBOS TO WINDWARD. A CAIQUE, CROWDED WITH people, is running across our bow, all hands singing a wild chorus (perhaps the *Lesboun carmen*) most merrily. The island is now called Mitylene, said to be the greenest and most fertile of the Mediterranean. The Lesbian wine is

still good, but they have had no poetesses since Sappho. Cause and effect have quarrelled, one would think.

Tenedos on the lee. The tomb of Achilles is distinguishable with the glass on the coast of Asia. The column which Alexander "crowned and anointed, and danced around naked," in honour of the hero's ghost, stands above it no longer. The Macedonian wept over Achilles, says the school-book, and envied him the blind bard who had sung his deeds. He would have dried his tears if he had known that his *pas seul* would be remembered as long.

Tenedos seems a pretty island as we near it. It was here that the Greeks hid, to persuade the Trojans that they had abandoned the siege, while the wooden horse was wheeled into Troy. The site of the city of Priam is visible as we get nearer the coast of Asia. Mount Ida and the marshy valley of the Scamander, are appearing beyond Cape Sigæum, and we shall anchor in an hour between Europe and Asia, in the mouth of the rapid Dardanelles. The wind is not strong enough to stem the current that sets down like a mill-race from the sea of Marmora.

Went ashore on the Asian side for a ramble. We landed at the strong Turkish castle that, with another on the European side, defends the strait, and, passing under their bristling batteries, entered the small Turkish town in the rear. Our appearance excited a great deal of curiosity. The Turks, who were sitting cross-legged on the broad benches, extending like a tailor's board, in front of the *cafés*, stopped smoking as we passed, and the women, wrapping up their own faces more closely, approached the ladies of our party and lifted their veils to look at them with the freedom of our friends at Eleusis. We came unawares upon two squalid wretches of women in turning a corner, who pulled their ragged shawls over their heads with looks of the greatest resentment at having exposed their faces to us.

A few minutes' walk brought us outside of the town. An extensive Turkish grave-yard lay on the left. Between fig-trees and blackberry bushes it was a green spot, and the low tombstones of the men, crowned each with a turban

carved in marble of the shape befitting the sleeper's rank, peered above the grass like a congregation sitting in a uniform head-dress at a field preaching. Had it not been for the female graves, which were marked with a slab like ours, and here and there the tombstone of a Greek, carved after the antique, in the shape of a beautiful shell, the effect of an *assemblage sur l'herbe* would have been ludicrously perfect.

We walked on to the Scamander. A rickety bridge gave us a passage, toll free, to the other side, where we sat round the rim of a marble well, and ate delicious grapes stolen for us by a Turkish boy from a near vineyard. Six or seven camels were feeding on the uninclosed plain, picking a mouthful and then lifting their long, snaky necks into the air to swallow; a stray horseman, with the head of his bridle decked with red tassels, and his knees up to his chin, scoured the bridle path to the mountains; and three devilish-looking buffaloes scratched their hides and rolled up their fiendish green eyes under a bramble-hedge near the river.

The poets lie, or the Scamander is as treacherous as Macassar. Venus bathed in its waters before contending for the prize of beauty, adjudged to her on this very Mount Ida that I see covered with brown grass in the distance. Her hair became "flowing gold" in the lavation. My friends compliment me upon no change after a similar experiment. My long locks (run riot with a four months' cruise) are as dingy and untractable as ever, and, except in the increased brownness of a Mediterranean complexion, the cracked glass in the state-room of my friend the lieutenant gives me no encouragement of a change. It is soft water, and runs over fine white sand; but the fountain of Callirhoë, at Athens (she was the daughter of the Scamander, and, like most daughters, is much more attractive than her papa) is softer and clearer. Perhaps the loss of the Scamander's *virtues* is attributable to the cessation of the tribute paid to the god in Helen's time.

The twilights in this part of the world are unparalleled—but I have described twilights and sunsets in Greece and

Italy till I am ashamed to write the words. Each one comes as if there never had been and never were to be another; and the adventures of the day, however stirring, are half forgotten in its glory, and seem, in comparison, unworthy of description; but one look at the terms that might describe it, written on paper, uncharms even the remembrance. You must come to Asia and *feel* sunsets. You cannot get them by paying postage.

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At anchor, waiting for a wind. Called to-day on the Bey Effendi, commander of the two castles "Europe" and "Asia," between which we lie. A pokerish-looking dwarf, with ragged beard and high turban, and a tall Turk, who I am sure never smiled since he was born, kicked off their slippers at the threshold, and ushered us into a chamber on the second story. It was a luxurious little room lined completely with cushions, the muslin-covered pillows of down leaving only a place for the door. The divan was as broad as a bed, and, save the difficulty of rising from it, it was perfect as a lounge. A ceiling of inlaid woods, embrowned with smoke, windows of small panes fantastically set, and a place lower than the floor for the attendants to stand and leave their slippers, were all that was peculiar else.

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The bey entered in a few minutes with a pipe-bearer, an interpreter, and three or four attendants. He was a young man, about twenty, and excessively handsome. A clear, olive complexion; a moustache of silky black; a thin, aquiline nose, with almost transparent nostrils; cheeks and chin rounded into a perfect oval, and mouth and eyes expressive of the most resolute firmness, and, at the same time, girlishly beautiful, completed the picture of the finest looking fellow I have seen within my recollection. His person was very slight, and his feet and hands small, and particularly well-shaped. Like most of his countrymen of latter years, his dress was half European, and much less becoming, of course, than the turban and trouser. Panta-

loons, rather loose; a light fawn-coloured short jacket; a red cap, with a blue tassel; and stockings, without shoes, were enough to give him the appearance of a dandy half through his toilet. He entered with an indolent step, bowed, without smiling, and throwing one of his feet under him, sank down upon the divan, and beckoned for his pipe. The Turk in attendance kicked off his slippers, and gave him the long tube with its amber mouthpiece, setting the bowl into a basin in the centre of the room. The bey put it to his handsome lips, and drew till the smoke mounted to the ceiling, and then handed it, with a graceful gesture, to the commodore.

The conversation went on through two interpretations. The bey's interpreter spoke Greek and Turkish, and the ship's pilot who accompanied us, spoke Greek and English, and the usual expressions of good feeling and offers of mutual service were thus passed between the puffs of the pipe with sufficient facility. The dwarf soon after entered with coffee. The small gilded cups had about the capacity of a goodwife's thimble, and were covered with gold tops to retain the aroma. The fragrance of the rich berry filled the room. We acknowledged, at once, the superiority of the Turkish manner of preparing it. It is excessively strong, and drunk without milk. I looked into every corner while the attendants were removing the cups, but could see no trace of a *book*. Ten or twelve guns, with stocks inlaid with pearl and silver, two or three pair of gold-handled pistols, and a superb Turkish cimeter and belt, hung upon the walls, but there was no other furniture. We rose, after a half-hour's visit, and were bowed out by the handsome Effendi, coldly and politely. As we passed under the walls of the castle, on the way to the boat, we saw six or seven women, probably a part of his harem, peeping from the embrasures of one of the bastions. Their heads were wrapped in white; one eye only left visible. It was easy to imagine them Zuleikas after having seen their master.

Went ashore at Castle Europe, with one or two of the officers, to take a bath. An old Turk, sitting upon his hams, at the entrance, pointed to the low door at his side,

without looking at us, and we descended, by a step or two, into a vaulted hall, with a large, circular ottoman in the centre, and a very broad divan all around. Two tall young mussulmen, with only turbans and waistcloths to conceal their natural proportions, assisted us to undress, and led us into a stone room, several degrees warmer than the first. We walked about here for a few minutes, and as we began to perspire, were taken into another, filled with hot vapour, and, for the first moment or two almost intolerable. It was shaped like a dome, with twenty or thirty small windows at the top, several basins at the sides into which hot water was pouring, and a raised stone platform in the centre, upon which we were all requested, by gestures, to lie upon our backs. The perspiration at this time was pouring from us like rain. I lay down with the others, and a Turk, a dark-skinned, fine-looking fellow, drew on a mitten of rough grass cloth, and, laying one hand upon my breast to hold me steady, commenced rubbing me, without water, violently. The skin peeled off under the friction, and I thought he must have rubbed into the flesh repeatedly. Nothing but curiosity to go through the regular operation of a Turkish bath prevented my crying out "Enough!" He rubbed away, turning me from side to side, till the rough glove passed smoothly all over my body and limbs, and then, handing me a pair of wooden slippers, suffered me to rise. I walked about for a few minutes, looking with surprise at the rolls of skin he had taken off, and feeling almost transparent as the hot air blew upon me.

In a few minutes my mussulman beckoned to me to follow him to a smaller room, where he seated me on a stone beside a font of hot water. He then made some thick soap-suds in a basin, and, with a handful of fine flax, soaped and rubbed me all over again, and a few dashes of the hot water, from a wooden saucer, completed the bath.

The next room, which had seemed so warm on our entrance, was now quite chilly. We remained here until we were dry, and then returned to the hall in which our clothes were left, where beds were prepared on the divans, and we were covered in warm cloths, and left to our

repose. The disposition to sleep was almost irresistible. We rose in a short time, and went to the coffee-house opposite, when a cup of strong coffee, and a hookah smoked through a highly ornamented glass bubbling with water, refreshed us deliciously.

I have had ever since a feeling of suppleness and lightness, which is like wings growing at my feet. It is certainly a very great luxury, though, unquestionably, most enervating as a habit.

LETTER XVI

A Turkish Pic-nic on the Plain of Troy—Fingers *versus* Forks.

DARDANELLES.—THE ODDEST INVITATION I EVER HAD IN my life was from a Turkish bey to a *fête champêtre* on the ruins of Troy! We have just returned, full of wassail and pillaw, by the light of an Asian moon.

The morning was such a one as you would expect in the country where mornings were first made. The sun was clear, but the breeze was fresh, and, as we sat on the bey's soft divans, taking coffee before starting, I turned my cheek to the open window and confessed the blessing of existence.

We were sixteen, from the ship, and our host was attended by his interpréter, the general of his troops, the governor of Bournabashi (the name of the Turkish town near Troy), and a host of attendants on foot and horseback. His cook had been sent forward at daylight with the provisions.

The handsome bey came to the door, and helped to mount us upon his own horses, and we rode off with the whole population of the village assembled to see our departure. We forded the Scamander, near the town, and pushed on at a hard gallop over the plain. The bey soon overtook us upon a fleet grey mare, caparisoned with red

trappings, holding an umbrella over his head, which he courteously offered to the commodore on coming up. We followed a grass path, without hill or stone, for nine or ten miles, and after having passed one or two hamlets, with their open threshing-floors, and crossed the Simois, with the water to our saddle-girths, we left a slight rising ground by a sudden turn, and descended to a cluster of trees, where the Turks sprang from their horses, and made signs for us to dismount.

It was one of Nature's drawing-rooms. Thickets of brush and willows enclosed a fountain, whose clear waters were confined in a tank formed of marble slabs from the neighbouring ruins. A spreading tree above, and soft meadow grass to its very tip, left nothing to wish but friends and a quiet mind to perfect its beauty. The cook's fires were smoking in the thicket; the horses were grazing without saddle or bridle in the pasture below, and we lay down upon the soft Turkish carpets, spread beneath the trees, and reposed from our fatigues for an hour.

The interpreter came when the sun had slanted a little across the trees, and invited us to the bey's gardens hard by. A path, overshadowed with wild brush, led us round the little meadow to a gate, close to the fountain-head of the Scamander. One of the common cottages of the country stood upon the left, and in front of it a large arbour, covered with a grape vine, was underlaid with cushions and carpets. Here we reclined, and coffee was brought us with baskets of grapes, figs, quinces, and pomegranates, the bey and his officers waiting on us themselves with amusing assiduity. The people of the house, meantime, were sent to the fields for green corn, which was roasted for us, and this with nuts, wine, and conversation, and a ramble to the source of the Simois, which bursts from a cleft in the rock very beautifully, whiled away the hours till dinner.

About four o'clock we returned to the fountain. A white muslin cloth was laid upon the grass between the edge and the overshadowing tree, and all around it were spread the carpets upon which we were to recline while eating. Wine

and melons were cooling in the tank, and plates of honey and grapes, and new-made butter (a great luxury in the Archipelago), stood on the marble rim. The dinner might have fed Priam's army. Half a lamb, turkeys and chickens, were the principal meats, but there was, besides, "a rabble rout" of made dishes, peculiar to the country, of ingredients at which I could not hazard even a conjecture.

We crooked our legs under us with some awkwardness, and, producing our knives and forks (which we had brought with the advice of the interpreter), commenced, somewhat abated in appetite by too liberal a lunch. The bey and his officers sitting upright, with their feet under them, pinched off bits of meat dexterously with the thumb and forefinger, passing from one to the other a dish of rice, with a large spoon, which all used indiscriminately. It is odd that eating with the fingers seemed only disgusting to me in the bey. His European dress probably made the peculiarity more glaring. The fat old governor who sat beside me was greased to the elbows, and his long grey beard was studded with rice and drops of gravy to his girdle. He rose when the meats were removed, and waddled off to the stream below, where a wash in the clean water made him once more a presentable person.

It is a Turkish custom to rise and retire while the dishes are changing, and, after a little ramble through the meadow, we returned to a lavish spread of fruits and honey, which concluded the repast.

It is doubted where Troy stood. The reputed site is a rising ground, near the fountain of Bournabashi, to which we strolled after dinner. We found nothing but quantities of fragments of columns, believed by antiquaries to be the ruins of a city that sprung up and died long since Troy.

We mounted and rode home by a round moon, whose light filled the air like a dust of phosphoric silver. The plains were in a glow with it. Our Indian summer nights, beautiful as they are, give you no idea of an Asian moon.

The bey's rooms were lit, and we took coffee with him

once more, and, fatigued with pleasure and excitement, got to our boats, and pulled up against the arrowy current of the Dardanelles to the frigate.

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LETTER XVII

The Dardanelles—Visit from the Pasha—His Delight at hearing the Piano—Turkish Fountains—Caravan of Mules laden with Grapes—Turkish Mode of Living; Houses; Cafés; and Women—The Mosque and the Muezzin.

COAST OF ASIA.—WE HAVE LAIN IN THE MOUTH OF THE Dardanelles sixteen mortal days, waiting for a wind. Like Don Juan (who passed here on his way to Constantinople),

Another time we might have liked to see 'em,
But now are not much pleased with Cape Sigæum.

An occasional trip with the boats to the watering-place, a Turkish bath, and a stroll in the bazaar of the town behind the castle, gazing with a glass at the tombs of Ajax and Achilles, and the long, undulating shores of Asia, eating often and sleeping much, are the only appliances to our philosophy. One cannot always be thinking of Hero and Leander, though he lie in the Hellespont.

A merchant brig from Smyrna is anchored just astern of us, waiting like ourselves for this eternal north-easter to blow itself out. She has forty or fifty passengers for Constantinople, among whom are the wife of an American merchant (a Greek lady), and Mr. Schauffler, a missionary, in whom I recognized a quondam fellow-student. They were nearly starved out on board the brig, as she was provisioned but for a few days, and the commodore has courteously offered them a passage in the frigate. Fifty or sixty sail lie below Castle Europe, in the same predicament. With the "cap of King Ericus," this cruising,

pleasant as it is, would be a thought pleasanter to my fancy.

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Still wind-bound. The angel that

Look'd o'er my almanack
And cross'd out my ill days,

suffered a week or so to escape him here. Not that the ship is not pleasant enough, and the climate deserving of its Sybarite fame, and the sunsets and stars as much brighter than those of the rest of the world as Byron has described them to be (*vide* letter to Leigh Hunt), but life has run in so deep a current with me of late, that the absence of incident seems like water without wine. The agreeable stir of travel, the incomplete adventure, the change of costumes and scenery, the busy calls upon the curiosity and the imagination, have become, in a manner, very breath to me. Hitherto upon the cruise, we have scarce ever been more than one or two days at a time out of port. Elba, Sicily, Naples, Vienna, the Ionian Isles, and the various ports of Greece, have come and gone so rapidly, and so entirely without exertion of my own, that I seem to have lived in a magic panorama. After dinner on one day I visit a city here, and, the day or two after, lounging and reading and sleeping meanwhile quietly at home, I find myself rising from table hundreds of miles farther to the north or east, and another famous city before me, having taken no care, and felt no motion, nor encountered danger or fatigue. A summer cruise in the Mediterranean is certainly the perfection of sight-seeing. With a sea as smooth as a river, and cities of interest, classical and mercantile, everywhere on the lee, I can conceive no class of persons to whom it would not be delightful. A company of pleasure, in a private vessel, would see all Greece and Italy with less trouble and expense than is common on a trip to the lakes.

"All hands up anchor!" The dog-vane points at last to Constantinople. The capstan is manned, the sails loosed,

the quarter-master at the wheel, and the wind freshens every moment from the "sweet south." "Heave round merrily!" The anchor is dragged in by this rushing Hellespont, and holds on as if the bridge of Xerxes were tangled about the flukes. "Up she comes at last," and, yielding to her broad canvass, the gallant frigate begins to make headway against the current. There is nothing in the whole world of senseless matter, so like a breathing creature as a ship! The energy of her motion, the beauty of her shape and contrivance, and the ease with which she is managed by the one mind upon her quarter-deck, to whose voice she is as obedient as the courser to the rein, inspire me with daily admiration. I have been four months a guest in this noble man-of-war, and to this hour I never set my foot on her deck, without a feeling of fresh wonder. And then Cooper's novels read in a ward-room as grapes eat in Tuscany. It were missing one of the golden leaves of a life not to have thumbed them on a cruise.

The wind has headed us off again, and we have dropped anchor just below the castles of the Dardanelles. We have made but eight miles, but we have new scenery from the ports, and that is something to a weary eye. I was as tired of "the shores of Ilion" as ever was Ulysses. The hills about our present anchorage are green and boldly marked, and the frowning castles above us give that addition to the landscape which is alone wanting on the Hudson. Sestos and Abydos are six or seven miles up the stream. The Asian shore (I should have thought it a pretty circumstance, once, to be able to set foot either in Europe or Asia in five minutes) is enlivened by numbers of small vessels, tracking up with buffaloes against wind and tide. And here we lie, says the old pilot, without hope till the moon changes. The "fickle moon" quotha! I wish my friends were half as constant!

The pasha of the Dardanelles has honoured us with a visit. He came in a long caique, pulled by twenty stout rascals; his excellency of "two tails" sitting on a rich carpet on the bottom of the boat, with his boy of a year old in the same uniform as himself, and his suite of pipe

and slipper-bearers, dwarf, and executioner, sitting cross-legged about him. He was received with the guard and all the honour due to his rank. His face is that of a cold, haughty, and resolute, but well-born man, and his son is like him. He looked at everything attentively, without expressing any surprise, till he came to the pianoforte, which one of the ladies played to his undisguised delight. It was the first he had ever seen. He inquired through his interpreter if she had not been all her life in learning.

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The poet says, "The seasons of the year come in like masquers." To one who had made their acquaintance in New-England, most of the months would literally pass *incog.* in Italy. But here is honest October, the same merry old gentleman, though I meet him in Asia, and I remember him last year at the baths of Lucca, as unchanged as here. It has been a clear, bright, invigorating day, with a vitality in the air as rousing to the spirits as a blast from the "horn of Astolpho." I can remember just such a day ten years ago. It is odd how a little sunshine will cling to the memory when loves and hates, that in their time convulsed the very soul, are so easily forgotten.

We heard yesterday that there was a Turkish village seven or eight miles in the mountains on the Asian side, and, as a variety to the promenade on the quarter-deck, a ramble was proposed to it.

We landed, this morning, on the bold shore of the Dardanelles, and, climbing up the face of a sand-hill, struck across a broad plain, through bush and brier, for a mile. On the edge of a ravine we found a pretty road, half embowered with oak and hemlock; and a mounted Turk, whom we met soon after, with a gun across his pommel, and a goose looking from his saddle-bag, directed us to follow it till we reached the village.

It was a beautiful path, flecked with the shade of leaves of all the variety of Eastern trees, and refreshed with a fountain at every mile. About half-way we stopped at a spring welling from a rock, under a large fig-tree, from

which the water poured, as clear as crystal, into seven tanks, and rippling away from the last into a wild thicket, whence a stripe of brighter green marked its course down the mountain. It was a spot worthy of Tempé. We seated ourselves on the rim of the rocky basin, and, with a drink of bright water, and a half-hour's repose, recommenced our ascent, blessing the nymph of the fount, like true pilgrims of the East.

A few steps beyond, we met a caravan of the pasha's tithe-gatherers, with mules laden with grapes; the turbaned and showily-armed drivers, as they came winding down the dell, producing the picturesque effect of a theatrical ballet. They laid their hands on their breasts with grave courtesy as they approached, and we helped ourselves to the ripe, blushing clusters, as the panniers went by, with Arcadian freedom.

We reached the summit of the ridge a little before noon, and turned our faces back for a moment to catch the cool wind from the Hellespont. The Dardanelles came winding out from the hills just above Abydos, and, sweeping past the upper castles of Europe and Asia, rushed down by Tenedos into the Archipelago. Perhaps twenty miles of its course lay within our view. Its colours were borrowed from the divine sky above, and the rainbow is scarce more varied or brighter. The changing purple and blue of the mid-stream, specked with white crests; the crysoprase green of the shallows, and the dyes of the various depths along the shore, gave it the appearance of a vein of transparent marble inlaid through the valley. The frigate looked like a child's boat on its bosom. To our left the tombs of Ajax and Achilles were just distinguishable in the plains of the Scamander, and Troy (if Troy ever stood) stood back from the sea, and the blue-wreathed isles of the Archipelago bounded the reach of the eye. It was a view that might "cure a month's grief in a day."

We descended now into a kind of cradle valley, yellow with rich vineyards. It was alive with people gathering in the grapes. The creaking wagons filled the road, and shouts and laughter rang over the mountain-sides merrily.

The scene would have been Italian, but for the turbans peering out everywhere from the leaves, and those diabolical-looking buffaloes in the wagons. The village was a mile or two before us, and we loitered on, entering here and there a vineyard, where the only thing evidently grudged us was our peep at the women. They scattered like deer as we stepped over the walls.

Near the village we found a grave Turk, of whom one of the officers made some inquiries, which were a part of our errand to the mountains. It may spoil the sentiment of my description, but, in addition to the poetry of the ramble, we were to purchase beef for the mess. His bullocks were out at grass (feeding in pastoral security, poor things!), and he invited us to his house, while he sent his boy to drive them in. I recognized them, when they came, as two handsome steers, which had completed the beauty of an open glade, in the centre of a clump of forest-trees, on our route. The pleasure they have afforded the eye will be repeated on the palate—a double destiny not accorded to all beautiful creatures.

Our host led us up a flight of rough stone steps to the second story of his house, where an old woman sat upon her heels, rolling out paste, and a younger one nursed a little Turk at her bosom. They had, like every man, woman, or child, I have seen in this country, superb eyes and noses. No chisel could improve the meanest of them in these features. Our friend's wife seemed ashamed to be caught with her face uncovered, but she offered us cushions on the floor before she retired, and her husband followed up her courtesy with his pipe.

We went thence to the *café*, where a bubbling hookah, a cup of coffee, and a divan, refreshed us a little from our fatigues. While the rest of the party were lingering over their pipes, I took a turn through the village in search of the house of the Aga. After strolling up and down the crooked streets for half an hour, a pretty female figure, closely enveloped in her veil, and showing, as she ran across the street, a dainty pair of feet in small yellow slippers, attracted me into the open court of the best-

looking house in the village. The lady had disappeared, but a curious-looking carriage, lined with rich Turkey carpeting and cushions, and covered with red curtains, made to draw close in front, stood in the centre of the court. I was going up to examine it, when an old man, with a beard to his girdle, and an uncommonly rich turban, stepped from the house, and motioned me angrily away. A large wolf-dog, which he held by the collar, added emphasis to his command, and I retreated directly. A giggle, and several female voices from the closely-latticed window, rather aggravated the mortification. I had intruded on the premises of the Aga, a high offence in Turkey when a woman is in the case.

It was "deep i' the afternoon" when we arrived at the beach, and made signal for a boat. We were on board as the sky kindled with the warm colours of an Asian sunset—a daily offset to our wearisome detention, which goes far to keep me in temper. My fear is, that the commodore's patience is not "so good a continuer" as this "*vento maledetto*," as the pilot calls it; and in such a case I lose Constantinople most provokingly.

Walked to the Upper Castle Asia, some eight miles above our anchorage. This is the main town on the Dardanelles, and contains forty or fifty thousand inhabitants. Sestos and Abydos are a mile or two farther up the strait.

We kept along the beach for an hour or two, passing occasionally a Turk on horseback, till we were stopped by a small and shallow creek without a bridge, just on the skirts of the town. A woman with one eye peeping from her veil, dressed in a tunic of fine blue cloth, stood at the head of a large drove of camels on the other side, and a beggar with one eye, smoked his pipe on the sand at a little distance. The water was knee-deep, and we were hesitating on the brink, when the beggar offered to carry us across on his back—a task he accomplished (there were six of us) without taking his pipe from his mouth.

I tried in vain to get a peep at the camel-driver's daughter, but she seemed jealous of showing even her eyebrow, and I followed on to the town. The Turks live

differently from every other people, I believe. You walk through their town, and see every individual in it, except perhaps the women of the pasha. Their houses are square boxes, the front side of which lifts on a hinge in the day-time, exposing the whole interior, with its occupants squatted in the corners or on the broad platform where their trades are followed. They are scarce larger than boxes in the theatre, and the roof projects into the middle of the street, meeting that of the opposite neighbour, so that the pavement between is always dark and cool. The three or four Turkish towns I have seen have the appearance of cabins thrown up hastily after a fire. You would not suppose they were intended to last more than a month at the farthest.

We roved through the narrow streets an hour or more, admiring the fine bearded old Turks smoking cross-legged in the *cafés*, the slipper-makers, with their gay Morocco wares in goodly rows around them, the wily Jews with their high caps and castans (looking, crouched among their merchandise, like the "venders of old bottles and abominable lies," as they are drawn in the plays of Queen Elizabeth's time), the muffled and gliding spectres of the Moslem women, and the livelier-footed Greek girls in their velvet jackets and braided hair—and by this time we were kindly disposed to our dinners.

On our way to the consul's, where we were to dine, we passed a mosque. The minaret (a tall peaked tower, about of the shape and proportions of a pencil-case) commanded a view down the principal streets; and a stout fellow, with a sharp clear voice, leaned over the balustrade at the top, crying out the invitation to prayer in a long drawling sing-song, that must have been audible on the other side of the Hellespont. Open porches, supported by a paling, extended all around the church; and the floors were filled with kneeling Turks, with their pistols and ataghans lying beside them. I had never seen so picturesque a congregation. The slippers were left in hundreds at the threshold, and the bare and muscular feet and legs, half concealed by the full trousers, supported as earnest a troop of wor-

shippers as ever bent forehead to the ground. I left them rising from a flat prostration, and hurried after my companions to dinner.

Our Consul of the Dardanelles is an Armenian. He is absent just now, in search of a runaway female slave of the sultan's, and his wife, a gracious Italian, full of movement and hospitality, does the honours of his house in his absence. He is a physician as well as consul and slave-catcher; and the presents of a hand-organ, a French clock, and a bronze standish, rather prove him to be a favourite with the "brother of the sun."

We were smoking the hookah after dinner, when an intelligent-looking man, of fifty or so, came in to pay us a visit. He is at present an exile from Constantinople, by order of the Grand Seignor, because a brother physician, his friend, failed in an attempt to cure one of the favourites of the imperial harem! This is what might be called "sympathy upon compulsion." It is unnecessary, one would think, to make friendship more dangerous than common human treachery renders it already.

LETTER XVIII

Turkish Military Life—A Visit to the Camp—Turkish Music—
Sunsets—The Sea of Marmora.

Oct. 1833.

A HALF-HOUR'S WALK BROUGHT US WITHIN SIGHT OF THE pasha's camp. The green and white tents of five thousand Turkish troops were pitched on the edge of a stream partly sheltered by a grove of noble oaks, and defended by wicker batteries at distances of thirty or forty feet. We were stopped by the sentinel on guard, while a messenger was sent in to the pasha for permission to wait upon him. Meantime a number of young officers came out from their tents, and commenced examining our dresses with the

curiosity of boys. One put on my gloves, another examined the cloth of my coat, a third took from me a curious stick I had purchased at Vienna, and a more familiar gentleman took up my hand, and, after comparing it with his own black fingers, stroked it with an approving smile, that was meant probably as a compliment. My companions underwent the same review, and their curiosity was still unsated when a good-looking officer, with his cimeter under his arm, came to conduct us to the commander-in-chief.

The long lines of tents were bent to the direction of the stream, and, at short distances, the silken banner stuck in the ground under the charge of a sentinel, and a divan covered with rich carpets under the shade of the nearest tree, marked the tent of an officer. The interior of those of the soldiers exhibited merely a stand of muskets and a raised platform for bed and table, covered with coarse mats, and decked with the European accoutrements now common in Turkey. It was the middle of the afternoon, and most of the officers lay asleep on low ottomans, with their tent-curtains undrawn; and their long chibouques beside them, or still at their lips. Hundreds of soldiers loitered about, engaged in various occupations, sweeping, driving their tent-stakes more firmly into the ground, cleaning arms, cooking, or, with their heels under them, playing silently at dominoes. Half the camp lay on the opposite side of the stream, and there was repeated the same warlike picture, the white uniform and the loose red cap, with its gold bullion and blue tassel, appearing and disappearing between the rows of tents, and the bright red banners clinging to the staff in the breathless sunshine.

We soon approached the splendid pavilion of the pasha, unlike the rest in shape, and surrounded by a quantity of servants, some cooking at the root of a tree, and all pursuing their vocation with singular earnestness. A superb banner of bright crimson silk, wrought with long lines of Turkish characters, probably passages from the Koran, stood in a raised socket, guarded by two sentinels. Near the tent, and not far from the edge of the stream, stood a gaily-painted kiosk, not unlike the fantastic summer-

houses sometimes seen in a European garden; and here our conductor stopped, and, kicking off his slippers, motioned for us to enter.

We mounted the steps, and, passing a small entrance-room filled with guards, stood in the presence of the commander-in-chief. He sat on a divan, cross-legged, in a military frock-coat, wrought with gold on the collar and cuffs, a sparkling diamond crescent on his breast, and a cimeter at his side, with a belt richly wrought, and held by a buckle of dazzling brilliants. His Aide sat beside him, in a dress somewhat similar, and both appeared to be men of about forty. The pasha is a stern, dark, soldier-like man, with a thick straight beard as black as jet, and features which look incapable of a smile. He bowed without rising when we entered, and motioned for us to be seated. A little conversation passed between him and the consul's son, who acted as our interpreter, and coffee came in almost immediately. There was an aroma about it which might revive a mummy. The small china cups, with thin gold filigree sockets, were soon emptied and taken away, and the officer in waiting introduced a soldier to go through the manual exercise, by way of amusing us.

He was a powerful fellow, and threw his musket about with so much violence, that I feared every moment the stock, lock, and barrel, would part company. He had taken off his shoes before venturing into the presence of his commander, and looked oddly enough playing the soldier in his stockings. I was relieved of considerable apprehension when he ordered arms, and backed out to his slippers.

The next exhibition was that of a military band. A drum-major, with a proper-gold-headed stick, wheeled some sixty fellows, with all kinds of instruments, under the windows of the kiosk, and with a whirl of his baton the harmony commenced. I could just detect some resemblance to a march. The drums rolled, the "ear-piercing fifes" fulfilled their destiny, and trombone, serpent, and horn showed of what they were capable. The pasha got upon his knees to lean out of the window; and, as I rose from my low seat at the same time, he pulled me down

beside him, and gave me half his carpet, patting me on the back, and pressing me to the window with his arm over my neck. I have observed frequently among the Turks this singular familiarity of manners both to strangers and one another. It is an odd contrast to their habitual gravity.

The sultan (I think unwisely) has introduced the European uniform into his army. With the exception of the Tunisian cap, which is substituted for the thick and handsome turban, the dress is such as is worn by the soldiers of the French army. Their tailors are of course bad, and their figures, accustomed only to the loose and graceful costume of the East, are awkward and constrained. I never saw so uncouth a set of fellows as the five thousand mussulmen in this army of the Dardanelles; and yet, in their Turkish trousers and turban, with the belt stuck full of arms, and their long moustache, they would be as martial-looking troops as ever followed a banner.

We embarked at sunset to return to the ship. The shell-shaped caique, with her tall sharp extremities and fantastic sail, yielded to the rapid current of the Hellespont; and our two boatmen, as handsome a brace of Turks as ever were drawn in a picture, pulled their legs under them more closely, and commenced singing the alternate stanzas of a villainous duet. The helmsman's part was rather humorous, and his merry black eyes redeemed it somewhat; but his fellow was as grave as a dervish, and howled as if he were ferrying over Xerxes after his defeat at the Dardanelles.

If I were to live in the East as long as the wandering Jew, I think these heavenly sunsets, evening after evening, scarce varying by a shade, would never become familiar to my eye. They surprise me day after day, like some new and brilliant phenomenon, though the thoughts which they bring, as it were, by a habit contracted of the hour, are almost always the same. The day, in these countries, where life flows so thickly, is engrossed, and pretty busily, too, by the *present*. The *past* comes up with the twilight; and wherever I may be, and in whatever scene mingling, my

heart breaks away, and goes down into the west with the sun. I am *at home* as duly as the bird settles to her nest.

It was natural in paying the boatman, after such a musing passage, to remember the poetical justice of Uhland, in crossing the ferry:

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee
 Take! I give it willingly!
 For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me!

I should have paid for one other seat, at least, by this fanciful tariff. Our unmusical mussulmen were content, however; and we left them to pull back against the tide, by a star that cast a shadow like a meteor.

* * * * *

The moon changed this morning, and the wind, that in this clime of fable is as constant to her as Endymion, changed too. The white caps vanished from the hurrying waves of the Dardanelles, and, after an hour or two of calm, the long-expected breeze came tripping out of Asia with Oriental softness, and is now leading us gently up the Hellespont.

As we passed between the two castles of the Dardanelles, the commodore saluted the pasha, with nineteen guns, and in half an hour we were off Abydos, where our friend from the south has deserted us, and we are compelled to anchor. It would be unclassical to complain of delay on so poetical a spot. It is beautiful, too. The shores on both the Asian and European sides are charmingly varied, and the sun lies on them, and on the calm strait that links them, with a beauty worthy of the fair spirit of Hero. A small Turkish castle occupies the site of the "torch-lit tower" of Abydos, and there is a corresponding one at Sestos. The distance between looks little more than a mile—not a surprising feat for any swimmer, I should think. The current of the Hellespont remains the same, and so does the moral of Leander's story. The Hellespont of matrimony may be crossed with the tide. The deuce is to get back.

Lampsacus on the starboard-bow—and a fairer spot lies on no river's brink. Its trees, vineyards, and cottages slant up almost imperceptibly from the water's edge, and the hills around have the look "of a clean and quiet privacy," with a rural elegance that might tempt Shakespeare's Jaques to come and moralize. By the way, there have been philosophers here. Did not Alexander forgive the city its obstinate defence for the sake of Anaximenes? There was a sad dog of a deity worshipped here about that time.

I take a fresh look at it from the port, as I write. Pastures, everyone with a bordering of tall trees, cattle as beautiful as the daughter of Inachus, lanes of wild shrubbery, a greener stripe through the fields, like the track of a stream, and smoke curling from every cluster of trees, telling, as plainly as the fancy can read, that there is both poetry and *pillaw* at Lampsacus.

Just opposite stands the modern Gallipoli, a Turkish town of some thirty thousand inhabitants, at the head of the Hellespont. The Hellespont gets broader here; and a few miles farther up we open into the sea of Marmora. A French brig-of-war, that has been hanging about us for a fortnight (watching our movements in this unusual cruise for an American frigate, perhaps), is just ahead, and a quantity of smaller sail are stretching off on the southern tack, to make the best use of their new sea-room for beating up to Constantinople.

We hope to see Seraglio Point to-morrow. Mr. Hodgson, the secretary of our embassy to Turkey, has just come on board from the Smyrna packet, and the agreeable preparations for going ashore are already on the stir. I do not find that the edge of curiosity dulls with use. The prospect of seeing a strange city to-morrow produces the same quick-pulsed emotion that I felt in the Diligence two years ago, rattling over the last post to Paris. The entrances to Florence, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Athens, are marked each with as white a stone. He may "gather no moss" who rolls about the world; but that which the gold of the careful cannot buy—pleasure—when the soul is most

athirst for it, grows under his feet. Of the many daily reasons I find to thank Providence, not the least is that of being what Clodio calls himself in the play—"a *here-and-thereian*."

LETTER XIX

Constantinople—An Adventure with the Dogs of Stamboul—The Sultan's Kiosk—The Bazaars—Georgians—Sweetmeats—Hindoo-stance Fakeers—Turkish Women and their Eyes—The Jews—A Token of Home—The Drug-bazaar—Opium-eaters.

Oct. 1833.

THE INVARIABLE "WHERE AM I?" WITH WHICH A TRAVELLER awakes at morning, was to me never more agreeably answered—*At Constantinople!* The early ship-of-war summons to "turn out" was obeyed with alacrity, and with the first boat after breakfast I was set ashore at Tophana, the landing-place of the Frank quarter of Stamboul.

A row of low-built *cafés*, with a latticed enclosure and a plentiful shade of plane trees on the right; a large square, in the centre of which stood a magnificent Persian fountain, as large as a church, covered with lapis-lazuli and gold, and endless inscriptions in Turkish; a mosque buried in cypresses on the left; a hundred indolent-looking, large-trouserred, mustachioed, and withal very handsome men, and twice the number of snarling, wolfish, and half-starved dogs, are some of the objects which the first glance, as I stepped on shore, left on my memory.

I had heard that the dogs of Constantinople knew and hated a Christian. By the time I had reached the middle of the square, a wretched puppy at my heels had succeeded in announcing the presence of a stranger. They were upon me in a moment from every heap of garbage and every hole and corner. I was beginning to be seriously alarmed, standing perfectly still, with at least a hundred infuriated

dogs barking in a circle around me, when an old Turk, selling sherbet under the shelter of the projecting roof of the Persian fountain, came kindly to my relief. A stone or two well aimed, and a peculiar cry, which I have since tried in vain to imitate, dispersed the hungry wretches, and I took a glass of the old man's raisin-water, and pursued my way up the street. The circumstance, however, had discoloured my anticipations; nothing looked agreeable to me for an hour after it.

I ascended through narrow and steep lanes, between rows of small wooden houses, miserably built and painted, to the main street of the quarter of Pera. Here live all Christians and Christian ambassadors, and here I found our secretary of legation, Mr. H——, who kindly offered to accompany me to old Stamboul.

We descended to the water-side, and, stepping into an egg-shell caique, crossed the Golden Horn, and landed on a pier between the sultan's green kiosk and the seraglio. I was fortunate in a companion who knew the people and spoke the language. The red-trousered and armed kervas, at the door of the kiosk, took his pipe from his mouth, after a bribe and a little persuasion, and motioned to a boy to show us the interior. A circular room, with a throne of solid silver embraced in a double colonnade of marble pillars, and covered with a roof laced with lapis-lazuli and gold, formed the place from which Sultan Mahmoud formerly contemplated on certain days the busy and beautiful panorama of his matchless bay. The kiosk is on the edge of the water, and the poorest caikjee might row his little bark under its threshold, and fill his monarch's eye, and look on his monarch's face with the proudest. The green canvas curtains, which envelop the whole building, have, for a long time, been unraised; and Mahmoud is oftener to be seen on horseback, in the dress of a European officer, guarded by troops in European costume and array. The change is said to be dangerously unpopular.

We walked on to the square of Sultana Valide. Its large area was crowded with the buyers and sellers of a travel-

ling fair—a sort of Jews' market held on different days in different parts of this vast capital. In Turkey, every nation is distinguished by its dress, and almost as certainly by its branch of trade. On the right of the gate, under a huge plane-tree, shedding its yellow leaves among the various wares, stood the booths of a group of Georgians, their round and rosy-dark faces (you would know their sisters must be half houris) set off with a tall black cap of curling wool, their small shoulders with a tight jacket studded with silk buttons, and their waists with a voluminous silken sash, whose fringed ends fell over their heels as they sat cross-legged, patiently waiting for custom. Hardware is the staple of their shops, but the cross-pole in front is fantastically hung with silken garters and tasselled cords; and their own Georgian caps, with a gay crown of Cashmere, enrich and diversify the shelves. I bought a pair or two of blushing silk garters of a young man, whose eyes and teeth should have been a woman's, and we strolled on to the next booth.

Here was a Turk, with a table covered by a broad brass tray, on which was displayed a tempting array of mucilage, white and pink, something of the consistency of *blancmange*. A dish of sugar, small gilded saucers, and long-handled, flat, brass spoons, with a vase of rose-water, completed his establishment. The grave mussulman cut, sugared, and scented the portions for which we asked, without condescending to look at us, or open his lips; and, with a glass of mild and pleasant sherbet from his next neighbour, as immovable a Turk as himself, we had lunched, extremely to my taste, for just five cents American currency.

A little farther on I was struck with the appearance of two men, who stood bargaining with a Jew. My friend knew them immediately as *fakers*, or religious devotees, from Hindoostan. He addressed them in Arabic, and, during their conversation of ten minutes, I studied them with some curiosity. They were singularly small, without any appearance of dwarfishness, their limbs and persons slight, and very equally and gracefully proportioned.

Their features were absolutely regular, and, though small as a child's of ten or twelve years, were perfectly developed. They appeared like men seen through an inverted opera-glass. An exceedingly ashy, olive complexion, hair of a kind of glittering black, quite unlike in texture and colour any I have ever before seen; large, brilliant, intense black eyes, and lips (the most peculiar feature of all) of lustreless black,¹ completed the portraits of two as remarkable-looking men as I have anywhere met. Their costume was humble, but not unpicturesque. A well-worn sash of red silk enveloped the waist in many folds, and sustained trousers tight to the legs, but of the Turkish ampleness over the hips. Their small feet, which seemed dried up to the bone, were bare. A blanket, with a hood marked in a kind of arabesque figure, covered their shoulders, and a high-quilted cap, with a rim of curling wool, was pressed down closely over the forehead. A crescent-shaped tin vessel, suspended by a leather strap to the waist, and serving the two purposes of a charity-box and a receptacle for bread and vegetables, seemed a kind of badge of their profession. They were lately from Hindoostan, and were begging their way still farther into Europe. They received our proffered alms without any mark of surprise or even pleasure, and, laying their hands on their breasts, with countenances perfectly immovable, gave us a Hindoostanee blessing, and resumed their traffic. They see the world, these rovers on foot! And I think, could I see it myself in no other way, I would e'en take sandal and scrip, and traverse it as dervish or beggar.—

The alleys between the booths were crowded with Turkish women, who seemed the chief purchasers. The effect of their enveloped persons, and eyes peering from the muslin folds of the *yashmak*, is droll to a stranger. It seemed to me like a masquerade; and the singular sound of female voices, speaking through several thicknesses of a stuff, bound so close on the mouth as to show the shape of

¹ I have since met many of them in the streets of Constantinople; and I find it is a distinguishing feature of their race. They look as if their lips were dead—as if the blood had dried beneath the skin.

the lips exactly, perfected the delusion. It reminded me of the half-smothered tones beneath the masks in carnival-time. A clothes-bag with yellow slippers would have about as much form, and might be walked about with as much grace, as a Turkish woman. Their fat hands, the fingernails dyed with henna, and their unexceptionably magnificent eyes, are all that the stranger is permitted to peruse. It is strange how universal is the beauty of the Eastern eye. I have looked in vain hitherto for a small or an unexpressive one. It is quite startling to meet the gaze of such large liquid orbs, bent upon you from their long silken fringes, with the upwinking steadiness of look common to the females of this country. Wrapped in their veils, they seem unconscious of attracting attention, and turn and look you full in the face, while you seek in vain for a pair of lips to explain by their expression the meaning of such particular notice.

The Jew is more distinguishable at Constantinople than elsewhere. He is compelled to wear the dress of his tribe (and its "badge of sufferance," too), and you will find him wherever there is trafficking to be done, in a small cap, not ungracefully shaped, twisted about with a peculiar handkerchief of a small black print, and set back so as to show the whole of his national high and narrow forehead. He is always good-humoured and obsequious, and receives the curse with which his officious offers of service are often repelled with a smile, and a hope that he may serve you another time. One of them, as we passed his booth, called our attention to some newly-opened bales bearing the stamp, "TREMONT MILL, LOWELL, MASS." It was a long distance from home to meet such familiar words!

We left the square of the sultan mother, and entered a street of confectioners. The East is famous for its sweetmeats, and truly a more tempting array never visited the Christmas dream of a school-boy. Even Felix, the *patissier nonpareil* of Paris, might take a lesson in jellies. And then for "candy" of all colours of the rainbow (not shut enviously in with pitiful glass cases, but piled up to the ceiling in a shop all in the street, as it might be in Utopia,

with nothing to pay)—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. The last part of the parenthesis is almost true, for with a small coin of the value of two American cents, I bought of a certain kind called in Turkish "*peace to your throat*" (they call things by such poetical names in the East), the quarter of which I could not have eaten, even in my best "days of sugar-candy." The women of Constantinople, I am told, almost live on confectionary. They eat incredible quantities. The sultan's eight hundred wives and women employ five hundred cooks, and consume *two thousand five hundred pounds of sugar daily*! It is probably the most expensive item of the seraglio kitchen.

A turn or two brought us to the entrance of a long dark passage, of about the architecture of a covered bridge in our country. A place richer in the Oriental and picturesque could scarce be found between the Danube and the Nile. It is the bazaar of *drugs*. As your eye becomes accustomed to the light, you distinguish vessels of every size and shape, ranged along the receding shelves of a stall, and filled to the uncovered brim with the various productions of the Orient. The edges of the baskets and jars are turned over with rich coloured papers (a peculiar colour to every drug), and broad spoons of boxwood are crossed on the top. There is the *henna* in a powder of deep brown, with an envelope of deep Tyrian purple, and all the precious gums in their jars, golden-leafed, and spices and dyes and medicinal roots; and above hang anatomies of curious monsters, dried and stuffed, and in the midst of all, motionless as the box of sulphur beside him, and almost as yellow, sits a venerable Turk, with his beard on his knees, and his pipe-bowl thrust away over his drugs, its ascending smoke-curled his only sign of life. This class of merchants is famous for opium-eaters, and if you pass at the right hour, you find the large eye of the silent smoker dilated and wandering, his fingers busy in tremulously counting his spice-wood beads, and the roof of his stall wreathed with clouds of smoke, the vent to every species of Eastern enthusiasm. If you address him, he smiles, and puts his hand to his forehead and breast, but condescends to

answer no question till it is thrice reiterated; and then in the briefest word possible, he answers wide of your meaning, strokes the smoke out of his mustache, and slipping the costly amber between his lips, abandons himself again to his exalted reverie.

I write this after being a week at Constantinople, during which the Egyptian bazaar has been my frequent and most fancy-stirring lounge. Of its forty merchants, there is not one whose picturesque features are not imprinted deeply in my memory. I have idled up and down in the dim light, and fingered the soft henna, and bought small parcels of incense-wood for my pastille lamp, studying the remarkable faces of the unconscious old mussulmans, till my mind became somehow tinctured of the East, and (what will be better understood) my clothes steeped in the mixed and agreeable odours of the thousand spices. Where are the painters that they have never found this mine of admirable studies? There is not a corner of Constantinople, nor a man in the streets, that were not a novel and a capital subject for the pencil. Pray, Mr. Cole, leave things that have been painted so often, as aqueducts and Italian ruins (though you *do* make delicious pictures, and could never waste time or pencils on *any* thing), and come to the East for one single book of sketches! How I have wished I was a painter since I have been here.

LETTER XX

The Bosphorus—Turkish Palaces—The Black Sea—Buyukdere.

Oct. 1833.

WE LEFT THE SHIP WITH TWO CAIQUES, EACH PULLED BY three men, and carrying three persons, on an excursion to the Black Sea. We were followed by the captain in his fast-pulling gig with six oars, who proposed to beat the

feathery boats of the country in a twenty miles' pull against the tremendous current of the Bosphorus.

The day was made for us. We coiled ourselves *à la Turque*, in the bottom of the sharp caique; and as our broad-breasted pagans, after the first mile, took off their shawled turbans, unwound their Cashmere girdles, laid aside their gold broidered jackets, and with nothing but the flowing silk shirt and ample trousers to embarrass their action, commenced "giving way" in long, energetic strokes—I say, just then, with the sunshine and the west wind attempered to half a degree warmer than the blood (which I take to be the perfection of temperature), and a long, autumn day, or two, or three before us, and not a thought in the company that was not kindly and joyous—just then, I say, I dropped a "white stone" on the hour, and said, "Here is a moment, old Care, that has slipped through your rusty fingers! You have pinched me the *past* somewhat, and you will doubtless mark your cross on the *future*—but the *present*, by a thousand pulses in this warm frame laid along in the sunshine, is care-free, and the last hour of Eden came not on a softer pinion!"

We shot along through the sultan's fleet (some eighteen or twenty lofty ships of war, looking, as they lie at anchor in this narrow strait, of a supernatural size) and then, nearing the European shore to take advantage of the counter-current, my kind friend, Mr. H——, who is at home on these beautiful waters, began to name to me the palaces we were shooting by, with many a little history of their occupants between, to which in a letter, written with a traveller's haste, and in moments stolen from fatigue or pleasure or sleep, I could not pretend to do justice.

The Bosphorus is quite—there can be no manner of doubt of it—the most singularly beautiful scenery in the world. From Constantinople to the Black Sea, a distance of twenty miles, the two shores of Asia and Europe, separated by but half a mile of bright blue water, are lined by lovely villages, each with its splendid palace or two, its mosque and minarets, and its hundred small houses buried in trees; each with its small dark cemetery of

cypresses and turbaned head-stones, and each with its valley stretching back into the hills, of which every summit and swell is crowned with a fairy kiosk. There is no tide, and the palaces of the sultan and his ministers, and of the wealthier Turks and Armenians, are built half over the water, and the ascending caique shoots beneath his window, within the length of the owner's pipe; and with his own slender boat lying under the stairs, the luxurious Oriental makes but a step from the cushions of his saloon to those of a conveyance, which bears him (so built on the water's edge in this magnificent capital) to almost every spot that can require his presence.

A beautiful palace is that of the "Marble Cradle," or Beshiktash, the sultan's winter residence. Its bright gardens with latticed fences (through which, as we almost touched in passing, we saw the gleam of the golden orange and lemon trees, and the thousand flowers, and heard the plash of fountains and the singing of birds) lean down to the lip of the Bosphorus, and declining to the south, and protected from everything but the sun by an inclosing wall, enjoy, like the terrace of old king Renné, a perpetual summer. The brazen gates open on the water, and the palace itself, a beautiful building, painted in the Oriental style of a bright pink, stands between the gardens, with its back to the wall. The summer palace, where the "unmuzzled lion," as his flatterers call him, resides at present, is just above on the Asian side, at a village called Beylerbey. It is an immense building, painted yellow, with white cornices, and has an extensive terrace garden rising over the hill behind. The harem has eight projecting wings, each occupied by one of the sultan's lawful wives.

Six or seven miles from Constantinople, on the European shore, stands the serai of the sultan's eldest sister. It is a Chinese-looking structure, but exceedingly picturesque, and like everything else on the Bosphorus, quite in keeping with the scene. There is not a building on either side, from the Black Sea to Marmora, that would not be ridiculous in other countries; and yet, here, their gingerbread balconies, imitation perspectives, lattices,

bird-cages, and kiosks, seem as naturally the growth of the climate as the pomegranate and the cypress. The old maid sultana lives here with a hundred or two female slaves of condition, a little empress in an empire sufficiently large (for a woman) seeing no bearded face (it is presumed) except her black eunuchs and her European physician, and having, though a sultan's sister, less liberty than she gives even her slaves, whom she permits to marry if they will. She can neither read nor write, and is said to be fat, indolent, kind, and childish.

A little farther up, the sultan is repairing a fantastical little palace for his youngest sister, Esmeh Sultana, who is to be married to Haleil Pasha, the commander of the artillery. She is about twenty, and, report says, handsome and spirited. Her betrothed was a Georgian slave, bought by the sultan when a boy, and advanced by the usual steps of favouritism. By the laws of imperial marriages in this empire, he is to be banished to a distant pashalik after living with his wife a year, his connexion with blood-royal making him dangerously eligible to the throne. His bride remains at Stamboul, takes care of her child (if she has one), and lives the remainder of her life in a widow's seclusion, with an allowance proportioned to her rank. His consolation is provided for by the mussulman privilege of as many more wives as he can support. Heaven send him resignation—if he needs it notwithstanding.

The hakim, or chief physician to the sultan, has a handsome palace on the same side of the Bosphorus; and the Armenian seraffs, or bankers, though compelled, like all *rayahs*, to paint their houses of a dull lead colour (only a mussulman may live in a red house in Constantinople), are said, in those dusky-looking tenements, to maintain a luxury not inferior to that of the sultan himself. They have a singular effect, those black, funereal houses, standing in the foreground of a picture of such light and beauty!

We pass Orta-keui, the Jew village, and Arna-out-keui, occupied mostly by Greeks; and here if you have read "the Armenians," you are in the midst of its most stirring scenes. The story is a true one, not much embellished in

the hands of the novelist; and there, on the hill opposite, in Anatolia, stands the house of the heroine's father, the old scraff, Oglou, and, behind the garden, you may see the small cottage, inhabited, secretly, by the enamoured Constantine; and here, in the pretty village of Bebec, lives, at this moment, the widowed and disconsolate Veronica, dressed ever in weeds, and obstinately refusing all society but her own sad remembrances. I must try to see her. Her "husband of a night" was compelled to marry again by the hospodar, his father (but this is not in the novel, you will remember), and there is late news that his wife is dead, and the lovers of romance in Stamboul are hoping he will return and make a happier sequel than the sad one in the story. The "orthodox catholic Armenian, broker and money-changer to boot," who was to have been her forced husband, is a very amiable and good-looking fellow, now in the employ of our *chargé d'affaires* as second dragoman.

We approach Roumeli-Hissar, a jutting point almost meeting a similar projection from the Asian shore, crowned like its *vis-à-vis*, with a formidable battery. The Bosphorus here is but half an arrow flight in width, and Europe and Asia, here at their nearest approach, stand looking each other in the face, like boxers, with foot forward, fist doubled, and a most formidable row of teeth on either side. The current scampers through between the two castles, as if happy to get out of the way, and up-stream, it is hard-pulling for a caique. They are beautiful points, however, and I am ashamed of my coarse simile, when I remember how green was the foliage that half enveloped the walls, and how richly picturesque the hills behind them. Here in the European Castle were executed the greater part of the janizaries, hundreds in a day, of the manliest frames in the empire, thrown into the rapid Bosphorus, headless and stripped, to float, unmourned and unregarded, to the sea.

Above Roumeli-Hissar, the Bosphorus spreads again, and a curving bay, which is set like a mirror in a frame of the softest foliage and verdure, is pointed out as a spot at which the crusaders, Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of

Toulouse, encamped on their way to Palestine. The hills beyond this are loftier; and the Giant's mountain, upon which the Russian army encamped at their late visit to the Porte, would be a respectable eminence in any country. At its foot, the strait expands into quite a lake, and on the European side, in a scoop of the shore, exquisitely placed, stand the diplomatic villages of Terapia and Buyukdere. The English, French, Russian, Austrian, and other flags were flying over a half dozen of the most desirable residences I have seen since Italy.

We soon pulled the remaining mile or two, and our spent caikjees drew breath, and lay on their oars in the Black Sea. The waves were breaking on the "blue Symplegades," a mile on our left, and, before us, towards the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and, south, toward Colchis and Trebizond, spread one broad, blue waste of waters, apparently as limitless as the ocean. The Black Sea is particularly *blue*.

We turned our prow to the west, and I sighed to remember that I had reached my farthest step into the east. Henceforth I shall be on the return. I sent a long look over the waters to the bright lands beyond, so famed in history and fiction, and, wishing for even a metamorphosis into the poor sea-bird flying above us (whose travelling expenses Nature pays), I lay back in the boat with a "change in the spirit of my dream."

We stopped on the Anatolian shore to visit the ruins of a fine old Genoese castle, which looks over the Black Sea, and after a lunch upon grapes and coffee, at a small village at the foot of the hill on which it stands, we embarked and followed our companions. Running down with the current to Buyukdere, we landed and walked along the thronged and beautiful shore to Terapia, meeting hundreds of fair Armenians and Greeks (all beautiful, it seemed to me), issuing forth for their evening promenade; and, with a call of ceremony on the English ambassador, for whom I had letters, we again took to the caique, and fled down with the current like a bird. Oh, what a sunset was there!

We were to dine and pass the night at the country house

of an English Gentleman at Bebec, a secluded and lovely village, six or eight miles from Constantinople. We reached the landing as the stars began to glimmer, and, after one of the most agreeable and hospitable entertainments I remember to have shared, we took an early breakfast with our joyous host, and returned to the ship. I could wish my friends no brighter passage in their lives than such an excursion as mine to the Black Sea.

LETTER XXI

The Sultan's Perfumer—Etiquette of Smoking—Temptations for Purchasers—Exquisite Flavour of the Turkish Perfumes—The Slave-market of Constantinople—Slaves from various Countries, Greek, Circassian, Egyptian, Persian—African Female Slaves—An Improvisatrice—Exposure for Sale, etc.

Oct. 1833.

AN ABYSSINIAN SLAVE WITH BRACELETS ON HIS WRISTS AND ankles, a white turban, folded in the most approved fashion around his curly head, and a showy silk sash about his waist, addressed us in broken English as we passed a small shop on the way to the Bezestein. His master was an old acquaintance of my polyglot friend, and, passing in at a side-door, we entered a dimly-lighted apartment in the rear, and were received with a profusion of salaams by the sultan's perfumer. For a Turk, Mustapha Effendi was the most voluble gentleman in his discourse that I had yet met in Stamboul. A spare grey beard just sprinkled a pair of blown-up cheeks, and a collapsed double chin that fell in curtain folds to his bosom, a moustache of seven or eight hairs on a side, curled demurely about the corners of his mouth, his heavy, oily black eyes twinkled in their pursy recesses, with the salacious good humour of a satyr; and, as he coiled his legs under him on the broad ottoman in the corner, his boneless body completely lapped over them, knees and all, and left him, apparently, bolt upright on his

trunk, like a man amputated at the hips. A string of beads in one hand, and a splendid *narghilé* or rose-water pipe in the other completed as fine a picture of a mere animal as I remember to have met in my travels.

My learned friend pursued the conversation in Turkish, and, in a few minutes, the black entered with pipes of exquisite amber filled with the mild Persian tobacco. Leaving his slippers at the door, he dropped upon his knee, and placed two small brass dishes in the centre of the room to receive the hot pipe-bowls, and, with a showy flourish of his long naked arm, brought round the rich mouth-pieces to our lips. A spicy atom of some aromatic composition, laid in the centre of the bowl, removed from the smoke all that could offend the most delicate organs, and, as I looked about the perfumer's retired sanctum and my eye rested on the small heaps of spice-wood, the gilded pastilles, the curious bottles of attar of roses and jasmine, and thence to the broad, soft divans extending quite around the room, piled in the corners with cushions of down, I thought Mustapha the perfumer, among those who lived by traffic, had the cleanliest and most gentleman-like vocation.

Observing that I smoked but little, Mustapha gave an order to his familiar, who soon appeared with two small gilded saucers; one containing a jelly of incomparable delicacy and whiteness, and the other a candied liquid, tintured with quince and cinnamon. My friend explained to me that I was to eat both, and that Mustapha said, "on his head be the injury it would do me." There needed little persuasion. The cook to a court of fairies might have mingled sweets less delicately.

For all this courtesy Mustapha finds his offset in the opened hearts of his customers, when the pipes are smoked out, and there is nothing to delay the offer of his costly wares. First calling for a jar of jessamine, than which the sultan himself perfumes his beard with no rarer, he turned it upside down, and, leaning towards me, rubbed the moistened cork over my nascent moustache, and waited with a satisfied certainty for my expression of admiration

as it "ascended me into the brain." There was no denying that it was of celestial flavour. He held up his fingers: "one? two? three? ten? How many bottles shall your slave fill for you?" It was a most lucid pantomime. An interpreter would have been superfluous. The attar of roses stood next on the shelf. It was the best ever sent from Adrianople. Bottle after bottle of different extracts was passed under nasal review; each, one might think the triumph of the alchemy of flowers, and of each a specimen was laid aside for me in a slender phial, dexterously capped with vellum, and tied with a silken thread by the adroit Abyssinian. I escaped emptying my purse by a single worthless coin, the fee I required for my return boat over the Golden Horn—but I had seen Mustapha the perfumer.

My friend led the way through several intricate windings, and, passing through a gateway, we entered a circular area, surrounded with a single building divided into small apartments, faced with open porches. It was the slave-market of Constantinople. My first idea was to look round for Don Juan and Johnson. In their place we found slaves of almost every Eastern nation, who looked at us with an "I wish to heaven that somebody would buy us" sort of an expression, but none so handsome as Haidee's lover. In a low cellar, beneath one of the apartments, lay twenty or thirty white men chained together by the legs, and with scarce the clothing required by decency. A small-featured Arab stood at the door, wrapped in a purple-hooded cloak, and Mr. H., addressing him in Arabic, inquired their nations. He was not their master, but the stout fellow in the corner, he said, was a Greek by his regular features, and the boy chained to him was a Circassian by his rosy cheek and curly hair, and the black-lipped villain with the scar over his forehead was an Egyptian, doubtless, and the two that looked like brothers were Georgians or Persians, or perhaps Bulgarians. Poor devils! they lay on the clay floor with a cold easterly wind blowing in upon them, dispirited and chilled, with the prospect of being sold to a task-master for their best hope of relief.

A shout of African laughter drew us to the other side of the bazaar. A dozen Nubian damsels, flat-nosed and curly-headed, but as straight and fine-limbed as pieces of black statuary, lay around on a platform in front of their apartment, while one sat upright in the middle, and amused her companions by some narration accompanied by grimaces irresistibly ludicrous. Each had a somewhat scant blanket, black with dirt, and worn as carelessly as a lady carries her shawl. Their black, polished frames were disposed about, in postures a painter would scarce call ungraceful, and no start or change of attitude when we approached betrayed the innate coyness of the sex. After watching the *improvisatrice* awhile, we were about passing on, when a man came out from the inner apartment, and beckoning to one of them to follow him, walked into the middle of the bazaar. She was a tall, arrow-straight lass of about eighteen, with the form of a nymph, and the head of a baboon. He commenced by crying in a voice that must have been educated in the gallery of a minaret, setting forth the qualities of the animal at his back, who was to be sold at public auction forthwith. As he closed his harangue he slipped his pipe back into his mouth, and, lifting the scrimped blanket of the ebon Venus, turned her twice round, and walked to the other side of the bazaar, where his cry and the exposure of the submissive wench were repeated.

We left him to finish his circuit, and walked on in search of the Circassian beauties of the market. Several turbaned slave-merchants were sitting round a *manghal*, or brass vessel of coals, smoking or making their coffee, in one of the porticos, and my friend addressed one of them with an inquiry on the subject. "There were Circassians in the bazaar," he said, "but there was an expressed firman, prohibiting the exposing or selling of them to Franks, under heavy penalties." We tried to bribe him. It was of no use. He pointed to the apartment in which they were, and, as it was upon the ground floor, I took advice of modest assurance, and, approaching the window, sheltered my eyes with my hand, and looked in. A great, fat girl, with

a pair of saucer-like black eyes, and cheeks as red and round as a cabbage-rose, sat facing the window, devouring a pie most voraciously. She had a small carpet spread beneath her, and sat on one of her heels, with a row of fat, red toes, whose nails were tinged with henna, just protruding on the other side from the folds of her ample trousers. The light was so dim that I could not see the features of the others, of whom there were six or seven in groups in the corners. And so faded the bright colours of a certain boyish dream of Circassian beauty! A fat girl eating a pie!

As we were about leaving the bazaar, the door of a small apartment near the gate opened, and disclosed the common cheerless interior of a chamber in a *khan*. In the centre burned the almost-extinguished embers of a Turkish *manghal*, and, at the moment of my passing, a figure rose from a prostrate position, and exposed, as a shawl dropped from her face in rising, the exquisitely small features and bright olive skin of an Arab girl. Her hair was black as night, and the bright braid of it across her forehead seemed but another shade of the warm dark eye that lifted its heavy and sleepy lids, and looked out of the accidentally-opened door as if she were trying to remember how she had dropped out of "Araby the blest" upon so cheerless a spot. She was very beautiful. I should have taken her for a child, from her diminutive size, but for a certain fullness in the limbs and a womanly ripeness in the bust and features. The same dusky lips which give the males of her race a look of ghastliness, either by contrast with a row of dazlingly white teeth, or from their round and perfect chiselling, seemed in her almost a beauty. I had looked at her several minutes before she chose to consider it as impertinence. At last she slowly raised her little symmetrical figure (the "Barbary shape" the old poets talk of), and, slipping forward to reach the latch, I observed that she was chained by one of her ankles to a ring in the floor. To think that only a "malignant and a turban'd Turk" may possess such a Hebe! Beautiful creature! your lot—

By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced
In Fate's eternal volume.

And yet it is very possible she would eat pies, too!

We left the slave-market, and, wishing to buy a piece of Brusa silk for a dressing-gown, my friend conducted me to a secluded khan in the neighbourhood of the far-famed "burnt column." Entering by a very mean door, closed within by a curtain, we stood on fine Indian mats in a large room, piled to the ceiling with silks enveloped in the soft satin-paper of the East. Here again coffee must be handed round before a single fold of the old Armenian's wares could see the light; and fortunate it is, since one may not courteously refuse it, that Turkish coffee is very delicious, and served in acorn cups for size. A handsome boy took away the little filagree holders at last, and the old trader, setting his huge calpack firmly on his shaven head, began to reach down his costly wares. I had never seen such an array. The floor was soon like a shivered rainbow, almost painting the eye with the brilliancy and variety of beautiful fabrics. There were stuffs of gold for a queen's wardrobe; there were gauze-like fabrics inwoven with flowers of silver; and there was no leaf in botany, nor device in antiquity, that was not imitated in their rich borderings. I laid my hand on a plain pattern of blue and silver, and, half shutting my eyes to imagine how I should look in it, resolved upon the degree of depletion which my purse could bear, and inquired the price. As "green door and brass knocker" says of his charges in the farce, it was "ridiculously trifling." It is a cheap country, the East! A beautiful Circassian slave for a hundred dollars (if you are a Turk), and an emperor's dressing-gown for three! The Armenian laid his hand on his breast, as if he had made a good sale of it; the coffee-bearer wanted but a sous, and that was charity; and thus, by a mere change of place, that which were but a gingerbread expenditure, becomes a rich man's purchase.

LETTER XXII

Punishment of Conjugal Infidelity—Drowning in the Bosphorus—Frequency of its occurrence accounted for—A Band of wild Roumeliotes—Their picturesque appearance—Ali Pasha, of Yanina—A Turkish Funeral—Fat Widow of Sultan Selim—A Visit to the Sultan's Summer Palace—A travelling Moslem—Unexpected Token of Home.

Nov. 1833.

A TURKISH WOMAN WAS SACKED AND THROWN INTO THE Bosphorus this morning. I was idling away the day in the bazaar and did not see her. The ward-room steward of the *United States*, a very intelligent man, who was at the pier when she was brought down to the *caïque*, describes her as a young woman of twenty-two or three years, strikingly beautiful; and with the exception of a short quick sob in her throat, as if she had wearied herself out with weeping, she was quite calm, and submitted composedly to her fate. She was led down by two soldiers, in her usual dress, her *yashmak* only torn from her face, and rowed off to the mouth of the bay, where the sack was drawn over her without resistance. The splash of her body in the sea was distinctly seen by the crowd who had followed her to the water.

It is horrible to reflect on these summary executions, knowing as we do that the poor victim is taken before the judge, upon the least jealous whim of her husband or master, condemned often upon bare suspicion, and hurried instantly from the tribunal to this violent and revolting death. Any suspicion of commerce with a Christian particularly, is, with or without evidence, instant ruin. Not long ago, the inhabitants of Arnaout-keui, a pretty village on the Bosphorus, were shocked with the spectacle of a Turkish woman and a young Greek hanging dead from the shutters of a window on the water-side. He had been detected in leaving her house at daybreak, and in less than an hour the unfortunate lovers had met their fate. They are said to have died most heroically, embracing and declaring their attachment to the last.

Such tragedies occur every week or two in Constantinople, and it is not wonderful, considering the superiority of the educated and picturesque Greek to his brutal neighbour, or the daring and romance of Europeans in the pursuit of forbidden pleasure. The liberty of going and coming, which the Turkish women enjoy, wrapped only in veils, which assist by their secrecy, is temptingly favourable to intrigue; and the self-sacrificing nature of the sex, when the heart is concerned, shows itself here in proportion to the demand for it.

An eminent physician, who attends the seraglio of the sultan's sister, consisting of a great number of women, tells me that their time is principally occupied in sentimental correspondence, by means of flowers, with the forbidden Greeks and Armenians. These Platonic passions for persons whom they have only seen from their gilded lattices, are their only amusement, and they are permitted by the sultana, who has herself the reputation of being partial to Franks, and, old as she is, ingenious in contrivances to obtain their society. My intelligent informant thinks the Turkish women, in spite of their want of education, somewhat remarkable for their sentiment of character.

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With two English travellers, whom I had known in Italy, I pulled out of the bay in a caïque, and ran down under the wall of the city, on the side of the sea of Marmora. For a mile or more we were beneath the wall of the seraglio, whose small water-gates whence so many victims have found

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Their way to Marmora without a boat,

are beset, to the imaginative eye of the traveller, with the *dramatis personæ* of a thousand tragedies. One smiles to detect himself gazing on an old postern, with his teeth shut hard together, and his hair on end, in the calm of a pure, silent, sunshiny morning of September!

We landed some seven miles below, at the Seven Towers,

and dismissed our boat to walk across to the Golden Horn. Our road was outside of the triple walls of Stamboul, whose two hundred and fifty towers look as if they were toppling after an earthquake, and are overgrown superbly with ivy. Large trees, rooted in the crevices, and gradually bursting the thick walls, overshadow entirely their once proud turrets, and for the whole length of the five or six miles across, it is one splendid picture of decay. I have seen in no country such beautiful ruins.

At the Adrianople gate, we found a large troop of horsemen, armed in the wild manner of the East, who had accompanied a Roumeliote chief from the mountains. They were not allowed to enter the city, and, with their horses picketed on the plain, were lying about in groups, waiting till their leader should conclude his audience with the seraskier. They were as cut-throat-looking a set as a painter would wish to see. The extreme richness of Eastern arms, mounted showily in silver, and of shapes so cumbersome, yet picturesque, contrasted strangely with their ragged capotes, and torn leggings, and their way-worn and weary countenances. Yet they were almost without exception fine-featured, and of a resolute expression of face; and they had flung themselves, as savages will, into attitudes that art would find it difficult to improve.

Directly opposite this gate stand five marble slabs, indicating the spots in which are buried the heads of *Ali Pasha*, of Albania, his three sons, and grandson. The inscription states, that the rebel lost his head for having dared to aspire to independence. He was a brave old barbarian, however, and, as the worthy chief of the most warlike people of modern times, one stands over his grave with regret. It would have been a classic spot had Byron survived to visit it. No event in his travels made more impression on his mind than the pasha's detecting his rank by the beauty of his hands. His fine description of the wild court of Yanina, in "*Childe Harold*," has already made the poet's return of immortality, but had he survived the revolution in Greece, with his increased knowledge of the Albanian soldier and his habits, and his esteem for the old

chieftain, a hero so much to his taste would have been his most natural theme. It remains to be seen whether the age or the language will produce another Byron to take up the broken thread.

As we were poring over the Turkish inscription, four men, apparently quite intoxicated, came running and hallooing from the city gate, bearing upon their shoulders a dead man on his bier. Entering the cemetery, they went stumbling on over the footstones, tossing the corpse about so violently, that the helpless limbs frequently fell beyond the limits of the rude barrow, while the grave-digger, the only sober person, save the dead man, in the company, followed at his best speed, with his pick-axe and shovel. These extraordinary bearers set down their burden not far from the gate, and, to my surprise, walked laughing off like men who had merely engaged in a moment's frolic by the way, while the sexton, left quite alone, composed a little the posture of the disordered body, and sat down to get breath for his task.

My Constantinopolitan friend tells me that the Koran blesses him who carries a dead body forty paces on its way to the grave. The poor are thus carried out to the cemeteries by voluntary bearers, who, after they have completed their prescribed paces, change with the first individual whose reckoning with heaven may be in arrears.

The corpse we had seen so rudely borne on its last journey, was, or had been, a middle-aged Turk. He had neither shroud nor coffin, but

Lay like a gentleman taking a snooze,

in his slippers and turban, the bunch of flowers on his bosom the only token that he was dressed for any particular occasion. We had not time to stay and see his grave dug, and "his face laid towards the tomb of the prophet."

We entered the Adrianople gate, and crossed the triangle, which old Stamboul nearly forms, by a line approaching its hypotenuse. Though in a city so thickly

populated, it was one of the most lonely walks conceivable. We met, perhaps, one individual in a street; and the perfect silence, and the cheerless look of the Turkish houses, with their jealously-closed windows, gave it the air of a city devastated by the plague. The population of Constantinople is only seen in the bazaars, or in the streets bordering on the Golden Horn. In the extensive quarter occupied by dwelling-houses only, the inhabitants, if at home, occupy apartments opening on their secluded gardens, or are hidden from the gaze of the street by their fine dull-coloured lattices. It strikes one with melancholy after the gay balconies and open doors of France and Italy.

We passed the Eski serai, the palace in which the imperial widows wear their chaste weeds in solitude; and, weary with our long walk, emerged from the silent streets at the bazaar of wax candles, and took caïque for the Argentopolis of the ancients, the "silver city" of Galata.

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The thundering of guns from the whole Ottoman fleet in the Bosphorus announced, some days since, that the sultan had changed his summer for his winter serai, and the commodore received yesterday a firman to visit the deserted palace of Beylerbey.

We left the frigate at an early hour, our large party of officers increased by the captain of the *Acteon* sloop-of-war, some gentlemen of the English ambassador's household, and several strangers, who took advantage of the commodore's courtesy to enjoy a privilege, granted so very rarely.

As we pulled up the strait, someone pointed out the residence, on the European shore, of the once favourite wife, and now fat widow, of Sultan Selim. She is called by the Turks the "boneless sultana," and is the model of shape by the Oriental standard. The poet's lines,

Who turn'd that little waist with so much care,
And shut perfection in so small a ring?

though a very neat compliment in some countries, would be downright rudeness in the East. Near this jelly in weeds lives a venerable Turk, who was once ambassador to England. He came back too much enlightened, and the mufti immediately procured his exile for infidelity. He passes his day, we were told, in looking at a large map hung on the wall before him, and wondering at his own travels.

We were received at the shining brazen gate of Beylerbey, by Hamik Pasha (a gentleman-like man, just returned from a mission to England), deputed by the sultan to do the honours. A side-door introduced us immediately to the grand hall upon the lower floor, which was separated only by four marble pillars, and a heavy curtain rolled up at will, from the gravel-walk of the garden in the rear. We ascended thence by an open-staircase of wood, prettily inlaid, to the second floor, which was one long suite of spacious rooms, built entirely in the French style, and thence to the third floor, the same thing over again. It was quite like looking at lodgings in Paris. There was no furniture, except an occasional ottoman turned with its face upon another, and a prodigious quantity of French musical clocks, three or four in every room, and all playing in our honour with an amusing confusion. One other article, by the way—a large, common American rocking chair! The poor thing stood in a great gilded room, all alone, looking pitifully homesick. I seated myself in it, *malgré* a thick coat of dust upon the bottom, as I would visit a sick countryman in exile.

The harem was locked, and the polite pasha regretted that he had no orders to open it. We descended to the gardens, which rise by terraces to a gim-crack temple and orangery, and, having looked at the sultan's poultry, we took our leave. If his pink palace in Europe is no finer than his yellow palace in Asia, there is many a merchant in America better lodged than the padishah of the Ottoman empire. We have not seen the old seraglio, however; and in its inaccessible recesses, probably, moulders that true Oriental splendour which this upholsterer monarch abandons in his rage for the novel luxuries of Europe.

LETTER XXIII

The Golden Horn and its Scenery—The Sultan's Wives and Arabians—The Valley of Sweet Waters—Beauty of the Turkish Minarets—The Mosque of Sulymanye—Mussulmans at their Devotions—The Muezzin—The Bazaar of the Opium-eaters—The Mad-house of Constantinople, and description of its Inmates—Their wretched treatment—The Hippodrome and the Mosque of Sultan Achmet—The Janizaries.

Nov. 1833.

THE "GOLDEN HORN" IS A CURVED ARM OF THE SEA, THE broadest extremity meeting the Bosphorus and forming the harbour of Constantinople, and the other tapering away till it is lost in the "Valley of Sweet Waters." It curls through the midst of the seven-hilled city, and you cross it whenever you have an errand in old Stamboul. Its hundreds of shooting caïques, its forests of merchantmen and men-of-war, its noise and its confusion are exchanged in scarce ten minutes of swift pulling for the breathless and Eden-like solitude of a valley that has not its parallel, I am inclined to think, between the Mississippi and the Caspian. It is called in Turkish *khyat-khana*. Opening with a gentle curve from the Golden Horn, it winds away into the hills towards Belgrade, its long and even hollow, threaded by a lively stream and carpeted by a broad belt of unbroken green sward, swelling up to the inclosing hills with a grass so verdant and silken that it seems the very floor of faëry. In the midst of its longest stretch to the eye (perhaps two miles of level meadow), stands a beautiful serai of the sultan's, unfenced and open, as if it had sprung from the lap of the green meadow like a lily. The stream runs by its door; and over a mimic fall, whose lip is of scalloped marble, is built an Oriental kiosk, all carving and gold, that is only too delicate and fantastical for reality.

Here, with the first grass of spring, the sultan sends his fine-footed Arabians to pasture; and here come the ladies of his harem (chosen, women and horses, for much the same class of qualities), and in the long summer afternoons,

with mounted eunuchs on the hills around, forbidding on pain of death all approach to the sacred retreat, they venture to drop their jealous veils and ramble about in their unsunned beauty.

After a gallop of three or four miles over the broad waste table-plain, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, we checked our horses suddenly on the brow of a precipitous descent, with this scene of beauty spread out before us. I had not yet approached it by water, and it seemed to me as if the earth had burst open at my feet, and revealed some realm of enchantment. Behind me, and away beyond the valley to the very horizon, I could see only a trackless heath, brown and treeless, while, a hundred feet below, lay a strip of very paradise, blooming in all the verdure and heavenly freshness of spring. We descended slowly, and, crossing a bridge half hidden by willows, rode in upon the elastic green sward (for myself), with half a feeling of profanation. There were no eunuchs upon the hills, however, and our spirited Turkish horses threw their wild heads into the air, and we flew over the verdant turf like a troop of Delhis, the sound of the hoofs on the yielding carpet scarcely audible. The fair palace in the centre of this domain of loveliness was closed, and it was only after we had walked around it that we observed a small tent of the prophet's green couched in a small dell on the hillside, and containing probably the guard of its imperial master.

We mounted again and rode up the valley for two or three miles, following the same level and verdant curve, the soft carpet broken only by the silver thread of the Barbyzes, loitering through it on its way to the sea. A herd of buffaloes, tended by a Bulgarian boy, stretched on his back in the sunshine, and a small caravan of camels bringing wood from the hills, and keeping to the soft valley as a relief to their spongy feet, were the only animated portions of the landscape. I think I shall never form to my mind another picture of romantic rural beauty (an employment of the imagination I am much given to when out of humour with the world), that will not resemble the

"Valley of Sweet Waters"—the *khyat-khana* of Constantinople. "Poor Slingsby" never was here.¹

The lofty mosque of Sulymanyé, the bazaars of the opium-eaters, and the *Timar-hané*, or mad-house of Constantinople, are all upon one square in the highest part of the city. We entered the vast court of the mosque from a narrow and filthy street, and the impression of its towering plane-trees and noble area, and of the strange but grand and costly pile in its centre, was almost devotional. An inner court, inclosed by a kind of romanesque wall, contained a sacred marble fountain of light and airy architecture; and the portico facing this was sustained by some of those splendid and gigantic columns of porphyry and jasper, the spoils of the churches of Asia Minor.²

I think the most beautiful spire that rises into the sky is the Turkish minaret. If I may illustrate an object of such magnitude by so trifling a comparison, it is exactly the shape and proportions of an ever-pointed pencil-case—the silver bands answering to the encircling galleries, one above another, from which the muezzin calls out the hour of prayer. The minaret is painted white, the galleries are

¹ Irving says, in one of his most exquisite passages: "He who has sallied forth into the world like poor Slingsby, full of sunny anticipations, finds too soon how different the distant scene becomes when visited. The smooth place roughens as he approaches; the wild place becomes tame and barren; the fairy tints that beguiled him on, still fly to the distant hill, or gather upon the land he has left behind, and every part of the landscape is greener than the spot he stands on." Full of music and beautiful expression as this is, I, for one, have not found it true. Bright as I had imagined the much-sung lands beyond the water, I have found many a scene in Italy and the East that has more than answered the craving for beauty in my heart. Val d'Arno, Vallombrosa, Venice, Terni, Tivoli, Albano, the Isles of Greece, the Bosphorus, and the matchless Valley I have described, have, with a hundred other spots less famous, far outgone, in their exquisite reality, even the brightest of my anticipations. The passage is not necessarily limited in its meaning to scenery, however, and of *moral* disappointment it is beautifully true. There is many a "poor Slingsby," the fate of whose sunny anticipations of life it describes but too faithfully.

² Sulymanyé was built of the ruins of the church, Saint Euphemia, at Chalcedonia.

fantastically carved, and rising to the height of the highest steeples in our country (four and sometimes six to a single mosque), these slender and pointed fingers of devotion seem to enter the very sky. Remembering, dear reader, that there are *two hundred and twenty mosques, and three hundred chapels* in Constantinople, raising, perhaps, in all, a thousand minarets to heaven, you may get some idea of the magnificence of this seven-hilled capital of the Orient.

It was near the hour of prayer, and the devout mussulmans were thronging into the court of Sulymanyé by every gate. Passing the noble doors, with their strangely-carved arches of arabesque, which invite all to enter but the profaning foot of the Christian, the turbaned crowd repaired first to the fountains. From the walls of every mosque, by small conduits pouring into a marble basin, flow streams of pure water for the religious ablutions of the faithful. The mussulman approaches, throws off his flowing robe, steps out of his yellow slippers, and unwinds his voluminous turban with devout deliberateness. A small marble step, worn hollow with pious use, supports his foot while he washes from the knee downward. His hands and arms, with the flowing sleeve of his silk shirt rolled to the shoulder, receive the same lavation, and then, washing his face, he repeats a brief prayer, resumes all but his slippers, and enters the mosque barefooted. The *mihrab* (or niche indicating the side towards the tomb of the prophet) fixes his eye. He folds his hands together, prays a moment standing, prostrates himself flat on his face towards the hallowed quarter, rises upon his knees, and continues praying and prostrating himself for perhaps half an hour. And all this process is required by the mufti, and performed by every good mussulman *five times a day*! A rigid adherence to it is almost universal among the Turks. In what an odour of sanctity would a Christian live, who should make himself thus "familiar with Heaven!"

As the muezzin from the minaret was shouting his last "mashallah!" with a voice like a man calling out from the

clouds, we left the court of the majestic mosque, with Byron's reflection:

Alas! man makes that great which makes him little!

and, having delivered ourselves of this scrap of poetical philosophy, we crossed over the square to the opium-eaters.

A long row of half-ruined buildings, of a single story, with porticos in front, and the broad raised platform beneath, on which the Turks sit cross-legged at public places, is the scene of what was once a peculiarly Oriental spectacle. The mufti has of late years denounced the use of opium, and the devotees to its sublime intoxication have either conquered the habit, or, what is more probable, indulge it in more secret places. The shops are partly ruinous, and those that remain in order are used as *cafés*, in which, however, it is said that the dangerous drug may still be procured. My companion inquired of a good-humoured-looking *caffeejee* whether there was any place at which a confirmed opium-eater could be seen under its influence. He said there was an old Turk, who was in the habit of frequenting his shop, and, if we could wait an hour or two, we might see him in the highest state of intoxication. We had no time to spare, if the object had been worth our while.

And here, thought I, as we sat down and took a cup of coffee in the half-ruined *café*, have descended upon the delirious brains of these noble drunkards the visions of Paradise, so glowingly described in books—visions, it is said, as far exceeding the poor invention of the poet as the hours of the prophet exceed the fair damsels of this world. Here men, otherwise in their senses, have believed themselves emperors, warriors, poets; these wretched walls and bending roof, the fair proportions of a palace; this grey old *caffeejee*, a Hylas or a Ganymede. Here men have come to cast off, for an hour, the dull thralldom of the body, to soar into the glorious world of fancy, at a penalty of a thousand times the proportion of real misery; to sacrifice the invaluable energies of health, and deliberately poison

the very fountain of life, for a few brief moments of magnificent and frenzied blessedness. It is powerfully described in the *Opium Eater*, of De Quincey.

At the extremity of this line of buildings, by a natural proximity, stands the *Timar-hané*. We passed the porter at the gate without question, and entered a large quadrangle, surrounded with the grated windows of cells on the ground floor. In every window was chained a maniac. The doors of the cells were all open, and, descending by a step upon the low stone floor of the first, we found ourselves in the presence of four men chained to rings, in the four corners, by massy iron collars. The man in the window sat crouched together, like a person benumbed (the day was raw and cold as December), the heavy chain of his collar hanging on his naked breast, and his shoulders imperfectly covered with a narrow blanket. His eyes were large and fierce, and his mouth was fixed in an expression of indignant sullenness. My companion asked him if he were ill. He said he should be well if he were out—that he was brought there in a fit of intoxication two years ago, and was no more crazy than his keeper. Poor fellow! It might easily be true. He lifted his heavy collar from his neck as he spoke, and it was not difficult to believe that misery like his for two long years would, of itself, destroy reason. There was a better-dressed man in the opposite corner, who informed us, in a gentlemanly voice, that he had been a captain in the sultan's army, and was brought there in the delirium of a fever. He was at a loss to know, he said, why he was imprisoned still.

We passed on to a poor, half-naked wretch in the last stage of illness and idiocy, who sat chattering to himself, and, though trembling with the cold, interrupted his monologue continually with fits of the wildest laughter. Farther on sat a young man, of a face so full of intellectual beauty, an eye so large and mild, a mouth of such mingled sadness and sweetness, and a forehead so broad, and marked so nobly, that we stood, all of us, struck with a simultaneous feeling of pity and surprise. A countenance more beaming with all that is admirable in human nature

I have never seen, even in painting. He might have sat to Da Vinci for the "Beloved Apostle." He had tied the heavy chain by a shred to a round of the grating, to keep its weight from his neck, and seemed calm and resigned, with all his sadness. My friend spoke to him, but he answered obscurely, and, seeing that our gaze disturbed him, we passed unwillingly on. Oh, what room there is in the world for pity! If that poor prisoner be not a maniac (as he may not be), and, if nature has not falsified in the structure of his mind the superior impress on his features, what Prometheus-like agony has he suffered! The guiltiest felon is better cared for. And allowing his mind to be a wreck, and allowing the hundred human minds, in the same cheerless prison, to be certainly in ruins, oh, what have they done to be weighed down with iron on their necks, and exposed, like caged beasts, shivering and naked, to the eye of pitiless curiosity? I have visited lunatic asylums in France, Italy, Sicily, and Germany, but, culpably neglected as most of them are, I have seen nothing comparable to this in horror. "Is he never unchained?" we asked. "Never!" And yet, from the ring to the iron collar, there was just chain enough to permit him to stand upright! There were no vessels near them, not even a pitcher of water. Their dens were cleansed and the poor sufferers fed at appointed hours, and, come wind or rain, there was neither shutter nor glass to defend them from the inclemency of the weather.

We entered most of the rooms, and found in all the same dampness, filth and misery. One poor wretch had been chained to the same spot for twenty years. The keeper said he never slept. He talked all the night long. Sometimes at mid-day his voice would cease, and his head nod for an instant, and then with a start, as if he feared to be silent, he raved on with the same incoherent rapidity. He had been a dervish. His collar and chain were bound with rags, and a tattered coat was fastened up on the inside of the window, forming a small recess in which he sat, between the room and the grating. He was emaciated to the last degree. His beard was tangled and filthy, his nails

curled over the ends of his fingers, and his appearance, save only an eye of the keenest lustre, that of a wild beast.

In the last room we entered, we found a good-looking young man, well-dressed, healthy, composed, and having every appearance of a person in the soundest state of mind and body. He saluted us courteously, and told my friend that he was a renegade Greek. He had turned mussulman a year or two ago, had lost his reason, and so was brought here. He talked of it quite as a thing of course, and seemed to be entirely satisfied that the best had been done for him. One of the party took hold of his chain. He winced as the collar stirred on his neck, and said the lock was on the outside of the window (which was true), and that the boys came in and tormented him by pulling it sometimes. "There they are," he said, pointing to two or three children who had just entered the court, and were running round from one prisoner to another. We bade him good morning, and he laid his hand to his breast and bowed with a smile. As we passed towards the gate, the chattering lunatic on the opposite side screamed after us; the old dervish laid his skinny hands on the bars of his window, and talked louder and faster; and the children, approaching close to the poor creatures, laughed with delight at their excitement.

It was a relief to escape to the common sights and sounds of the city. We walked on to the Hippodrome. The only remaining beauty of this famous square is the unrivalled mosque of Sultan Achmet, which, though inferior in size to the renowned Santa Sophia, is superior in elegance both within and without. Its six slender and towering minarets are the handsomest in Constantinople. The wondrous obelisk, in the centre of the square, remains perfect as in the time of the Christian emperors, but the brazen tripod is gone from the twisted column, and the serpent-like pillar itself is leaning over with its brazen folds to its fall.

Here stood the barracks of the powerful Janizaries, and from the side of Sultan Achmet the cannon were levelled

upon them, as they rushed from the conflagration within. And here, when Constantinople was the "second Rome," were witnessed the triumphal processions of Christian conquest, the march of the crusaders, bound for Palestine, and the civil tumults which Justinian, walking among the people with the Gospel in his hand, tried in vain to allay ere they burnt the great edifice built of the ruins of the temple of Solomon. And around this now-neglected area, the captive Gelimer followed in chains the chariot of the conquering Belisarius, repeating the words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" while the conqueror himself, throwing aside his crown, prostrated himself at the feet of the beautiful Theodora, raised from a Roman actress to be the Christian empress of the East. From any elevated point of the city, you may still see the ruins of the palace of the renowned warrior, and read yourself a lesson on human vicissitudes, remembering the school-book story of "an obolon for Belisarius!"

The Hippodrome was, until late years, the constant scene of the games of the *jereed*. With the destruction of the Janizaries, and the introduction of European tactics, this graceful exercise has gone out of fashion. The East is fast losing its picturesqueness. Dress, habits, character, everything seems to be undergoing a gradual change; and when, as the Turks themselves predict, the moslem is driven into Asia, this splendid capital will become another Paris, and with the improvements in travel, a summer in Constantinople will be as little thought of as a tour in Italy. Politicians in this part of the world predict such a change as about to arrive.

LETTER XXIV

Sultan Mahmoud at his Devotions—Comparative Splendour of Papal, Austrian, and Turkish Equipages—The Sultan's Barge or *Caïque*—Description of the Sultan—Visit to a Turkish Lancasterian School—The Dancing Dervishes—Visit from the Sultan's Cabinet—The Seraskier and the Capitan Pasha—Humble Origin of Turkish Dignitaries.

Nov. 1833.

I HAD SLEPT ON SHORE, AND IT WAS RATHER LATE BEFORE I remembered that it was Friday (the moslem Sunday), and that Sultan Mahmoud was to go in state to the mosque at twelve. I hurried down the precipitous street of Pera, and, as usual, escaping barely with my life from the Christian-hating dogs of Tophana, embarked in a *caïque*, and made all speed up the Bosphorus. There is no word in Turkish for *faster*, but I was urging on my *caikjees* by a wave of the hand and the sight of a *bishlik* (about the value of a quarter of a dollar), when, suddenly, a broadside was fired from the three-decker *Mahmoudier*, the largest ship in the world; and to the rigging of every man-of-war in the fleet through which I was passing mounted, simultaneously, hundreds of blood-red flags, filling the air about us like a shower of tulips and roses. Imagine twenty ships-of-war, with yards manned, and scarce a line in their rigging to be seen for the flaunting of colours! The jar of the guns, thundering in every direction close over us, almost lifted our light boat out of the water, and the smoke rendered our pilotage between the ships and among their extending cables rather doubtful. The white cloud lifted after a few minutes, and, with the last gun, down went the flags altogether, announcing that the "Brother of the Sun" had left his palace.

He had but crossed to the mosque of the small village on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, and was already at his prayers, when I arrived. His body-guard was drawn up before the door, in their villainous European dress; and, as their arms were stacked, I presumed it would be some time before the sultan reappeared, and improved the

interval in examining the *hanja bashes*, or state-caïques, lying at the landing. I have arrived at my present notions of equipage by three degrees. The pope's carriages at Rome rather astonished me; the Emperor of Austria's sleighs diminished the pope in my admiration; and the sultan's caïques, in their turn, "pale the fires" of the Emperor of Austria. The *hanjabash* is built something like the ancient galley, very high at the prow and stern, carries some fifty oars, and has a roof over her poop, supported by four columns, and loaded with the most sumptuous ornaments, the whole gilt brilliantly. The prow is curved over, and wreathed into every possible device that would not affect the necessary lines of the model; her crew are dressed in the beautiful costume of the country, rich and flowing; and with the costly and bright-coloured carpets hanging over her side, and the flashing of the sun on her ornaments of gold, she is really the most splendid object of state-equipage (if I may be allowed the misnomer) in the world. I was still examining the principal barge, when the troops stood to their arms, and preparation was made for the passing out of the sultan. Thirty or forty of his highest military officers formed themselves into two lines from the door of the mosque to the landing, and behind them were drawn up single files of soldiers. I took advantage of the respect paid to the rank of Commodore Patterson, and obtained an excellent position, with him, at the side of the caïque. First issued from the door two Georgian slaves, bearing censers, from which they waved the smoke on either side, and the sultan immediately followed, supported by the capitan pasha, the seraskier, and Haleil Pasha (who is to marry the sultana Esmeh). He walked slowly down to the landing, smiling and talking gaily with the seraskier, and, bowing to the commodore in passing, stepped into his barge, seated himself on a raised sofa, while his attendants coiled their legs on the carpet below, and turned his prow across the Bosphorus.

I have, perhaps, never set my eyes on a handsomer man than Sultan Mahmoud. His figure is tall, straight, and manly; his air unembarrassed and dignified; and his step

indicative of the well-known firmness of his character. A superb beard of jetty blackness, with a curling moustache, conceal all the lower part of his face; the decided and bold lines of his mouth just marking themselves when he speaks. It is said he both paints and dyes his beard, but a manlier brown upon a cheek, or a richer gloss upon a beard, I never saw. His eye is described by writers as having a doomed darkness of expression, and it is certainly one that would well become a chief of bandits—large, steady, and overhung with an eyebrow like a thunder-cloud. He looks the monarch. The child of a seraglio (where mothers are chosen for beauty alone) could scarce escape being handsome. The blood of Circassian upon Circassian is in his veins, and the wonder is, not that he is the handsomest man in his empire, but that he is not the greatest slave. Our "mother's humour," they say, predominates in our mixtures. Sultan Mahmoud, however, was marked by nature for a throne.

I accompanied Mr. Goodell and Mr. Dwight, American missionaries at Constantinople, to visit a Lancasterian school established with their assistance in the Turkish barracks. The building stands on the ascent of one of the lovely valleys that open into the Bosphorus, some three miles from the city, on the European side. We were received by the colonel of the regiment, a young man of fine appearance, with the diamond crescent and star glittering on the breast of his military frock; and after the inevitable compliment of pipes and coffee, the drum was beat and the soldiers called to school.

The sultan has an army of boys. Nine-tenths of those I have seen are under twenty. They marched in, in single file, and, facing about, held up their hands at the word of command, while a subaltern looked that each had performed the morning ablution. They were healthy-looking lads, mostly from the interior provinces, whence they are driven down like cattle to fill the ranks of their sovereign. Duller-looking subjects for an idea it has not been my fortune to see.

The Turkish alphabet hung over the teacher's desk (the

colonel is the schoolmaster, and takes the greatest interest in his occupation), and the front seats are faced with a long box covered with sand, in which the beginners write with their fingers. It is fitted with a slide that erases the clumsy imitation when completed, and seemed to me an ingenious economy of ink and paper. (I would suggest to the minds of the benevolent a school on the same principle for beginners in poetry. It would save the critics much murder, and tend to the suppression of suicide.) The classes having filed into their seats, the school opened with a prayer by the colonel. The higher benches then commenced writing, on slates and paper, sentences dictated from the desk, and I was somewhat surprised at the neatness and beauty of the characters.

We passed afterwards into another room, where arithmetic and geography were taught, and then mounted to an apartment on the second story occupied by students in military drawing. The proficiency of all was most creditable, considering the brief period during which the schools have been in operation—something less than a year. Prejudiced as the Turks are against European innovation, this advanced step towards improvement tells well. Our estimable and useful missionaries appear, from the respect everywhere shown to them, to be in high esteem; and, with the sultan's energetic disposition for reform, they hope everything in the way of an enlightened change in the moral condition of the people.

* * * * *

Went to the chapel of the dancing dervishes. It is a beautiful marble building, with a court-yard ornamented with a small cemetery shaded with cypresses, and a fountain enclosed in a handsome edifice, and defended by gilt gratings from the street of the suburb of Pera, in which it stands. They dance here twice a week. We arrived before the hour, and were detained at the door by a soldier on guard, who would not permit us to enter without taking off our boots—a matter about which, between straps and their very muddy condition, we had some debate. The

dervishes began to arrive before the question was settled, and one of them, a fine-looking old man, inviting us to enter, Mr. H—— explained the difficulty. "Go in," said he, "go in!" and turning to the more scrupulous mussulman with the musket as he pushed us within the door—"Stupid fellow!" said he. "If you had been less obstinate, they would have given you a *backshish*" (Turkish for a *fee*). He should have said less religious—for the poor fellow looked horror-struck as our dirty boots profaned the clean white Persian matting of the sacred floor. One would think "the nearer the church, the farther from God," were as true here as it is said to be in some more civilized countries.

It was a pretty octagonal interior, with a gallery, the *mihrab* or niche indicating the direction of the prophet's tomb, standing obliquely from the front of the building. Hundreds of small lamps hung in the area, just out of the reach of the dervishes' tall caps, and, all around between the galleries, a part of the floor was raised, matted, and divided from the body of the church by a balustrade. It would have made an exceedingly pretty ballroom.

None but the dervishes entered within the paling; and they soon began to enter, each advancing first towards the *mihrab*, and going through fifteen or twenty minutes' prostrations and prayers. Their dress is very humble. A high, white felt-cap, without a rim, like a sugar-loaf enlarged a little at the smaller end, protects the head, and a long dress of dirt-coloured cloth, reaching quite to the heels and bound at the waist with a girdle, completes the costume. They look like men who have made up their minds to seem religious, and, though said to be a set of very good fellows, they have a Maw-worm expression of face generally, which was very repulsive. I must except the chief of the sect, however, who entered when all the rest had seated themselves on the floor, and after a brief genuflexion or two, took possession of a rich Angora carpet placed for him near the *mihrab*. He was a small old man, distinguished in his dress only by the addition of a green band to his cap (the sign of his pilgrimage to Mecca), and

the entire absence of the sanctimonious look. Still he was serious, and there was no mark in his clear, intelligent eye and amiable features of any hesitancy or want of sincerity in his devotion. He is said to be a learned man, and he is certainly a very prepossessing one, though he would be taken up as a beggar in any city in the United States. It is a thing one learns in "dangling about the world," by the way, to form opinions of men quite independently of their dress.

After sitting a while in quaker meditation, the brotherhood rose one by one (there were ten of them, I think), and marched round the room with their toes turned in, to the music of a drum and a Persian flute, played invisibly in some part of the gallery. As they passed the carpet of the cross-legged chief they twisted dexterously and made three salaams, and then raising their arms, which they held out straight during the whole dance, they commenced twirling on one foot, using the other after the manner of a paddle, to keep up the motion. I forgot to mention that they laid aside their outer dresses before commencing the dance. They remained in dirty white tunics reaching to the floor, and very full at the bottom, so that with the regular motion of their whirl the wind blew them out into a circle, like what the girls in our country call "making cheeses." They twisted with surprising exactness and rapidity, keeping clear of each other, and maintaining their places with the regularity of machines. I have seen a great deal of waltzing, but I think the dancing dervishes for precision, and spirit, might give a lesson even to the Germans.

We left them twisting. They had been going for half an hour, and it began to look very like perpetual motion. Unless their brains are addled, their devotion, during this dizzy performance at least, must be quite suspended. A man who could think of his Maker, while revolving so fast that his nose is indistinct, must have some power of abstraction.

The frigate was visited to-day by the sultan's cabinet. The seraskier pasha came alongside first in his state caïque, and embraced the commodore, as he stepped upon the deck, with great cordiality. He is a short, fat old man, with a snow-white beard, and so bow-legged as to be quite deformed. He wore the red Fez cap of the army, with a long blue frock-coat, the collar so tight as nearly to choke him, and the body not shaped to the figure, but made to fall around him like a sack. The red bloated skin of his neck fell over so as almost to cover the gold with which the collar was embroidered. He was formerly capitan pasha, or admiral-in-chief of the fleet; and, though a good-humoured, merry-looking old man, has shown himself, both in his former and present capacity, to be wily, cold, and a butcher in cruelty. He possesses unlimited influence over the sultan, and though nominally subordinate to the grand vizier, is really the second, if not the first, person in the empire. He was originally a Georgian slave.

The seraskier was still talking with the commodore in the gangway, when the present capitan pasha mounted the ladder, and the old man, who is understood to be at feud with his successor, turned abruptly away and walked aft. The capitan pasha is a tall, slender man, of precisely that look and manner which we call gentlemanly. His beard grows untrimmed in the Turkish fashion, and is slightly touched with grey. His eye is anxious but resolute, and he looks like a man of resource and ability. His history is as singular as that of most other great men in Turkey. He was a slave of Mohammed Ali, the rebellious pasha of Egypt. Being entrusted by his master with a brig and cargo for Leghorn, he sold vessel and lading, lived like a gentleman in Italy for some years with the proceeds, and, as the best security against the retribution of his old master, offered his services to the sultan, with whom Ali was just commencing hostilities. Naval talent was in request, and he soon arrived at his present dignity. He is said to be the only officer in the fleet who knows anything of his profession.

Haleil Pasha arrived last. The sultan's future son-in-law is a man of perhaps thirty-five. He is light-complexioned, stout, round-faced, and looks like a respectable grocer, "well to do in the world." He has commanded the artillery long enough to have acquired a certain air of ease and command, and carries the promise of good fortune in his confident features. He is to be married almost immediately. He, too, was a Georgian, sent as a present to the sultan.

The three dignitaries made the rounds of the ship, and then entered the cabin, where the pianoforte (a novelty to the seraskier and Haleil Pasha, and to most of the attendant officers), and the commodore's agreeable society and champagne, promised to detain them the remainder of the day. They were like children with a holiday. I was engaged to dine on shore, and left them on board.

In a country where there is no education and no rank, except in the possession of present power, it is not surprising that men should rise from the lowest class to the highest offices, or that they should fill those offices to the satisfaction of the sultan. Yet it is curious to hear their histories. An English physician, who is frequently called into the seraglio, and whose practice among all the families in power gives him the best means of information, has entertained me not a little with these secrets. I shall make use of them when I have more leisure, merely mentioning here, in connexion with the above accounts, that the present grand vizier was a boatman on the Bosphorus, and the commander of the sultan's body-guard a shoemaker! The latter still employs all his leisure in making slippers, which he presents to the sultan and his friends, not at all ashamed of his former vocation. So far, indeed, are any of these mushroom officers from blushing at their origin, that it is common to prefix the name of their profession to the title of pasha, and they are addressed by it as a proper name. This is one respect in which their European education will refine them to their disadvantage.

LETTER XXV

The Grand Bazaar of Constantinople, and its infinite Variety of Wonders—Silent Shopkeepers—Female Curiosity—Adventure with a black-eyed Stranger—The Bezestein—The Stronghold of Orientalism—Picture of a Dragoman—The Kibaub-shop; a Dinner without Knives, Forks or Chairs—Cistern of the Thousand-and-one Columns.

Nov. 1833.

BRING ALL THE SHOPS OF NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, AND Boston together around the City Hall; remove their fronts, pile up all their goods on shelves facing the street; cover the whole with a roof, and metamorphose your trim clerks into bearded, turbaned, and solemn old mussulmen, smooth Jews, and calpacked and rosy Armenians, and you will have something like the grand bazaar of Constantinople. You can scarcely get an idea of it without having been there. It is a city under cover. You walk all day, and day after day, from one street to another, winding and turning, and trudging up hill and down, and never go out of doors. The roof is as high as those of our three-story houses, and the dim light so favourable to shopkeepers comes struggling down through sky-lights never cleaned except by the rains of heaven.

Strolling through the bazaar is an endless amusement. It is slow work, for the streets are as crowded as a church-aisle after service; and, pushed aside one moment by a bevy of Turkish ladies, shuffling along in their yellow slippers, muffled to the eyes; the next by a fat slave carrying a child; again by a *kervas* armed to the teeth, and clearing the way for some coming dignitary, you find your only policy is to draw in your elbows, and suffer the motley crowd to shove you about at their pleasure.

Each shop in this world of traffic may be two yards wide. The owner sits cross-legged on the broad counter below, the height of a chair from the ground, and hands you all you want without stirring from his seat. One broad bench or counter runs the length of the street, and the different shops are only divided by the slight partition of the shelves.

The purchaser seats himself on the counter, to be out of the way of the crowd, and the shopman spreads out his goods on his knees, never condescending to open his lips except to tell you the price. If he exclaims "*bono*," or "*kalo*" (the only word a real Turk ever knows of another language), he is stared at by his neighbours as a man would be in Broadway who should break out with an Italian *bravura*. Ten to one, while you are examining his goods, the bearded trader creeps through the hole leading to his kennel of a dormitory in the rear, washes himself and returns to his counter, where, spreading his sacred carpet in the direction of Mecca, he goes through his prayers and prostrations, perfectly unconscious of your presence, or that of the passing crowd. No vocation interferes with his religious duty. Five times a day, if he were running from the plague, the mussulman would find time for prayers.

The Frank purchaser attracts a great deal of curiosity. As he points to an embroidered handkerchief, or a rich shawl, or a pair of gold-worked slippers, Turkish ladies of the first rank, gathering their *yashmaks* securely over their faces, stop close to his side, not minding if they push him a little to get nearer the desired article. Feeling not the least timidity, except for their faces, these true children of Eve examine the goods in barter, watch the stranger's countenance, and if he takes off his glove, or pulls out his purse, take it up and look at it, without ever saying "by your leave." Their curiosity often extends to your dress, and they put out their little henna-stained fingers and pass them over the sleeve of your coat with a gurgling expression of admiration at its fineness; or if you have rings or a watch-guard, they lift your hand or pull out your watch with no kind of scruple. I have met with several instances of this in the course of my rambles; but a day or two ago I found myself rather more than usual a subject of curiosity. I was alone in the street of embroidered handkerchiefs (every minute article has its peculiar bazaar), and, wishing to look at some of uncommon beauty, I called one of the many Jews always near a stranger to turn a penny

by interpreting for him, and was soon up to the elbows in goods that would tempt a female angel out of Paradise. As I was selecting one for a purchase, a woman plumped down upon the seat beside me, and fixed her great, black, unwinking eyes upon my face, while an Abyssinian slave and a white woman, both apparently her dependants, stood respectfully at her back. A small turquoise ring (the favourite colour in Turkey) first attracted her attention. She took up my hand, and turned it over in her soft, fat fingers, and dropped it again without saying a word. I looked at my interpreter, but he seemed to think it nothing extraordinary, and I went on with my bargain. Presently my fine-eyed friend pulled me by the sleeve, and, as I leaned towards her, rubbed her forefinger very quickly over my cheek, looking at me intently all the while. I was a little disturbed with the lady's familiarity, and asked my Jew what she wanted. I found that my rubicund complexion was something uncommon among these dark-skinned Orientals, and she wished to satisfy herself that I was not painted! I concluded my purchase, and, putting the parcel into my pocket, did my prettiest at an Oriental salaam, but to my mortification the lady only gathered up her *yashmak*, and looked surprised out of her great eyes at my freedom. My Constantinople friends inform me that I am to lay no "unction to my soul" from her notice, such liberties being not at all particular. The husband exacts from his half-dozen wives only the concealment of their faces, and they have no other idea of impropriety in public.

In the centre of the bazaar, occupying about as much space as the body of the City Hall in New York, is what is called the *bezestein*. You descend into it from four directions by massive gates, which are shut, and all persons excluded, except between seven and twelve of the forenoon. This is the core of Constantinople—the soul and citadel of Orientalism. It is devoted to the sale of arms and to costly articles only. The roof is loftier and the light more dim than in the outer bazaars, and the merchants who occupy its stalls are old and of established credit. Here are sub-

jects for the pencil! If you can take your eye from those Damascus sabres, with their jewelled hilts and costly scabbards, or from those gemmed daggers and guns inlaid with silver and gold, cast a glance along that dim avenue, and see what a range there is of glorious old grey-beards, with their snowy turbans! These are the Turks of the old *régime*, before Sultan Mahmoud disfigured himself with a coat like a "dog of a Christian," and broke in upon the customs of the Orient. These are your opium-eaters, who smoke even in their sleep, and would not touch wine if it were handed them by houris! These are your fatalists, who would scarce take the trouble to get out of the way of a lion, and who are as certain of the miracle of Mahomet's coffin as of the length of the pipe, or of the quality of the tobacco of Shiraz.

I have spent many an hour in the bezestein, *steeping* my fancy in its rich Orientalism, and sometimes trying to make a purchase for myself or others. It is curious to see with what perfect indifference these old cross-legs attend to the wishes of a Christian. I was idling round one day with an English traveller, whom I had known in Italy, when a Persian robe of singular beauty hanging on one of the stalls arrested my companion's attention. He had with him his Turkish dragoman; and as the old merchant was smoking away and looking right at us, we pointed to the dress over his head, and the interpreter asked to see it. The mussulman smoked calmly on, taking no more notice of us than of the white clouds curling through his beard. He might have sat for Michael Angelo's Moses. Thin, pale, calm, and of a statue-like repose of countenance and posture, with a large old-fashioned turban, and a curling beard half mingled with grey, his neck bare, and his fine bust enveloped in the flowing and bright-coloured drapery of the East—I had never seen a more majestic figure. He evidently did not wish to have anything to do with us. At last I took out my snuff-box, and addressing him with "Effendi!" the Turkish title of courtesy, laid my hand on my breast and offered him a pinch. Tobacco in this unaccustomed shape is a luxury here, and the amber mouth-

piece emerged from his moustache, and putting his three fingers into my box, he said "pekkhe!" the Turkish 'ejaculation of approval. He then made room for us on his carpet, and with a cloth measure took the robe from its nail, and spread it before us. My friend bought it unhesitatingly for a dressing-gown, and we spent an hour in looking at shawls, of prices perfectly startling, arms, challices for incense, spotless amber for pipes, pearls, bracelets of the time of Sultan Selim, and an endless variety of "things rich and rare." The closing of the bezestein-gates interrupted our agreeable employment, and our old friend gave us the parting salaam very cordially for a Turk. I have been there frequently since, and never pass without offering my snuff-box, and taking a whiff or two from his pipe, which I cannot refuse, though it is not out of his mouth, except when offered to a friend, from sunrise till midnight.

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One of the regular "lions" of Constantinople is a *kibaub-shop*, or Turkish *restaurant*. In a ramble with our consul, the other day, in search of a newly-discovered cistern of a thousand-and-one columns, we found ourselves, at the hungry hour of twelve, opposite a famous shop near the slave-market. I was rather staggered at the first glance. A greasy fellow, with his shirt rolled to his shoulders, stood near the door, commending his shop to the world by slapping on the flank a whole mutton that hung beside him, while, as a customer came in, he dexterously whipped out a slice, had it cut in a twinkling into bits as large as a piece of chalk (I have stopped five minutes in vain, to find a better comparison), strung upon a long iron skewer, and laid on the coals. My friend is an old Constantinopolitan, and had eaten *kibaubs* before. He entered without hesitation, and the adroit butcher, giving his big trousers a fresh hitch, and tightening his girdle, made a new cut for his "narrow-legged" customers, and wished us a good appetite; (the Turks looked with great contempt on our tight pantaloons, and distinguish us by this epithet). We

got on the platform, crossed our legs under us as well as we could, and I cannot deny that the savoury missives that occasionally reached my nostrils bred a gradual reconciliation between my stomach and my eyes.

In some five minutes, a tin platter was set between us, loaded with piping-hot *kibauks*, sprinkled with salad, and mixed with bits of bread; our friend the cook, by way of making the amiable, stirring it up well with his fingers as he brought it along. As Modely says in the play, "In love or mutton, I generally fall to without ceremony," but spite of its agreeable flavour, I shut my eyes, and selected a very small bit, before I commenced upon the *kibauks*. It was very good eating, I soon found out, and my fingers once greased (for you are indulged with neither knife, fork, nor skewer in Turkey), I proved myself as good a trencher man as my friend.

The middle and lower classes of Constantinople live between these shops and the *cafés*. A dish of *kibauks* serves them for dinner, and they drink coffee, which they get for about half a cent a cup, from morning till night. We paid for our mess (which was more than any two men could eat at once, unless *very* hungry) twelve cents.

We started again with fresh courage, in search of the cistern. We soon found the old one, which is an immense excavation, with a roof, supported by five hundred granite columns, employed now as a place for twisting silk; and escaping from its clamorous denizens, who rushed up after us to the daylight, begging *paras*, we took one of the boys for a guide, and soon found the object of our search.

Knocking at the door of a half-ruined house, in one of the loneliest streets of the city, an old sore-eyed Armenian, with a shabby calpack and every mark of extreme poverty, admitted us, pettishly demanding our entrance-money before he let us pass the threshold. Flights of steps, dangerously ruinous, led us down, first into a garden, far below the level of the street, and thence into a dark and damp cavern, the bottom of which was covered with water. As the eye became accustomed to the darkness, we could distinguish tall and beautiful columns of marble and granite,

with superb Corinthian capitals, perhaps thirty feet in height, receding as far as the limits of our obscured sight. The old man said there were a thousand of them. The number was doubtless exaggerated, but we saw enough to convince us that here was covered up, almost unknown, one of the most costly and magnificent works of the Christian emperors of Constantinople.

LETTER XXVI

The Perfection of Bathing—Pipes—Downy Cushions—Coffee—Rubbing down—“Circular Justice,” as displayed in the retribution of boiled lobsters—A Deluge of Suds—The Shampoo—Luxurious Helps to Imagination—A Pedestrian Excursion—Story of an American Tar, burdened with small change—Beauty of the Turkish Children—A Civilized Monster—Glimpse at Sultan Mahmoud in an Ill-humour.

“TIME IS (NOT) MONEY” IN THE EAST. WE WERE THREE hours to-day at the principal bath of Constantinople, going through the ordinary process of the establishment, and were out-stayed, at last, by two Turkish officers who had entered with us. During this time, we had each the assiduous service of an attendant, and coffee, lemonade, and pipes *ad libitum*, for the consideration of half a Spanish dollar.

Although I have once described a Turkish bath, the metropolitan “pomp and circumstance” so far exceed the provincial in this luxury, that I think I shall be excused for dwelling a moment upon it again. The dressing-room opens at once from the street. We descended half a dozen steps to a stone floor, in the centre of which stood a large marble fountain. Its basin was kept full by several *jets-d’eau*, which threw the silver curves into the air; and the edge was set round with *narghilés* (or Persian water-pipes with glass vases), ready for the smokers of the mild tobacco of Shiraz. The ceiling of this large hall was lofty and the

sides were encircled by three galleries, one above the other, with open balustrades, within which the bathers undressed. In a corner sat several attendants, with only a napkin around their waists, smoking till their services should be required; and one who had just come from the inner bath, streaming with perspiration, covered himself with cloths, and lay crouched upon a carpet till he could bear, with safety, the temperature of the outer air.

A half-naked Turk, without his turban, looks more a Mephistopheles than a Ganymede, and I could scarce forbear shrinking as the shaven-headed troop of servitors seized upon us, and, without a word, pulled off our boots, thrust our feet into slippers, and led us up into the gallery to undress. An ottoman piled with cushions, and overhung, on the wall, by a small mirror, was allotted to each; and with the assistance of my familiar (who was quite too familiar), I found myself stripped *nolens volens*, and a snowy napkin, with a gold-embroidered edge, twisted into a becoming turban around my head.

We were led immediately into the first bath, a small room, in which the heat, for the first breath or two, seemed rather oppressive. Carpets were spread for us on the warm marble floor, and crossing our legs, with more ease than when cased in our un-Oriental pantaloons, we were served with pipes and coffee of a delicious flavour.

After a half-hour, the atmosphere, so warm when we entered, began to feel chilly, and we were taken by the arm, and led by our speechless mussulman, through an intermediate room, into the grand bath. The heat here seemed to me, for a moment, almost intolerable. The floor was hot, and the air so moist with the suffocating vapour, as to rest like mist upon the skin. It was a spacious and vaulted room, with, perhaps, fifty small square windows in the dome, and four arched recesses in the sides, supplied with marble seats, and small reservoirs of hot and cold water. In the centre was a broad platform, on which the bather was rubbed and shampooed, occupied, just then, by two or three dark-skinned Turks, lying on their backs,

with their eyes shut, dreaming, if one might judge by their countenances, of Paradise.

After being left to walk about for a half-hour, by this time bathed in perspiration, our respective demons seized upon us again, and led us to the marble seats in the recesses. Putting a rough mitten on the right hand, my Turk then commenced upon my breast, scouring me, without water or mercy, from head to foot, and turning me over on my face or my back, without the least "by-your-leave" expression in his countenance, and with an adroitness which, in spite of the novelty of my situation, I could not but admire. I hardly knew whether the sensation was pleasurable or painful. I was less in doubt presently, when he seated me upright, and, with the brazen cup of the fountain, dashed upon my peeled shoulders a quantity of half-boiling water. If what Barnacle, in the play, calls a "circular justice," existed in the world, I should have thought it a judgment for eating of lobsters. My familiar was somewhat startled at the suddenness with which I sprang upon my feet, and, turning some cold water into the reservoir, laid his hand on his breast, and looked an apology. The scalding was only momentary, and the qualified contents of the succeeding cups highly grateful.

We were left again, for a while, to our reflections, and then reappeared our attendants, with large bowls of the suds of scented soap, and small bunches of soft Angora wool. With this we were tenderly washed, and those of my companions who wished it were shaved. The last operation they described as peculiarly agreeable, both from the softened state of the skin and dexterity of the operators.

Rinsed once more with warm water, our snowy turbans were twisted around our heads again, cloths were tied about our waists, and we returned to the second room. The transition from the excessive heat within made the air, that we had found oppressive when we entered, seem disagreeably chilly. We wrapped ourselves in our long cloths, and, resuming our carpets, took coffee and pipes as before. In a few minutes we began to feel a delightful glow in our veins, and then our cloths became unpleasantly

warm, and, by the time we were taken back to the dressing-room, its cold air was a relief. They led us to the ottomans, and, piling the cushions so as to form a curve, laid us upon them, covered with clean white cloths, and, bringing us sherbets, lemonade, and pipes, dropped upon their knees, and commenced pressing our limbs all over gently with their hands. My sensations during the half-hour that we lay here were indescribably agreeable. I felt an absolute repose of body—a calm, half-sleepy languor in my whole frame—and a tranquillity of mind, which, from the busy character of the scenes in which I was daily conversant, were equally unusual and pleasurable. Scarce stirring a muscle or a nerve, I lay the whole hour, gazing on the lofty ceiling, and listening to the murmur of the fountain, while my silent familiar pressed my limbs with a touch as gentle as a child's and it seemed to me as if pleasure was breathing from every pore of my cleansed and softened skin. I could willingly have passed the remainder of the day upon the luxurious couch. I wonder less than ever at the flowery and poetical character of the Oriental literature, where the mind is subjected to influences so refining and exhilarating. One could hardly fail to grow a poet, I should think, even with this habit of Eastern luxury alone. If I am to conceive a romance, or to indite an epithalamium, send me to the bath on a day of idleness, and, covering me up with their snowy and lavendered napkins, leave me till sunset!

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With a dinner in prospect at a friend's house, six or eight miles up the Bosphorus, we started in the morning on foot, with the intention of seeing Sultan Mahmoud go to mosque, by the way. We stopped a moment to look into the marble pavilion containing the clocks of the mosque of Tophana, and drank at the opposite pavilion, from the brass cup chained in the window and supplied constantly from the fountain within, and then kept on through the long street to the first village of *Dolma-baktchi*, or the Garden of Gourds.

Determined, with the day before us, to yield to every temptation on the road, we entered a small *café* overlooking a segment of the Bosphorus, and while the acorn-sized cups were simmering on the *manghal*, my friend entered into conversation in Arabic, with a tawny old Egyptian, who sat smoking in the corner. He was a fine specimen of the "responsible-looking" Oriental, and had lately arrived from Alexandria on business. Pleasant land of the East! where, to be the pink of courtesy, you must pass your snuff-box or your tobacco-pouch to the stranger, and ask him those questions of his "whereabout," so impertinent in more civilized Europe.

After a brief dialogue, which was "Ebrew" to me, our Alexandrian, knocking the ashes from his pipe, commenced a narration with a great deal of expressive gesture, at which my friend seemed very provokingly amused. I sipped my coffee, and wondered what could have led one of these silent grey-beards into an amusing story, till a pause gave me an opportunity to ask a translation. Hearing that we were Americans, the Egyptian had begun by asking whether there was a superstition in our country against receiving back money in change. He explained his question by saying that he was in a *café*, at Tophana, when a boat's crew, from the American frigate, waiting for someone at the landing, entered, and asked for coffee. They drank it very quietly, and one of them gave the *cafejee* a dollar, receiving in change a handful of the shabby and adulterated money of Constantinople. Jack was rather surprised at getting a dozen cups of coffee, and so much coin for his dollar, and requested the boy, by signs, to treat the company at his expense. This was done, the Turks all acknowledging the courtesy by laying their hands upon their foreheads and breasts, and still Jack's money lay heavy in his hands. He called for pipes, and they smoked a while; but finding still that his riches were not perceptibly diminished, he hitched up his trousers, and, with a dexterous flirt, threw his piastres and paras all round upon the company, and rolled out of the *café*. From the gravity of the other sailors at this remarkable flourish, the old

Egyptian and his fellow cross-legs had imagined it to be a national custom!

Idling along through the next village, we turned to admire a Turkish child, led by an Abyssinian slave. There is no country in the world where the children are so beautiful, and this was a cherub of a boy, like one of Domenichino's angels. As we stopped to look at him, the little fellow commenced crying most lustily.

"Hush, my rose!" said the Abyssinian, "these are good Franks: these are not the Franks that eat children; hush!"

It certainly takes the nonsense out of one to travel. I should never have thought it possible, if I had not been in Turkey, that I could be made a bugbear to scare a child.

We passed the tomb of Frederick Barbarossa, getting, between the walls of the palaces on the water's edge, continual and incomparable views of the Bosphorus, and arrived at *Beshiktash* (or the *marble cradle*), just as the troops were drawn up to the door of the mosque. We took our stand under a plane-tree, in the midst of a crowd of women, and presently the noisy band struck up the sultan's march, and the led horses appeared in sight. They came on with their grooms and their rich housings, a dozen matchless Arabians, scarce touching the ground with their prancings! Oh, how beautiful they were! Their delicate limbs; their small, veined heads and fiery nostrils; their glowing, intelligent eyes; their quick, light, bounding action; their round bodies, trembling with restrained and impatient energy; their curved, haughty necks, and dark manes flowing wildly in the wind. El Borak, the mare of the prophet, with the wings of a bird, was not lighter or more beautiful.

The sultan followed, preceded by his principal officers, with a stirrup-holder running at each side, and mounted on a tame-looking Hungarian horse. He wore the red Fez cap, and a cream-coloured cloak, which covered his horse to the tail. His face was lowering; his firm, powerful jaw set in an expression of fixed displeasure, and his far-famed eye had a fierceness within its dark socket, from which I involuntarily shrank. The women, as he came along, set

up a kind of howl, according to their custom, but he looked neither to the right nor left, and seemed totally unconscious of anyone's existence but his own. He was quite another-looking man from the Mahmoud I had seen smiling in his *handja-bash* on the Bosphorus.

As he dismounted and entered the mosque, we went on our way, moralizing sagely on the novel subject of human happiness—our text, the cloud on the brow of a sultan, and the quiet sunshine in the bosoms of two poor pedestrians by the wayside.

VOLUME THE THIRD

LETTER I

Beauties of the Bosphorus—Summer palace of the Sultan—Adventure with an old Turkish Woman—The Feast of Bairam—The Sultan his own Butcher—His evil propensities—Visit to the Mosques—A formidable Dervish—Santa Sophia—Mosque of Sultan Achmet—Traces of Christianity.

Nov. 1833.

FROM THIS ELEVATED POINT, THE SINGULAR EFFECT OF A desert commencing from the very streets of the city is still more observable. The compact edge of the metropolis is visible even upon the more rural Bosphorus, not an inclosure or a straggling house venturing to protrude beyond the closely-pressed limit. To repeat the figure, it seems, with the prodigious mass of habitations on either shore, as if all the cities of both Europe and Asia was swept to their respective borders; or as if the crowded masses upon the long-extending shores were the deposit of some mighty overflow of the sea.

From Pera commence the numerous villages, separated only by name, which form a fringe of peculiarly light and fantastic architecture to the never-wearying Bosphorus. Within the small limit of your eye, upon that silver link between the two seas, there are fifty valleys and thirty rivers, and an imperial palace on every loveliest spot from the Black Sea to Marmora. The Italians say, "See Naples and die!" but for Naples I would read Stamboul and the Bosphorus.

Descending unwillingly from this enchanting spot, we entered a long glen, closed at the water's edge by the sultan's summer palace, and present residence of Beylerbey. Half-way down, we met a decrepid old woman

toiling up the path, and my friend, with a Wordsworthian passion for all things humble and simple, gave her the Turkish "Good morrow," and inquired her business at the village. She had been to Stavros, to sell ten paras' worth of herbs—about one cent of our currency. He put a small piece of silver into her hand, while, with the still strong habit of Turkish modesty, she employed the other hand in folding her tattered *yashmack* so as to conceal her features from the gaze of strangers. She had not expected charity. "What is this for?" she asked, looking at it with some surprise. "To buy bread for your children, mother!" "Effendi!" said the poor old creature, her voice trembling and the tears streaming from her eyes, "my children are all dead! There is no one now between me and Allah." It were worth a poet's while to live in the East. Like the fairy in the tale, they never open their lips but they "speak pearls."

We took a caique at the mosque of Sultan Selim, at Beylerbey, and floated slowly past the imperial palace. Five or six eunuchs, with their red caps and long blue dresses, were talking at a high tenor in the court-yard of the harem, and we gazed long and earnestly at the fine lattices above, concealing so many of the picked beauties of the empire. A mandolin, very indifferently strummed in one of the projecting wings, betrayed the employment of some fair Fatima, and there was a single moment when we could see, by the relief of a corner window, the outline of a female figure; but the caique floated remorselessly on, and our busy imaginations had their own unreal shadows for their reward. As we approached the central façade the polished brazen gates flew open, and a band of thirty musicians came out and ranged themselves on the terrace beneath the palace windows, announcing, in their first flourish, that Sultan Mahmoud had thrust his fingers into his *pillaw*, and his subjects were at liberty to dine. Not finding their music much to our taste, we ordered the *caikjees* to assist the current a little, and, shooting past Stavros, we put across the Strait from the old palace of Shemsheh the visier, and in a few minutes I was once

more in my floating home, under the "star-spangled banner."

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Constantinople was in a blaze last night, with the illumination for the approach of the Turkish feast of Bairam. The minarets were extremely beautiful, their encircling galleries hung with coloured lamps, and illuminated festoons suspended from one to the other. The ships of the fleet were decked also with thousands of lamps; and the effect was exceedingly fine, with the reflection in the Bosphorus, and the waving of the suspended lights in the wind. The sultan celebrates the festa by taking a virgin to his bed, and sacrificing twenty sheep with his own hand. I am told by an intelligent physician here, that this playing the butcher is an everyday business with the "Brother of the Sun," every safe return from a ride, or an excursion in his *sultane the caïque*, requiring him to cut the throat of his next day's mutton. It may account partly for the excessive cruelty of character attributed to him.

Among other bad traits, Mahmoud is said to be very avaricious. It is related of his youth, that he was permitted occasionally, with his brother (who was murdered to make room for him on the throne), to walk out in public on certain days with their governor; and that, upon these occasions, each was entrusted with a purse to be expended in charity. The elder brother soon distributed his piastres, and borrowed of his attendants to continue his charities; while Mahmoud quietly put the purse in his pocket, and added it to his private hoard on his return. It is said, too, that he has a particular passion for upholstery, and, in his frequent change from one serai to another, allows no nail to be driven without his supervision. Add to this a spirit of perverse contradiction, so truculent that none but the most abject flatterers can preserve his favour, and you have a pretty handful of offsets against a character certainly not without some royal qualities.

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With one of the Reis-Effendi's and one of the Seraskier's officers, followed by four *kervasses* in the Turkish military dress, and every man a pair of slippers in his pocket, we accompanied the commodore to-day on a visit to the principal mosques.

Landing first at Tophana, on the Pera side, we entered the court of the new mosque built by the present sultan, whose elegant exterior of white marble, and two freshly-gilded minarets we had admired daily, lying at anchor without sound of the muezzin. The morning prayers were just over, and the retiring Turks looked, with lowering brows, at us, as we pulled off our boots on the sacred threshold.

We entered upon what, but for the high pulpit, I should have taken for rather a superb ball-room. An unencumbered floor carpeted gaily; a small arabesque gallery over the door quite like an orchestra; chandeliers and lamps in great profusion, and walls painted of the brightest and most varied colours, formed an interior rather wanting in the "dim religious light" of a place of worship. We were shuffling round in our slippers from one side to the other, examining the marble *mihrab* and the narrow and towering pulpit, when a ragged and decrepid dervish, with his papooshes in his hand, and his toes and heels protruding from a very dirty pair of stockings, rose from his prayers and began walking backward and forward, eyeing us ferociously and muttering himself into quite a passion. His charity for infidels was evidently at a low ebb. Every step we took upon the holy floor seemed to add to his fury. The *kervasses* observed him, but his sugar-loaf cap carried some respect with it, and they evidently did not like to meddle with him. He followed us to the door, fixing his hollow grey eyes with a deadly glare upon each one as he went out, and the Turkish officers seemed rather glad to hurry us out of his way. He left us in the vestibule, and we mounted a handsome marble staircase to a suite of apartments above, communicating with the sultan's private gallery. The carpets here were richer, and the divans, with which the half-dozen saloons were surrounded, were

covered with the most costly stuffs of the East. The gallery was divided from the area of the mosque by a fine brazen grating curiously wrought; and its centre occupied by a rich ottoman, whereon the imperial legs are crossed in the intervals of his prostrations. It was about the size and had the air altogether of a private box at the Opera.

We crossed the Golden Horn, and, passing the eunuch's guard, entered the gardens of the seraglio on our way to Santa Sophia. An inner wall still separated us from the gilded kiosks, at whose latticed windows, peering above the trees, we might have clearly perused the features of any peeping inmate; but the little crossed bars revealed nothing but their own provoking eye of the size of a rose leaf in the centre, and we reached the upper gate without even a glimpse of a waved handkerchief to stir our chivalry to the rescue.

A confused mass of buttresses without form or order, is all that you are shown for the exterior of that "wonder of the world," the mosque of mosques, the renowned Santa Sophia. We descended a dark avenue, and leaving our boots in a vestibule that the horse of Mahomet the Second, if he was lodged as ambitiously living as dead, would have disdained for his stable, we entered the vaulted area. A long breath and an admission of its attributed almost supernatural grandeur followed our too hasty disappointment. It is indeed a "vast and wondrous dome!" Its dimensions are less than those of St. Peter's at Rome, but its effect, owing to its unity and simplicity of design, is, I think, superior. The numerous small galleries let into its sides add richness to it without impairing its apparent magnitude; and its vast floor, upon which a single individual is almost lost, the sombre colours of its walls untouched probably for centuries, and the dim sepulchral light that struggles through the deep-niched and retiring windows, form altogether an interior from which the imagination returns, like the dove to the ark, fluttering and bewildered.

Our large party separated over its wilderness of a floor, and each might have had his hour of solitude, had the once

Christian spirit of the spot (or the present pagan demon) affected him religiously. I found, myself, a singular pleasure in wandering about upon the elastic mats, laid four or five thick all over the floor, examining here a tattered banner hung against the wall, and there a rich Cashmere which had covered the tomb of the prophet; on one side a slab of transparent alabaster from the temple of Solomon (a strange relic for a Mahometan mosque), and on the other a dark *mihrab* surrounded by candles of incredible proportions, looking like the marble columns of some friezeless portico. The four "six-winged cherubim" on the roof of the dome, sole remaining trace as they are of the religion to which the building was first dedicated, had better been left to the imagination. They are monstrous in mosaic: It is said that the whole interior of the mosque is cased beneath its dusky plaster with the same costly mosaic which covers the ceiling. To make a Mahometan mosque of a Christian church, however, it was necessary to erase Christian emblems from the walls; besides which the Turks have a superstitious horror of all imitative arts, considering the painting of the human features particularly, as a mockery of the handiwork of Allah.

We went hence to the more modern mosque of Sultan Achmet, which is an imitation of Santa Sophia within, but its own beautiful prototype in exterior. Its spacious and solemn court, its six heaven-piercing minarets, its fountains and the mausoleums of the sultans, with their gilded cupolas and sarcophagi covered with Cashmeres (the murdering sultan and his murdered brothers lying in equal splendour side by side), are of a style of richness peculiarly Oriental and imposing. We visited in succession Sultan Bajazet, Sulymanyè, and Sultana Validè, all of the same arabesque exterior, and very similar within. The description of one leaves very little to be said of the other; and with the exception of Santa Sophia, of which I should like to make a lounge when I am in love with my own company, the mosques of Constantinople are a kind of "lion" well killed in a single visit.

LETTER II

Farewell to Constantinople—Europe and the East compared—The Departure—Smyrna, the great Mart for Figs—An Excursion into Asia Minor—Travelling Equipments—Character of the Hajjis—Encampment of Gipsies—A youthful Hebe—Note, Horror of the Turks for the “Unclean Animal”—An Anecdote.

Nov. 1833.

I HAVE SPENT THE LAST DAY OR TWO IN FAREWELL VISITS to my favourite haunts in Constantinople. I galloped up the Bosphorus, almost envying *les ames damnées* that skim so swiftly and perpetually from the Symplegades to Marmora, and from Marmora back to the Symplegades. I took a caique to the Valley of Sweet Waters, and rambled away an hour on its silken sward. I lounged a morning in the bāzāars, smoked a parting-pipe with my old Turk in the Bezestein, and exchanged a last salaam, with the venerable Armenian bookseller, still poring over his illuminated Hafiz. And last night, with the sundown-boat waiting at the pier, I loitered till twilight in the small and elevated cemetery between Galata and Pera, and, with feelings of even painful regret, gazed my last upon the matchless scene around me. In the words of the eloquent author of Anastasius, when taking the same farewell, “For the last time, my eye wandered over the dimpled hills, gliding along the winding waters, and dived into the deep and delicious dells, in which branch out its jagged shores. Reverting from these smiling outlets of its sea-beat suburbs to its busy centre, I surveyed, in slow succession, every chaplet of swelling cupolas, every grove of slender minarets, and every avenue of glittering porticos, whose pinnacles dart their golden shafts from between the dark cypress-trees into the azure sky. I dwelt on them as on things I never was to behold more; and not until the evening had deepened the veil it cast over the varied scene from orange to purple, and from purple to the sable hue of night, did I tear myself away from the impressive spot. I then bade the city of Constantine farewell for ever,

descended the high-crested hill, stepped into the heaving boat, turned my back upon the shore, and sank my regrets in the sparkling wave, across which the moon had already flung a trembling bår of silvery light, pointing my way, as it were, to other unknown regions."

There are few intellectual pleasures like that of finding our own thoughts and feelings well described by another.

I certainly would not live in the East; and when I sum up its inconveniences and the deprivations to which the traveller from Europe, with his refined wants, is subjected, I marvel at the heart-ache with which I turn my back upon it, and the deep dye it has infused into my imagination. Its few peculiar luxuries do not compensate for the total absence of comfort; its lovely scenery cannot reconcile you to wretched lodgings; its picturesque costumes and poetical people; and golden sky, fine food for a summer's fancy as they are, cannot make you forget the civilized pleasures you abandon for them—the fresh literature, the arts and music, the refined society, the elegant pursuits, and the stirring intellectual collision of the cities of Europe.

Yet the world contains nothing like Constantinople. If we could compel all our senses into one, and live by the pleasure of the eye, it were a Paradise untranscended. The Bosphorus—the superb, peculiar, incomparable Bosphorus! the dream-like, fairy-built seraglio! the sights within the city so richly strange, and the valleys and streams around it so exquisitely fair! the voluptuous softness of the dark eyes haunting your every step on shore, and the spirit-like swiftness and elegance of your darting caïque upon the waters! In what land is the priceless sight such a treasure? Where is the fancy so delicately and divinely pampered?

Every heave at the capstan-bars drew upon my heart; and when the unwilling anchor, at last, let go its hold, and the frigate swung free with the outward current, I felt as if, in that moment, I had parted my hold upon a land of faëry. The dark cypresses and golden pinnacles of Seraglio Point, and the higher shafts of Sophia's sky-touching mina-

rets, were the last objects in my swiftly-receding eye, and, in a short hour or two, the whole bright vision had sunk below the horizon.

We crossed Marmora, and shot down the rapid Dardanelles in as many hours as the passage up had occupied days, and, rounding the coast of Anatolia, entered between Mitylene and the Asian shore, and, on the third day, anchored in the bay of Smyrna.

"Everybody knows Smyrna," says MacFarlane, "*it is such a place for figs!*" It is a low-built town, at the head of the long gulf which bears its name, and, with the exception of the high rock immediately over it, topped by the ruins of an old castle, said to embody in its walls the ancient Christian Church, it has no very striking features. Extensive gardens spread away on every side, and, without exciting much of your admiration for its beauty, there is a look of peace and rural comfort about the neighbourhood that affects the mind pleasantly.

Almost immediately on my arrival, I joined a party for a few days' tour in Asia Minor. We were five, and, with a baggage-horse and a mounted *suridjee*, our caravan was rather respectable. Our appointments were Orientally simple. We had each a Turkish bed (alias, a small carpet), a nightcap, and a "copyhold" upon a pair of saddle-bags, containing certain things forbidden by the Koran, and therefore not likely to be found by the way. Our attendant was a most ill-favoured Turk, whose pilgrimage to Mecca (he was a hajji, and wore a green turban) had, at least, imparted no sanctity to his visage. If he was not a rogue, nature had mislabelled him, and I shelter my want of charity under the Arabic proverb: "Distrust thy neighbour if he has made a hajji; if he has made two, make haste to leave thy house."

We found our way slowly out of the narrow and ill-paved streets of Smyrna, and passing through the suburban gardens, yellow with lemons and oranges, crossed a small bridge over the Hermus. This is a favourite walk of the Smerniotes; and if its classic river, whose "golden sands" (here at least) are not golden, and its "Bath of

Diana" near by, whose waters would scarcely purify her "silver bow," are something less than their sounding names, there is a cool, dark cemetery beyond, less famous, but more practicable for sentiment, and many a shadowy vine and drooping tree in the gardens around, that might recompense lovers, perhaps, for the dirty labyrinth of the intervening suburb.

We spurred away over the long plain of Hadjilar, leaving to the right and left the pretty villages ornamented by the summer residences of the wealthy merchants of Smyrna, and in two or three hours reached a small lone *café*, at the foot of its bounding range of mountains. We dismounted here to breathe our horses, and while coffee was preparing, I discovered, in a green hollow hard by, a small encampment of gipsies. With stones in our hands, as the *cafejee* told us the dogs were troublesome, we walked down into the little round-bottomed dell, a spot selected with "a lover's eye for nature," and were brought to bay by a dozen noble shepherd-dogs, within a few yards of their outer tent.

The noise brought out an old sun-burnt woman, and two or three younger ones, with a troop of boys, who called in the dogs, and invited us kindly within their limits. The tents were placed in a half-circle, with their doors inward, and were made with extreme neatness. There were eight or nine of them, very small and low, with round tops, the cloth stretched tightly over an inner frame, and bound curiously down on the outside with beautiful wicker-work. The curtains at the entrance were looped up to admit the grateful sun, and the compactly arranged interiors lay open to our prying curiosity. In the rounded corner farthest from the door lay uniformly the same goat-skin beds, flat on the ground; and in the centre of most of them stood a small loom, at which the occupant plied her task like an automaton, not betraying by any sign a consciousness of our presence. They sat cross-legged like the Turks, and had all a look of habitual sternness, which, with their thin, strongly-marked gipsy features, and wild eyes, gave them more the appearance of men. It was the first time I had ever remarked such a character upon a class of female

faces, and I should have thought I had mistaken their sex if their half-naked figures had not put it beyond a doubt. The men were probably gone to Smyrna, as none were visible in the encampment. As we were about returning, the curtain of the largest tent, which had been dropped on our entrance, was lifted cautiously by a beautiful girl, of perhaps thirteen, who, not remarking that I was somewhat in the rear of my companions, looked after them a moment, and then, fastening back the dingy folds by a string, returned to her employment of swinging an infant in a small wicker hammock, suspended in the centre of the tent. Her dark but prettily-rounded arm was decked with a bracelet of silver pieces; and just between two of the finest eyes I ever saw, was suspended, by a yellow thread, one of the small gold coins of Constantinople. Her softly moulded bust was entirely bare, and might have served for the model of a youthful Hebe. A girdle around her waist sustained loosely a long pair of full Turkish trousers, of the colour and fashion usually worn by women in the East, and, caught over her hip, hung suspended by its fringe, the truant shawl that had been suffered to fall from her shoulders and expose her guarded beauty. I stood admiring her a full minute, before I observed a middle-aged woman in the opposite corner, who, bending over her work, was fortunately as late in observing my intrusive presence. As I advanced half a step, however, my shadow fell into the tent, and, starting with surprise, she rose and dropped the curtain.

We re-mounted, and I rode on, thinking of the vision of loveliness I was leaving in that wild dell. We travel a great way to see hills and rivers, thought I, but, after all, a human being is a more interesting object than a mountain. I shall remember the little gipsy of Hadjilar long after I have forgotten Hermus and Sipylus.

Our road dwindled to a mere bridle-path as we advanced, and the scenery grew wild and barren. The horses were all sad stumblers, and the uneven rocks gave them every apology for coming down whenever they could forget the spur; and so we entered the broad and green valley

of *Yackerhem* (I write it as I heard it pronounced), and drew up at the door of a small hovel, serving the double purpose of a *café* and a guard-house.

A Turkish officer of the old *régime*, turbaned and cross-legged, and armed with pistols and ataghan, sat smoking on one side the brazier of coals, and the *cafejee* exercised his small vocation on the other. Before the door, a raised platform of green sward, and a marble slab facing toward Mecca, indicated the place for prayer; and a dashing rider of a Turk, who had kept us company from Smyrna, flying past us and dropping to the rear alternately, had taken off his slippers at the moment we arrived, and was commencing his noon devotions.

We gathered round our commissary's saddle-bags, and shocked our mussulman friends by producing the unclean beast¹ and the forbidden liquor, which, with the delicious Turkey coffee, never better than in these wayside hovels, furnished forth a traveller's meal.

LETTER III

Natural Statue of Niobe—The Thorn of Syria and its Tradition—Approach to Magnesia—Hereditary Residence of the Family of Bey-Oglou—Character of its present Occupant—The Truth about Oriental Caravanserais—Comforts and Appliances they yield to Travellers—Figaro of the Turks—The Pillaw—Morning Scene at the Departure—Playful Familiarity of a solemn old Turk—Magnificent Prospect from Mount Sipylus.

Nov. 1833.

THREE OR FOUR HOURS MORE OF HARD RIDING BROUGHT US to a long glen, opening upon the broad plains of Lydia. We were on the look-out here for the "natural statue of

¹ Talking of hams, two of the sultan's chief eunuchs applied to an English physician, a friend of mine, at Constantinople, to accompany them on board the American frigate. I engaged to wait on board for them on a certain day, but they did not make their appearance. They gave, as their apology, that they could not defile themselves by entering a ship polluted by the presence of that unclean animal, the hog.

Niobe," spoken of by the ancient writers as visible from the road in this neighbourhood; but there was nothing that looked like her, unless she was, as the poet describes her, a "Niobe, all tears," and runs down toward the Sarabat, in what we took to be only a very pretty mountain rivulet. It served for simple fresh water to our volunteer companion, who darted off an hour before sunset, and had finished his ablutions and prayers, and was rising from his knees as we overtook him upon its grassy border. Almost the only thing that grows in these long mountain-passes is the peculiar thorn of Syria, said to be the same of which our Saviour's crown was plaited. It differs from the common species in having a hooked thorn alternating with the straight, adding cruelly to its power of laceration. It is remarkable that the flower, at this season withering on the bush, is a circular golden-coloured leaf, resembling exactly the radiated glory usually drawn around the heads of Christ and the Virgin.

Amid a sunset of uncommon splendour, firing every peak of the opposite range of hills with an effulgent red, and filling the valley between with an atmosphere of heavenly purple, we descended into the plain.

Mount Sipylus, in whose rocks the magnetic ore is said to have been first discovered, hung over us in bold precipices; and, rounding a projecting spur, we came suddenly in sight of the minarets and cypresses of Magnesia (not pronounced as if written in an apothecary's bill), the ancient capital of the Ottoman empire.

On the side of the ascent, above the town, we observed a large isolated mansion, surrounded with a wall, and planted about with noble trees, looking, with the exception that it was too freshly painted, like one of the fine old castle-palaces of Italy. It was something very extraordinary for the East, where no man builds beyond the city wall, and no house is very much larger than another. It was the hereditary residence, we afterwards discovered, of almost the only noble family in Turkey—that of the Bey-Oglou. You will recollect Byron's allusion to it in the "Bride of Abydos":

We Moslem reck not much of blood,
But yet the race of Karaisman,
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood,
First of the bold Timareot bands
Who won, and well can keep, their lands;
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey-Oglou.

I quote from memory; perhaps incorrectly.

The present descendant is still in possession of the title, and is said to be a liberal-minded and hospitable old Turk, of the ancient and better school. His camels are the finest that come into Smyrna, and are famous for their beauty and appointments.

Our devout companion left us at the first turning in the town, laying his hand to his breast in gratitude for having been suffered to annoy us all day with his brilliant equitation, and we stumbled in through the increasing shadows of twilight to the caravanserai.

It is very possible that the reader has but a slender conception of an Oriental hotel. Supposing it, at least, from the inadequacy of my own previous ideas, I shall allow myself a little particularity in the description of the conveniences which the travelling Zuleikas and Fatimas, the Maleks and Othmans, of Eastern story, encounter in their romantic journeys.

It was near the farther outskirt of the large city of Magnesia. (the accent, I repeat, is on the penult), that we found the way encumbered with some scores of kneeling camels, announcing our vicinity to a khan. A large wooden building, rather off its perpendicular, with a great many windows, but no panes in them, and only here and there a shutter hanging by the eyelids, presently appeared; and entering its hospitable gateway, which had neither gate nor porter, we dismounted in a large court, lit only by the stars, and pre-occupied by any number of mules and horses. An inviting staircase led to a gallery encircling the whole area, from which opened thirty or forty small doors; but, though we made as much noise as could be expected of as many men and horses, no waiter looked over

the balustrade, nor maid Cicely, nor Boniface, or their corresponding representatives in Turkey, invited us in. The suridjee looked to his horses, which was his business, and to look to ourselves was ours; though, with our stiff limbs and clamorous appetites, we set about it rather despairingly.

The Figaro of the Turks is a *cafejee*, who besides shaving, making coffee, and bleeding, is supposed to be capable of every office required by man. He is generally a Greek, the Mussulman seldom having sufficient facility of character for the vocation. In a few minutes, then, the nearest Figaro was produced, who scarce dissembling his surprise at the improvidence of travellers who went about without pot or kettle, bag of rice or bottle of oil, led the way with his primitive lamp to our apartment. We might have our choice of twenty. Having looked at the other nineteen, we came back to the first, reconciled to it by sheer force of comparison. Of its two windows one alone had a shutter that would fulfil its destiny. It contained, neither chair, table, nor utensil of any description. Its floor had not been swept, nor its walls whitewashed since the days of Timour the Tartar. "Kalo! Kalo!" (Greek for "you will be very comfortable") cried our commissary, throwing down some old mats to spread our carpets upon. But the mats were alive with vermin, and, for sweeping the room, the dust would not have been laid till midnight. So we threw down our carpets upon the floor, and driving from our minds the two luxurious thoughts of clean straw, and a corner in a warm barn, sat down, by the glimmer of a flaring taper, to wait, with what patience we might, for a chicken still breathing freely on his roost, and turn our backs as ingeniously as possible on a chilly December wind, that came in at the open window, as if it knew the caravanserai were free to all comers. There is but one circumstance to add to this faithful description—and it is one which, in the minds of many very worthy persons, would turn the scale in favour of the hotels of the East, with all their disadvantages—there was nothing to pay!

Ali Bey, in his travels, predicts the fall of the Ottoman empire, from the neglected state of the khans; this inattention to the public institutions of hospitality being a falling away from the leading Mussulman virtue. They never gave the traveller more than a shelter, however, in their best days; and to enter a cold, unfurnished room after a day's hard travel, even if the floor were clean, and the windows would shut, is rather comfortless. Yet such is Eastern travel, and the alternative is to take "the sky for a great-coat," and find as soft a stone as possible for your pillow.

We gathered around our *pillaw*, which came in the progress of time, and consisted of a chicken, buried in a handsomely-shaped cone of rice and butter, forming, with the large crater-like black bowl in which it stood, the cloud of smoke issuing from its peak, and the lava of butter flowing down its sides, as pretty a miniature Vesuvius as you would find in a modeller's window in the Toledo. Encouraging that sin in Christians, which they would not commit themselves, they brought us some wine of the country, the sin of drinking which, one would think, was its own sufficient punishment. With each a wooden spoon, the immediate and only means of communication between the dish and the mouth, we soon solved the doubtful problem of the depth of the crater; and then casting lots who should lie next the window to take off the edge of the December blast, we improved upon some hints taken from the fig-packers of Smyrna, and with an economy of exposed surface, which can only be learned by travel, disposed ourselves in a solid body to sleep.

The tinkling of the camels' bells awoke me as the day was breaking, and, my toilet being already made, I sprang readily up and descended to the court of the caravanserai. It was an Eastern scene, and not an unpoetical one. The patient and intelligent camels were kneeling in regular ranks to receive their loads, complaining in a voice almost human, as the driver flung the heavy bales upon the saddles too roughly; while the small donkey, no larger than a Newfoundland dog, leader of the long caravan, took his

place at the head of the gigantic file, pricking back his long ears as if he were counting his spongy-footed followers, as they fell in behind him. Here and there knelt six or seven, with their unsightly humps still unburdened, eating with their peculiar deliberateness from small heaps of provender, and, scattered over the adjacent field, wandered separately the caravan of some indolent driver, browsing upon the shrubs, and looking occasionally with intelligent expectation toward the khan, for the appearance of their tardy master. Over all rose the mingled music of the small bells, with which their gay-coloured harness was profusely covered, varied by the heavy beat of the larger ones borne at the necks of the leading and last camels of the file, while the retreating sounds of the caravans already on their march, came in with the softer tones which completed its sweetness.

In a short time my companions joined me, and we started for a walk in the town. The necessity of attending the daylight prayers makes all Mussulmans early risers, and we found the streets already crowded, and the merchants and artificers as busy as at noon. Turning a corner to get out of the way of a row of butchers, who were slaughtering sheep revoltingly in front of their stalls, we met two old Turks coming from the mosque, one of whom, with the familiarity of manners which characterizes the nation, took from my hand a stout English riding-whip which I carried, and began to exercise it on the bag-like trousers of his friend. After amusing himself a while in this manner, he returned the whip, and, patting me condescendingly on the cheek, gave me *two figs* from his voluminous pocket, and walked on. Considering that I stand six feet in my stockings, an unwieldy size, you may say, for a pet, this freak of the old Magnesian would seem rather extraordinary. Yet it illustrates the Turkish manners, which, as I have often had occasion to notice, are a singular mixture of profound gravity and the most childish simplicity.

We found a few fine old marble columns in the porches of the mosques, but one Turkish town is just like another,

and after an hour or two of wandering about among the wooden houses and narrow streets, we returned to the khan, and with a cup of coffee, mounted and resumed our journey.

I have never seen a finer plain than that of Magnesia. With an even breadth of seven or eight miles, its length cannot be less than fifty or sixty, and throughout its whole extent it is one unbroken picture of fertile field and meadow, shut in by *two* lofty ranges of mountains, and watered by the full and winding Hermus. Without fence, and almost without human habitation, it is a noble expanse to the eye, possessing all the untrammelled beauty of a wilderness without its detracting inutility. It is literally "clothed with flocks." As we rode on under the eastern brow of Mount Sipylus, and struck out more into the open plain, as far as we could distinguish by the eye, spread the snowy sheep in hundreds, at merely separating distances, checkered here and there by a herd of the tall jet-black goats of the East, walking onward in slow and sober procession, with the solemn state of a funeral. The road was lined with camels coming into Smyrna by this grand highway of nature, and bringing all the varied produce of Asia Minor to barter in its busy mart. We must have passed a thousand in our day's journey.

LETTER IV

The Eye of the Camel—Rocky Sepulchres—Virtue of an old Passport backed by Impudence—Temple of Cybele—Palace of Croesus—Ancient Church of Sardis—Return to Smyrna.

UNSIGHTLY AS THE CAMEL IS, WITH ITS LONG SNAKY NECK, its frightful hump, and its awkward legs and action, it wins much upon your kindness with a little acquaintance. Its eye is exceeding fine. There is a lustrous, suffused softness

in the large hazel orb that is the rarest beauty in a human eye, and so remarkable is this feature in the camel, that I wonder it has never fallen into use as a poetical simile. They do not shun the gaze of man, like other animals, and I pleased myself often, when the suridjee slackened his pace, with riding close to some returning caravan, and exchanging steady looks in passing with the slow-paced camels. It was like meeting the eye of a kind old man.

The face of Mount Sipylus, in its whole extent, is excavated into sepulchres. They are mostly ancient, and form a very singular feature in the scenery. A range of precipices, varying from one to three hundred feet in height, is perforated for twenty miles with these airy depositaries for the dead, many of them a hundred feet from the plain. Occasionally they are extended to considerable caves, hewn with great labour in the rock, and probably, from their numerous niches, intended as family sepulchres. They are now the convenient eyries of great numbers of eagles, which circle continually around the summits, and poise themselves on the wing along the sides of these lonely mountains in undisturbed security.

We arrived early in the afternoon at Casabar, a pretty town at the foot of Mount Tmolus. Having eaten a melon, the only thing for which the place is famous, we proposed to go on to Achmet-lee, some three hours farther. The suridjee, however, whose horses were hired by the day, had made up his mind to sleep at Casabar; and so we were at issue. Our stock of Turkish was soon exhausted, and the hajji was coolly unbuckling the girths of the baggage-horse, without condescending even to answer our appeal with a look. The Mussulman idlers of the *café* opposite took their pipes from their mouths and smiled. The gay *cafejee* went about his arrangements for our accommodation, quite certain that we were there for the night. I had given up the point myself, when one of my companions, with a look of the most confident triumph, walked up to the suridjee, and, tapping him on the shoulder, held before his eyes a paper with the seal of the pasha of Smyrna in

broad characters at the top. After the astonished Turk had looked at it for a moment, he commenced in good round English and poured upon him a volume of incoherent rhapsody, slapping the paper violently with his hand and pointing to the road. The effect was instantaneous. The girth was hastily rebuckled, and the frightened suridjee put his hand to his head in token of submission, mounted in the greatest hurry, and rode out of the court of the caravanserai. The *cafejee* made his salaam, and the spectators wished us respectfully a good journey. The magic paper was an old passport, and our friend had calculated securely on the natural dread of the incomprehensible, quite sure that there was not more than one man in the village that could read, and none short of Smyrna who could understand his English.

The plain between Casabar and Achmet-lee is quite a realization of poetry. It is twelve miles of soft, bright green-sward, broken only with clumps of luxuriant oleanders, an occasional cluster of the "black tents of Kedar" with their flocks about them, and here and there a loose and grazing camel indolently lifting his broad foot from the grass as if he felt the coolness and verdure to its spongy core. One's heart seems to stay behind as he rides onward through such places.

The village of Achmet-lee consists of a coffee-house with a single room. We arrived about sunset, and found the fireplace surrounded by six or seven Turks, squatted on their hams, travellers like ourselves, who had arrived before us. There was fortunately a second fireplace, which was soon blazing with fagots of fig and oleander, and, with a *pillaw* between us, we crooked our tired legs under us on the earthen floor, and made ourselves as comfortable as a total absence of every comfort would permit. The mingled smoke of tobacco and the chimney drove me out of doors as soon as our greasy meal was finished, and the contrast was enough to make one in love with nature. The moon was quite full, and pouring her light down through the transparent and dazzling sky of the East with indescribable splendour. The fires of twenty or thirty caravans were

blazing in the fields around, and the low cries of the camels, and the hum of voices from the various groups, were mingled with the sound of a stream that came noisily down its rocky channel from the nearest spur of Mount Tmolus. I walked up and down the narrow camel-path till midnight; and if the kingly spirits of ancient Lydia did not keep me company in the neighbourhood of their giant graves, it was perhaps because the feet that trod down their ashes came from a world of which Cræsus and Abyattis never heard. The sin of late rising is seldom chargeable upon an earthen bed, and we were in the saddle by sunrise, breathing an air that, after our smoky cabin, was like a spice-wind from Arabia. Winding round the base of the chain of mountains which we had followed for twenty or thirty miles, we ascended a little, after a brisk trot of two or three hours, and came in sight of the citadel of ancient Sardis, perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a slender rock. A natural terrace, perhaps a hundred feet above the plain, expanded from the base of the hill, and this was the commanding site of the capital of Lydia. Dividing us from it ran the classic and "golden-sanded" Pactolus, descending from the mountains in a small, narrow valley, covered with a verdure so fresh, that it requires some power of fancy to realize that a crowded empire ever swarmed on its borders. Crossing the small, bright stream, we rode along the other bank, winding up its ascending curve, and dismounted at the ruins of the Temple of Cybele, a heap of gigantic fragments strown confusedly over the earth, with two majestic columns rising lone and beautiful into the air.

A Dutch artist, who was of our party, spread his drawing-board and pencils upon one of the fallen Ionic capitals; the suridjee tied his horses' heads together, and laid himself at his length upon the grass, and the rest of us ascended the long steep hill to the citadel. With some loss of breath, and a battle with the dogs of a gipsy encampment, hidden so as almost to be invisible among the shrubbery of the hill-side, we stood at last upon a peak, crested with one tottering remnant of a wall, the remains of a

castle, whose foundations have crumbled beneath it. It looks as if the next rain must send the whole mass into the valley.

It puzzled my unmilitary brain to conceive how Alexander and his Macedonians climbed these airy precipices, if taking the citadel was a part of his conquest of Lydia. The fortifications in the rear have a sheer descent from their solid walls of two or three hundred perpendicular feet, with scarce a vine clinging by the way. I left my companions discussing the question, and walked to the other edge of the hill, overlooking the immense plains below. The tumuli which mark the sepulchres of the kings of Lydia rose like small hills, on the opposite and distant bank of the Hermus. The broad fields, which were once the "wealth of Cræsus," lay still fertile and green along the banks of their historic river. Thyatira and Philadelphia were almost within reach of my eye, and I stood upon Sardis—in the midst of the sites of the Seven Churches. Below lay the path of the myriad armies of Persia, on their march to Greece: here Alexander pitched his tents after the battle of Granicus, whiling away the winter in the lap of captive Lydia; and over the small ruin just discernible on the southern bank of the Pactolus, "the angel of the church of Sardis" brooded with his protecting wings, till the few who had "not defiled their garments" were called to "walk in white," in the promised reward of the Apocalypse.

We descended again to the Temple of Cybele, and mounting our horses rode down to the Palace of Cræsus. Parts of the outer walls, the bases of the portico, and the marble steps of an inner court, are all that remain of the splendour that Solon was called upon in vain to admire. With the permission of six or seven storks, whose coarse nests were built upon the highest points of the ruins, we selected the broadest of the marble blocks lying in the deserted area, and spreading our travellers' breakfast upon it, forgot even the kingly builder in our well-earned appetites.

There are three parallel walls remaining of the ancient

church of Sardis. They stand on a gentle slope, just above the edge of the Pactolus, and might easily be rebuilt into a small chapel, with only the materials within them. There are many other ruins on the site of the city, but none designated by a name. We loitered about, collecting relics, and indulging our fancies, till the suridjee reminded us of the day's journey before us; and with a drink from the Pactolus, and a farewell look at the beautiful Ionic columns standing on its lonely bank, we put spurs to our horses and galloped once more down into the valley.

Our Turkish saddles grew softer on the third day's journey, and we travelled more at ease. I found the freedom and solitude of the wide and unfenced country growing at every mile more upon my liking. The heart expands as one gives his horse the rein and gallops over these wild paths without toll-gate or obstacle. I can easily understand the feeling of Ali Bey on his return to Europe from the East.

Our fourth day's journey lay through the valley between Tmolus and Semering—the fairest portion of the dominions of Timour the Tartar. How gracefully shaped were those slopes to the mountains! How bright the rivers! How green the banks! How like a new created and still unpeopled world it seemed, with every tree and flower and fruit, the perfect model of its kind!

Leaving the secluded village of Nymphi nested in the mountains on our left, as we approached the end of our circuitous journey, we entered early in the afternoon the long plains of Hadjilar, and with tired horses and (*malgré* romance) an agreeable anticipation of Christian beds and supper, we dismounted in Smyrna at sunset.

LETTER V

Smyrna—Charms of its Society—Hospitality of foreign Residents—
The Marina—The Casino—A narrow Escape from the Plague—
Departure of the Frigate—American Navy—A Tribute of Respect
and Gratitude—The Farewell.

Dec. 1833.

WHAT CAN I SAY OF SMYRNA? ITS MOSQUES AND BAZAARS scarce deserve description after those of Constantinople. It has neither pictures, scenery, nor any peculiarities of costume or manners. There are no "lions" here. It is only one of the most agreeable places in the world, exactly the sort of thing that (without compelling private individuals to sit for their portraits)¹ is the least describable. Of the fortnight of constant pleasure that I have passed here, I do not well know how I can eke out half a page that would amuse you.

The society of Smyrna has some advantages over that of any other city I have seen. It is composed entirely of the families of merchants, who, separated from the Turkish inhabitants occupy a distinct quarter of the town, are responsible only to their consuls, and having no nobility above, and none but dependants below them, live in a state of cordial republican equality that is not found even in America. They are of all nations, and the principal languages of Europe are spoken by everybody. Hospitality is carried to an extent more like the golden age than these "days of iron"; and, as a necessary result of the free mixture of languages and feelings, there is a degree of informa-

¹ A courteous old traveller, of the last century, whose book I have somewhere fallen in with, indulges his recollections of Smyrna with less scruple. "Mrs. B.," he says, "who has travelled a great deal, is mistress of both French and Italian. The Misses W. are all amiable young ladies. A Miss A., whose name is expressive of the passion she inspires, without being beautiful, possesses a *je ne sais quoi*, which fascinates more than beauty itself. Not to love her, one must never have seen her. And who would not be captivated by the vivacity of Miss B.?" How charming thus to go about the world, describing the fairest of its wonders, instead of stupid mountains and rivers!

tion and liberality of sentiment among them, united to a free and joyous tone of manners and habits of living, that is quite extraordinary in men of their care-fraught profession. Our own country, I am proud to say, is most honourably represented. There is no traveller to the East of any nation, who does not carry away with him from Smyrna grateful recollections of one at least whose hospitality is as open as his gate. This living over warehouses of opium, I am inclined to think, is healthy for the heart.

After having seen the packing of figs; wondered at the enormous burdens carried by the porters; ridden to Bougiar and the castle on the hill, and admired the caravan of the Bey-Oglou, whose camels are, certainly, the handsomest that come into Smyrna, one has nothing to do but dine, dance, and walk on the Marina. The last is a circumstance the traveller does well not to miss. A long street extends along the bay, lined with the houses of the rich merchants of the town, and for the two hours before sunset, every family is to be seen sitting outside its door upon the public pavement, while beaux and belles stroll up and down in all the gaiety of perpetual holiday. They are the most out-of-doors people, the Smyrniotes, that I have ever seen. And one reason perhaps is, that they have a beauty which has nothing to fear from the daylight. The rich, classic, glowing faces of the Greeks, the paler and livelier French, the serious and impassioned Italian, the blooming English, and the shrinking and fragile American, mingle together in this concourse of grace and elegance like the varied flowers in the garden. I would match Smyrna against the world for beauty. And then such sociability, such primitive cordiality of manners as you find among them! It is quite a Utopia. You would think that little republic of merchants, separate from the Christian world on a heathen shore, had commenced *de novo*, from Eden—ignorant as yet of jealousy, envy, suspicion, and the other ingredients with which the old world mingles up its refinements. It is a very pleasant place, Smyrna.

The stranger, on his arrival, is immediately introduced to the Casino—a large palace, supported by the subscription

of the residents, containing a reading-room furnished with all the gazettes and reviews of Europe, a ball-room frequently used, a coffee-room whence the delicious mocha is brought to you whenever you enter, billiard-tables, card-rooms, etc. The merchants are all members, and any member can introduce a stranger, and give him all the privileges of the place during his stay in the city. It is a courtesy that is not a little drawn upon. English, French, and American ships of war are almost always in the port, and the officers are privileged guests. Every traveller to the East passes by Smyrna, and there are always numbers at the Casino. In fact, the hospitality of this kindest of cities has not the usual demerit of being rarely called upon. It seems to have grown with the demand for it.

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Idling away the time very agreeably at Smyrna, waiting for a vessel to go—I care not where. I have offered myself as a passenger in the first ship that sails. I rather lean toward Palestine and Egypt, but there are no vessels for Jaffa or Alexandria. A brig, crowded with hajjis to Jerusalem, sailed on the first day of my arrival at Smyrna, and I was on the point of a hasty embarkation, when my good angel, in the shape of a sudden caprice, sent me off to Sardis. The plague broke out on board immediately on leaving the port, and nearly the whole ship's company perished at sea!

There are plenty of vessels bound to Trieste and the United States, but there would be nothing new to me in Illyria and Lombardy; and much as I love my country, I am more enamoured for the present of my "sandal-shoon." Besides, I have a yearning to the south, and the cold "Bora" of that bellows-like Adriatic, and the cutting winter winds of my native shore, chill me even in the thought. Meantime I breathe an air borrowed by December of May, and sit with my windows open, warming myself in a broad beam of the soft sun of Asia. With such "appliances" even suspense is agreeable.

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The commodore sailed this morning for his winter-quarters in Minorca. I watched the ship's preparations for departure from the balcony of the hotel, with a heavy heart. Her sails dropped from the yards, her head turned slowly outward as the anchor brought away, and with a light breeze in her topsails the gallant frigate moved majestically down the harbour, and in an hour was a speck on the horizon. She had been my home for more than six months. I had seen from her deck, and visited in her boats, some of the fairest portions of the world. She had borne me to Sicily, to Illyria, to the Isles and shore of Greece, to Marmora and the Bosphorus; and the thousand lovely pictures with which that long summer voyage had stored my memory, and the thousand adventures and still more numerous kindnesses and courtesies, linked with these interesting scenes, crowded on my mind as the noble ship receded from my eye, with an emotion that I could not repress.

There is a "pomp and circumstance" about a man-of-war, which is exceedingly fascinating. Her imposing structure and appearance; the manly and deferential etiquette; the warlike appointment and impressive order upon her decks: the ready and gallantly manned boat; the stirring music of the band, and the honour and attention with which her officers are received in every port, conspire in keeping awake an excitement, a kind of chivalrous elation, which, it seems to me, would almost make a hero of a man of straw. From the hoarse "seven bells, Sir!" with which you are turned out of your hammock in the morning, to the blast of the bugle and the report of the evening gun, it is one succession of elevating sights and sounds, without any of that approach to the ridiculous which accompanies the sublime or the impressive on shore.

From the comparisons I have made between our own and the ships of war of other nations, I think we may well be proud of our navy. I had learned in Europe, long before joining the *United States*, that the respect we exact from foreigners is paid more to America afloat, than to a continent they think as far off at least as the moon.

They see our men-of-war, and they know very well what they have done, and from the appearance and character of our officers, what they might do again—and there is a tangibility in the deductions from knowledge and eyesight, which beats books and statistics. I have heard Englishmen deny, one by one, every claim we have to political and moral superiority; but I have found no one illiberal enough to refuse a compliment, and a handsome one, to *Yankee* ships.

I consider, myself, I repeat, particularly fortunate to have made a cruise on board an American frigate. It is a chapter of observation in itself, which is worth much to anyone. But, in addition to this, it was my good fortune to have happened upon a cruise directed by a mind full of taste and desire for knowledge, and a cruise which had for its principal objects improvement and information. Commodore Patterson knew the ground well, and was familiar with the history and localities of the interesting countries visited by the ship; and every possible facility and encouragement was given by him to all to whom the subjects and places were new. An enlightened and enterprising traveller himself, he was the best of advisers and the best and kindest of guides. I take pleasure in recording almost unlimited obligations to him.

And so, to the gallant ship—to the “warlike world within”—to the decks I have so often promenaded, and the moonlight watches I have so often shared—to the groups of manly faces I have learned to know so well—to the drum-beat and the bugle-call, and the stirring music of the band—to the hammock in which I swung and slept so soundly—and last and nearest my heart, to the gay and hospitable mess with whom for six happy months I have been a guest and a friend, whose feelings I have learned but to honour my country more, and whose society has become to me even a painful want—to all this catalogue of happiness, I am bidding a heavy-hearted farewell. Luck and Heaven’s blessing to ship and company!

LETTER VI

MILAN

Journey through Italy—Bologna—Malibran—Parma—Nightingales of Lombardy—Piacenza—Austrian Soldiers—The Simplon—Milan—Resemblance to Paris—The Cathedral—Guercino's Hagar—Milanese Exclusiveness.

May 1834.

MY FIFTH JOURNEY OVER THE APPENINES—DULL OF course. On the second evening we were at Bologna. The long colonnades pleased me less than before, with their crowds of foreign officers and ill-dressed inhabitants; and a placard for the opera, announcing Malibran's last night, relieved us of the prospect of a long evening of weariness. The divine music of *La Norma*, and a crowded and brilliant audience, enthusiastic in their applause, seemed to inspire this still incomparable creature even beyond her wont. She sang with a fullness, an abandonment, a passionate energy and sweetness that seemed to come from a soul rapt and possessed beyond control with the melody it had undertaken. They were never done calling her on the stage after the curtain had fallen. After six re-appearances, she came out once more to the foot-lights, and murmuring something inaudible from lips that showed strong agitation, she pressed her hands together, bowed till her long hair, falling over her shoulders, nearly touched her feet, and retired in tears. She is the siren of Europe for me!

I was happy to have no more to do with the Duke of Modena, than to eat a dinner in his capital. We did not "forget the picture," but my inquiries for it were as fruitless as before. I wonder whether the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" has the pleasure of remembering having seen the picture himself. "Tassoni's bucket, which is not the true one," is still shown in the Tower, and the keeper will kiss the cross upon his fingers, that Samuel Rogers has written a false line.

At Parma we ate parmesan, and saw *the* Correggio. The

angel who holds the book up to the infant Saviour; the female laying her cheek to his feet; the countenance of the holy child himself, are creations that seem apart from all else in the schools of painting. They are like a group, not from life, but from heaven. They are superhuman, and, unlike other pictures of beauty, which stir the heart as if they resembled something one had loved or might have loved, these mount into the fancy like things transcending sympathy, and only within reach of an intellectual and elevated wonder. This is the picture that Sir Thomas Lawrence returned six times in one day to see. It is the only thing I saw to admire in the duchy of Maria Louisa. An Austrian regiment marched into the town as we left it, and an Italian at the gate told us that the Duchess had disbanded her last troops of the country, and supplied their place with these yellow and black Croats and Illyrians. Italy is Austria now to the foot of the Appenines—if not to the top of Radicofani.

Lombardy is full of nightingales. They sing by *day*, however (as not specified in poetry). They are up quite as early as the lark, and the green hedges are alive with their gurgling and changeful music till twilight. Nothing can exceed the fertility of these endless plains. They are four or five hundred miles of uninterrupted garden. The same eternal level road; the same rows of elms and poplars on either side; the same long, slimy canals; the same square, vine-laced, perfectly green pastures and corn-fields; the same shaped houses; the same voiced beggars with the same sing-song whine, and the same villainous Austrians poring over your passports and asking to be paid for it, from the Alps to the Appenines. It is wearisome, spite of green leaves and nightingales. A bare rock or a good brigand-looking mountain would so refresh the eye!

At Piacenza, one of those admirable German bands was playing in the public square, while a small corps of picked men were manœuvred. Even an Italian, I should think, though he knew and felt it was the music of his oppressors, might have been pleased to listen. And pleased they

seemed to be—for there were hundreds of dark-haired and well-made men, with faces and forms for heroes, standing and keeping time to the well-played instruments, as peacefully as if there were no such thing as liberty, and no meaning in the foreign uniforms crowding them from their own pavement. And there were the women of Piacenza, nodding from the balconies to the white moustachios and padded coats strutting below, and you would never dream Italy thought herself wronged, watching the exchange of courtesies between her dark-eyed daughters and these fair-haired coxcombs.

We crossed the Po, and entered Austria's *nominal* dominions. They rummaged our baggage as if they smelt republicanism somewhere; and after showing a strong disposition to retain a volume of very bad poetry as suspicious, and detaining us two long hours, they had the modesty to ask to be paid for letting us off lightly. When we declined it, the *chef* threatened us a precious searching "*the next time*." How willingly I would submit to the annoyance to have that *next time* assured to me! Every step I take toward the bounds of Italy pulls so upon my heart!

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As most travellers come into Italy over the Simplon, Milan makes generally the first enthusiastic chapter in their books. I have reversed the order myself, and have a better right to praise it from comparison. For exterior, there is certainly no city in Italy comparable to it. The streets are broad and noble; the buildings magnificent; the pavement quite the best in Europe; and the Milanese (all of whom I presume I have seen, for it is Sunday, and the streets swarm with them) are better dressed, and look "better to do in the world" than the Tuscans, who are gayer and more Italian, and the Romans, who are graver and vastly handsomer. Milan is quite like Paris. The showy and mirror-lined *cafés*; the elegant shops; the variety of strange people and costumes, and a new gallery lately opened in imitation of the glass-roofed *passages* of

the French capital, make one almost feel that the next turn will bring him upon the Boulevards.

The famous cathedral, nearly completed by Napoleon, is a sort of Aladdin creation, too delicate and beautiful for the open air. The filmy traceries of Gothic fretwork; the needle-like minarets; the hundreds of beautiful statues with which it is studded; the intricate, graceful, and bewildering architecture of every window and turret, and the frost-like frailness and delicacy of the whole mass, make an effect altogether upon the eye that must stand high on the list of new sensations. It is a vast structure withal; but a middling easterly breeze, one would think, in looking at it, would lift it from its base, and bear it over the Atlantic like the meshes of a cobweb. Neither interior nor exterior impresses you with the feeling of awe common to other large churches. The sun struggles through the immense windows of painted glass; staining every pillar and carved cornice with the richest hues; and wherever the eye wanders, it grows giddy with the wilderness of architecture. The people on their knees are like paintings in the strong artificial light; the checkered pavement seems trembling with a quivering radiance; the altar is far and indistinct, and the lamps burning over the tomb of Saint Carlo shine out from the centre like gems glistening in the midst of some enchanted hall. This reads *véry* like rhapsody, but it is the way the place impressed me. It is like a great dream. Its excessive beauty scarce seems constant while the eye rests upon it.

The *Brera* is a noble palace, occupied by the public galleries of statuary and painting. I felt on leaving Florence that I could give pictures a very long holiday. To live on them, as one does in Italy, is like dining from morn till night. The famous Guercino is at Milan, however,—the “Hagar,” which Byron talks of so enthusiastically, and I once more surrendered myself to a cicerone. The picture catches your eye on your first entrance. There is that harmony and effect in the colour that mark a masterpiece, even in a passing glance. Abraham stands in the centre of the group, a fine, prophet-like “green old man,”

with a mild decision in his eye, from which there is evidently no appeal. Sarah has turned her back, and you can just read in the half-profile glance of her face that there is a little pity mingled in her hard-hearted approval of her rival's banishment. But Hagar—who can describe the world of meaning in her face? The closed lips have in them a calm incredulousness, contradicted with wonderful nature in the flushed and troubled forehead, and the eyes red with long weeping. The gourd of water is hung over her shoulder, her hand is turning her sorrowful boy from the door, and she has looked back once more, with a large tear coursing down her cheek, to read in the face of her master if she is indeed driven forth for ever. It is the instant before pride and despair close over her heart. You see in the picture that the next moment is the crisis of her life. Her gaze is straining upon the old man's lips, and you wait breathlessly to see her draw up her bending form, and depart in proud sorrow for the wilderness. It is a piece of powerful and passionate poetry. It affects you like nothing but a reality. The eyes get warm, and the heart beats quick; and as you walk away you feel as if a load of oppressive sympathy was lifting from your heart.

I have seen little else in Milan, except Austrian soldiers, of whom there are fifteen thousand in this single capital; The government has issued an order to officers not on duty, to appear in citizen's dress; it is supposed to diminish the appearance of so much military preparation.

For the rest, they make a kind of coffee here, by boiling it with cream, which is better than anything of the kind either in Paris or Constantinople; and the Milanese are, for slaves, the most civil people I have seen, after the Florentines. There is little English society; I know not why, except that the Italians are rich enough to be exclusive, and make their houses difficult of access to strangers.

LETTER VII

LOMBARDY—AUSTRIA—THE ALPS

A melancholy Procession—Lago Maggiore—Isola Bella—The Simplon—Meeting a Fellow-countryman—The Valley of the Rhone.

May 1834.

IN GOING OUT OF THE GATES OF MILAN, WE MET A CART FULL of peasants, tied together and guarded by *gens-d'armes*—the fifth sight of the kind that has crossed us since we passed the Austrian border. The poor fellows looked very innocent and very sorry. The extent of their offences probably might be the want of a passport, and a desire to step over the limits of his majesty's possessions. A train of beautiful horses, led by soldiers along the ramparts (the property of the Austrian officers), were in melancholy contrast to their sad faces.

The clear snowy Alps soon came in sight, and their cold beauty refreshed us in the midst of a heat that prostrated every nerve in the system. It is only the first of May, and they are mowing the grass everywhere on the road, the trees are in their fullest leaf; the frogs and nightingales singing each other down, and the grasshopper would be a burden. Towards night we crossed the Sardinian frontier, and in an hour were set down at an auberge on the bank of Lake Maggiore, in the little town of Arona. The mountains on the other side of the broad and mirror-like water are specked with ruined castles; here and there a boat is leaving its long line of ripples behind in its course; the cattle are loitering home; the peasants sit on the benches before their doors; and all the lovely circumstances of a rural summer's sunset are about us, in one of the very loveliest spots in nature. A very old Florence friend is my companion, and what with mutual reminiscences of sunny Tuscany, and the deepest love in common for the sky over our heads, and the green land around us, we are noting down "red days" in our calendar of travel.

We walked from Arona by sunrise, four or five miles along the borders of Lake Maggiore. The kind-hearted peasants on the way to the market raised their hats to us in passing, and I was happy that the greeting was still "*buon giorno*." Those dark-lined mountains before us were to separate me too soon from the mellow accents in which it was spoken. As yet, however, it was all Italian—the ultra-marine sky, the clear half-purpled hills, the inspiring air—we felt in every pulse that it was still Italy.

We were at Baveno at an early hour, and took a boat for *Isola Bella*. It looks like a gentleman's villa afloat. A boy might throw a stone entirely over it in any direction. It strikes you like a kind of toy as you look at it from a distance, and, getting nearer, the illusion scarcely dissipates—for, from the water's edge, the orange-laden terraces are piled one above another like a pyramidal fruit-basket; the villa itself peers above like a sugar castle, and it scarce seems real enough to land upon. We pulled round to the northern side, and disembarked at a broad stone staircase, where a cicerone, with a look of suppressed wisdom common to his vocation, met us with the offer of his services.

The entrance-hall was hung with old armour, and a magnificent suite of apartments above, opening on all sides upon the lake, was lined thickly with pictures—none of them remarkable except one or two landscapes by the savage Tempesta. Travellers going the other way would probably admire the collection more than we. We were glad to be handed over by our pragmatistical custode to a pretty contadina, who announced herself as the gardener's daughter, and gave us each a bunch of roses. It was a proper commencement to an acquaintance upon *Isola Bella*. She led the way to the water's edge, where, in the foundations of the palace, a suite of eight or ten spacious rooms is constructed *à la grotte*—with a pavement laid of small stones of different colours; walls and roof of fantastically set shells and pebbles, and statues that seem to have reason in their nudity. The only light came in at the long doors opening down to the lake; and the deep leather

sofas, and dark cool atmosphere, with the light break of the waves outside, and the long views away towards Isola Madre, and the far-off opposite shore, composed altogether a most seductive spot for an indolent humour and a summer's day. I shall keep it as a cool recollection till sultry summers trouble me no more.

But the garden was the prettiest place. The lake is lovely enough anyway; but to look at it through perspectives of orange alleys, and have the blue mountains broken by stray branches of tulip-trees, clumps of crimson rhododendron, and clusters of citron, yellower than gold—to sit on a garden-seat in the shade of a thousand roses, with sweet-scented shrubs and verbenums, and a mixture of novel and delicious perfumes embalming the air about you, and gaze up at snowy Alps and sharp precipices, and down upon a broad smooth mirror in which the islands lie like clouds, and over which the boats are silently creeping with their white sails, like birds asleep in the sky—why (not to disparage nature), it seems, to my poor judgment, that these artificial appliances are an improvement even to Lago Maggiore.

On one side, without the villa walls, are two or three small houses, one of which is occupied as an hotel; and here, if I had a friend with matrimony in his eye, would I strongly recommend lodgings for the honeymoon. A prettier cage for a pair of billing doves no poet would conceive you.

We got on to Domo d'Ossola to sleep, saying many an oft-said thing about the entrance to the valleys of the Alps. They seem common when spoken of these romantic places, but they are not the less new in the glow of a first impression.

We were a little in start of the sun this morning, and commenced the ascent of the Simplon by a grey summer's dawn, before which the last bright star had not yet faded. From Domo d'Ossola we rose directly into the mountains, and soon wound into the wildest glens by a road which was flung along precipices and over chasms and water-falls like a waving riband. The horses went on at a round trot, and

so skilfully are the difficulties of the ascent surmounted, that we could not believe we had passed the spot that from below hung above us so appallingly. The route follows the foaming river Vedro, which frets and plunges along at its side or beneath its hanging bridges, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, where the stream is swollen at every short distance with pretty waterfalls—messengers from the melting snows on the summits. There was one, a *water-slide* rather than a fall, which I stopped long to admire. It came from near the peak of the mountain, leaping at first from a green clump of firs, and descending a smooth inclined plane, of perhaps two hundred feet. The effect was like drapery of the most delicate lace, dropping into festoons from the hand. The slight waves overtook each other and mingled and separated, always preserving their elliptical and foaming curves, till, in a smooth scoop near the bottom, they gathered into a snowy mass, and leaped into the Vedro in the shape of a twisted shell. If wishing could have witched it into Mr. Cole's sketch-book, he would have a new variety of water for his next composition.

After seven hours' driving, which scarce seemed ascending but for the snow and ice and the clear air it brought us into, we stopped to breakfast at the village of Simplon, "three thousand two hundred and sixteen feet above the sea level." Here we first realized that we had left Italy. The landlady spoke French, and the postillions German! My sentiment has grown threadbare with travel, but I don't mind confessing that the circumstance gave me an unpleasant thickness in the throat. I threw open the southern window, and looked back towards the marshes of Lombardy, and if I did not say the poetical thing, it was because

It is the silent grief that cuts the heart-strings.

In sober sadness, one may well regret any country where his life has been filled fuller than elsewhere of sunshine and gladness; and such, by a thousand enchantments, has Italy been to me. Its climate is life in my nostrils; its

hills and valleys are the poetry of such things; and its marbles, pictures, and palaces beset the soul like the very necessities of existence. You can exist elsewhere, but, oh! you *live* in Italy!

I was sitting by my English companion on a sledge in front of the hotel, enjoying the sunshine when the Diligence drove up, and six or eight young men alighted. One of them walking up and down the road to get the cramp of a confined seat out of his legs, addressed a remark to us in English. We had neither of us seen him before, but we exclaimed simultaneously, as he turned away, "That's an American."—"How did you know he was not an Englishman?" I asked. "Because," said my friend, "he spoke to us without an introduction and without a reason, as Englishmen are not in the habit of doing, and because he ended his sentence with 'Sir,' as no Englishman does except he is talking to an inferior, or wishes to insult you."—"And how did *you* know it?" asked he. "Partly by instinct," I answered, "but more because, though a traveller, he wears a new hat that cost him ten dollars, and a new cloak that cost him fifty (a peculiarly American extravagance); because he made no inclination of his body either in addressing or leaving us, though his intention was to be civil; and because he used fine dictionary words to express a common idea, which, by the way, too, betrays his southern breeding. And, if you want other evidence, he has just asked the gentleman near him to ask the conducteur something about his breakfast, and an American is the only man in the world that ventures to come abroad without at least French enough to keep himself from starving." It may appear ill-natured to write down such criticisms on one's own countryman; but the national peculiarities by which we are distinguished from foreigners, seemed so well defined in his instance, that I thought it worth mentioning. We found afterwards that our conjecture was right. His name and country were on the brass-plate of his portmanteau in most legible letters, and I recognized it directly as the address of an amiable and excellent man, of whom I had once or twice heard in Italy, though I

had never before happened to meet him. Three of the faults oftenest charged upon our countrymen are over-fine clothes, over-fine words, and over-fine or over-free manners.

From Simplon we drove two or three miles between heaps of snow, lying in some places from six to ten feet deep. Seven hours before, we had ridden through fields of grain almost ready for the harvest! After passing one or two galleries built over the road to protect it from the avalanches where it ran beneath the loftier precipices, we got out of the snow, and saw Brigg, the small town at the foot of the Simplon, on the other side, lying almost directly beneath us. It looked as if one might toss his cap down into its pretty gardens. Yet we were four or five hours in reaching it, by a road that seemed in most parts scarcely to descend at all. The views down the valley of the Rhone, which opened continually before us, were of exquisite beauty. The river itself, which is here near its source, looked like a meadow rivulet in its silver windings; and the gigantic Helvetian Alps, which rose in their snow on the other side of the valley, were glittering in the slant rays of a declining sun, and of a grandeur of size and outline which diminished, even more than distance, the river and the clusters of villages at their feet.

LETTER VIII

SWITZERLAND

La Valais—The Cretins and the Goitres—A Frenchman's Opinion of Niagara—Lake Lemman—Castle of Chillon—Rocks of Meillerie—Republican Air—Mont Blanc—Geneva.

May 1834.

WE HAVE BEEN TWO DAYS AND A HALF LOITERING DOWN through the Swiss canton of La Valais, and admiring every hour the magnificence of these snow-capped and

green-footed Alps. The little *châlets* seem just lodged by accident on the crags, or struck against slopes so steep, that the mowers of the mountain-grass are literally let down by ropes to their dizzy occupation. The goats alone seem to have an exemption from all ordinary laws of gravitation, feeding against cliffs which it makes one giddy to look on only; and the short-waisted girls dropping a curtsy and blushing as they pass the stranger, emerge from the little mountain-paths, and stop by the first spring to put on their shoes and arrange their ribands coquettishly before entering the village.

The two dreadful curses of these valleys meet one at every step—the *cretins*, or natural fools, of which there is at least one in every family; and the *goitre*, or swelled throat, to which there is hardly an exception among the women. It really makes travelling in Switzerland a melancholy business, with all its beauty; at every turn in the road, a gibbering and mowing idiot, and in every group of females, a disgusting array of excrescences too common even to be concealed. Really, to see girls that else were beautiful, arrayed in all their holiday finery, but with a defect that makes them monsters to the unaccustomed eye—their throats swollen to the size of their heads, seems to me one of the most curious and pitiable things I have met with in my wanderings. Many attempts have been made to account for the growth of the *goitre*, but it is yet unexplained. The men are not so subject to it as the women, though among them, even, it is frightfully common. But how account for the continual production by ordinary parents of this brute race of *cretins*? They all look alike—dwarfish, large-mouthed, grinning, and of hideous features and expression. It is said that the children of strangers, born in the valley, are very likely to be idiots, resembling the cretin exactly. It seems a supernatural curse upon the land. The Valaisians, however, consider it a blessing to have one in the family.

The dress of the women of La Valais is excessively unbecoming, and a pretty face is rare. Their manners are kind and polite, and at the little *auberges*, where we had stopped

on the road, there has been a cleanliness and a generosity in the supply of the table, which prove virtues among them not found in Italy.

At Turttmann, we made a little excursion into the mountains to see a cascade. It falls about a hundred feet, and has just now more water than usual from the melting of the snows. It is a pretty fall. A Frenchman writes in the book of the hotel, that he has seen Niagara and Trenton Falls, in America, and that they do not compare with the cascade of Turttmann!

From Martigny the scenery began to grow richer, and, after passing the celebrated Fall of Pissevache (which springs from the top of a high Alp almost into the road, and is really a splendid cascade), we approached Lake Lemman in a gorgeous sunset. We rose a slight hill, and over the broad sheet of water on the opposite shore, reflected with all its towers in a mirror of gold, lay the castle of Chillon. A bold green mountain rose steeply behind; the sparkling village of Vevey lay farther down on the water's edge; and away towards the sinking sun, stretched the long chain of the Jura, tinted with all the hues of a dolphin. Never was such a lake of beauty—or it never sat so pointedly for its picture. Mountains and water, châteaux and shallows, vineyards and verdure, could do no more. We left the carriage and walked three or four miles along the southern bank under the "Rocks of Meillerie," and the spirit of St. Preux's Julie, if she haunt the scene where she caught her death, of a sunset in May, is the most enviable of ghosts. I do not wonder at the prating in albums of Lake Lemman. For me, it is (after Val d'Arno from Fiesole) the *ne plus ultra* of a scenery in Paradise.

We are stopping for the night at St. Gingoult, on a swelling bank of the lake, and we have been lying under the trees in front of the hotel till the last perceptible tint is gone from the sky over Jura. Two pedestrian gentlemen, with knapsacks and dogs, have just arrived; and a whole family of French people, including parrots and monkeys, came in before us, and are deafening the house with their chattering. A cup of coffee, and then good night!

My companion, who has travelled all over Europe on foot, confirms my opinion that there is no drive on the Continent equal to the forty miles between the rocks of Meillerie and Geneva, on the southern bank of the Lemman. The Lake is not often much broader than the Hudson: the shores are the noble mountains sung so gloriously by "Childe Harold": Vevey, Lausanne, Copet, and a string of smaller villages, all famous in poetry and story, fringe the opposite water's edge with cottages and villages, while you wind for ever along a green lane following the bend of the shore, the road as level as your hall pavement, and green hills massed up with trees and verdure, overshadowing you continually. The world has a great many sweet spots in it, and I have found many a one which would make fitting scenery for the brightest act of life's changeful drama—but here is one, where it seems to me as difficult not to feel genial and kindly, as for Taglioni to keep from floating away like a smoke-curl when she is dancing in La Bayadere.

We passed a bridge and drew in a long breath to try the difference in the air—we were in the *republic* of Geneva. It smelt very much as it did in the dominions of his majesty of Sardinia—sweet-briar, hawthorn, violets and all. I used to think when I first came from America, that the flowers (republicans by nature as well as birds) were less fragrant under a monarchy.

Mont Blanc loomed up very white in the south; but, like other distinguished persons of whom we form an opinion from the descriptions of poets, the "monarch of mountains" did not seem to me so *very* superior to his fellows. After a look or two at him as we approached Geneva, I ceased straining my head out of the cabriolet, and devoted my eyes to things more within the scale of my affections—the scores of lovely villas sprinkling the hills and valleys by which we approached the city. Sweet—sweet places they are, to be sure! And then, the month is May, and the straw-bonneted and white-aproned girls—ladies and peasants alike—were all out at their porches and balconies; lover-like couples were sauntering down

the park-lanes; *one* servant passed us with a tri-cornered blue billet-doux between his thumb and finger; the nightingales were singing their very hearts away to the new-blown roses, and a sense of summer and seventeen, days of sunshine and sonnet-making, came over me irresistibly. I should like to see June out in Geneva.

The little steamer that makes the tour of Lake Lemman began to "fizz" by sunrise directly under the windows of our hotel. We were soon on the pier, where our entrance into the boat was obstructed by a cluster of weeping girls, embracing and parting very unwillingly with a young lady of some eighteen years, who was lovely enough to have been wept for by as many grown-up gentlemen. Her own tears were under better government, though her sealed lips showed that she dared not trust herself with her voice. After another and another lingering kiss, the boatman expressed some impatience, and she tore herself from their arms and stepped into the waiting *bateau*. We were soon alongside the steamer, and sooner under weigh, and then, having given one wave of her handkerchief to the pretty and sad group on the shore, our fair fellow-passenger gave way to her feelings, and, sinking upon a seat, burst into a passionate flood of tears. There was no obtruding on such sorrow, and the next hour or two were employed by my imagination in filling up the little drama of which we had seen but the touching conclusion.

I was pleased to find the boat (a new one) called the *Winkelried*, in compliment to the vessel which makes the same voyage in Cooper's "Headsman of Berne." The day altogether had begun like a chapter in romance—

Lake Lemman woo'd us with its crystal face,

but there was the filmiest conceivable veil of mist over its unruffled mirror, and the green uplands that rose from its edge had a softness like dreamland upon their verdure. I know not whether the tearful girl whose head was drooping over the railing felt the sympathy, but I could not help thanking nature for her in my heart, the whole scene was so of the complexion of her own feelings. I could have

“thrown my ring into the sea,” like Policrates Samius, “to have cause for sadness too.”

The *Winkelried* has (for a republican steamer) rather the aristocratical arrangement of making those who walk *aft* the funnel pay twice as much as those who choose to promenade *forward*—for no earthly reason that I can divine, other than that those who pay dearest have the full benefit of the oily gases from the machinery, while the humbler passenger breaths the air of heaven before it has passed through that improving medium. Our youthful Niobe, two French ladies not particularly pretty, an Englishman with a fishing-rod and gun, and a coxcomb of a Swiss artist to whom I had taken a special aversion at Rome (from a criticism I overheard upon my favourite picture in the Colonna), my friend and myself, were the exclusive inhalers of the oleaginous atmosphere of the stern. A crowd of the ark’s own miscellaneousness thronged the forecastle—and so you have the programme of a day on Lake Leman.

LETTER IX

SWITZERLAND

Lake Leman—American Appearance of the Genevese—Steamboat on the Rhone—Gibbon and Rousseau—Adventure of the Lilies—Genevese Jewellers—Residence of Voltaire—Byron’s Nightcap—Voltaire’s Walking-stick and Stockings.

May 1833.

THE WATER OF LAKE LEMAN LOOKS VERY LIKE OTHER water, though Byron and Shelley were nearly drowned in it: and Copet, a little village on the Helvetian side, where we left three women and took up one man (the village ought to be very much obliged to us), is no Paradise, though Madame de Staël made it her residence. There *are* Paradises, however, with very short distances between, all

the way down the northern shore, and angels in them—if women are angels—a specimen or two of the sex being visible with the aid of the spy-glass, in nearly every balcony and belvidere, looking upon the water. The taste in country-houses seems to be here very much the same as in New England, and quite unlike the half-palace, half-castle style common in Italy and France. Indeed the dress, physiognomy, and manners of old Geneva might make an American Genevese fancy himself at home on the Leman. There is that subdued decency; that grave respectability; that black-coated, straight-haired, saint-like kind of look, which is universal in the small towns of our country, and which is as unlike France and Italy, as a playhouse is unlike a methodist chapel. You would know the people of Geneva were Calvinists, whisking through the town merely in a Diligence.

I lost sight of the town of Morges, eating a *tête-à-tête* breakfast with my friend in the cabin. Switzerland is the only place out of America where one gets cream for his coffee. I cry Morges mercy on that plea.

We were at Lausanne at eleven, having steamed forty-five miles in five hours. This is not quite up to the thirty-milers on the Hudson, of which I see accounts in the papers, but we had the advantage of not being blown up either going or coming, and of looking for a continuous minute on a given spot in the scenery. Then we had an iron railing between us and that portion of the passengers who prefer garlic to lavender-water, and we achieved our breakfast without losing our tempers or complexions in a scramble. The question of superiority between Swiss and American steamers, therefore, depends very much on the value you set on life, temper, and time. For me, as my time is not measured in "diamond sparks," and as my life and temper are the only gifts with which fortune has blessed me, I prefer the Swiss.

Gibbon lived at Lausanne, and wrote here the last chapter of his History of Rome—a circumstance which he records with an affection. It is a spot of no ordinary beauty, and the public promenade, where we sat and

looked over to Vevey and Chillon, and the Rocks of Meillerie, and talked of Rousseau, and agreed that it was a scene "*faite pour une Julie pour une Claire et pour un Saint Preux*," is one of the places where, if I were to "play statue," I should like to grow to my seat, and compromise merely for eyesight. We have one thing against Lausanne, however—it is uphill and a mile from the water; and if Gibbon walked often from Ouchet at noon, and "larded the lean earth," as freely as we, I make myself certain he was not the fat man his biographers have drawn him.

There were some other circumstances at Lausanne which interested us—but which criticism has decided cannot be obtruded upon the public. We looked about for "Julie" and "Claire," spite of Rousseau's "*ne les y cherchez pas*," and gave a blind beggar a sou (all he asked) for a handful of lilies-of-the-valley, pitying him ten times more than if he had lost his eyes out of Switzerland. To be blind on Lake Lemán! blind within sight of Mont Blanc! We turned back to drop another sou into his hat, as we reflected upon it.

The return steamer from Vevey (I was sorry not to go to Vevey, for Rousseau's sake, and as much for Cooper's) took us up on its way to Geneva, and we had the advantage of seeing the same scenery in a different light. Trees, houses, and mountains are so much finer seen *against* the sun, with the deep shadows towards you!

Sitting by the stern was a fat and fair French-woman, who, like me, had bought lilies, and about as many. With a very natural facility of dramatic position, I imagined it had established a kind of sympathy between us, and proposed to myself, somewhere in the four hours, to make it serve as an introduction. She went into the cabin after a while, to lunch on cutlets and beer, and returned to the deck without her lilies. Mine lay beside me, within reach of her four fingers; and as I was making up my mind to offer to replace her loss, she coolly took them up, and, without even a French monosyllable, commenced throwing them overboard, stem by stem. It was very clear she

had mistaken them for her own. As the last one flew over the tafferel, the gentleman who paid for *la bière et les côtelettes*, husband or lover, came up with a smile and a flourish, and reminded her that she had left her bouquet between the mustard and the beer-bottle. *Sequitur*—a scene. The lady apologized, and I disclaimed; and the more I insisted on the delight she had given me by throwing my pretty lilies into Lake Lemán, the more she made herself unhappy, and insisted on my being inconsolable. One should come abroad to know how much may be said upon throwing overboard a bunch of lilies.

The clouds gathered, and we had some hopes of a storm, but the "darkened Jura" was merely dim, and the "live thunder" waited for another "Childe Harold." We were at Geneva at seven, and had the whole population to witness our debarkation. The pier where we landed, and the new bridge across the outlet of the Rhone, are the evening promenade.

The far-famed jewellers of Geneva are rather an aristocratic class of merchants. They are to be sought in chambers, and their treasures are produced box by box, from locked drawers, and bought, if at all, without the pleasure of "beating down." They are, withal, a gentlemanlike class of men; and, of the principal one, as many stories are told as of Beau Brummel. He has made a fortune by his shop, and has the manners of a man who can afford to buy the jewels out of the king's crown.

We were sitting at the *table d'hôte*, with about forty people, on the first day of our arrival, when the servant brought us each a gilt-edged note, sealed with an elegant device—invitations we presumed, to a ball, at least. Mr. So-and-so (I forget the name) begged pardon for the liberty he had taken, and requested us to call at his shop in the Rue de Rhone, and look at his varied assortment of bijouterie. A card was enclosed, and the letter in courtly English. We went, of course; as who would not? The cost to him was a sheet of paper and the trouble of sending to the hotel for a list of the new arrivals. I recommend

the system to all callow Yankees commencing a "pushing business."

Geneva is full of foreigners in the summer, and it has quite the complexion of an agreeable place. The environs are, of course, unequalled and the town itself is a stirring and gay capital, full of brilliant shops, handsome streets and promenades, where everything is to be met but pretty women. Female beauty would come to a good market anywhere in Switzerland. We have seen but one pretty girl (our Niobe of the steamer) since we lost sight of Lombardy. They dress well here and seem modest, and have withal an air of style; but of some five hundred ladies, whom I may have seen in the valley of the Rhone, and about this neighbourhood, it would puzzle a modern Apelles to compose an endurable Venus. I understand a fair countrywoman of ours is about taking up her residence in Geneva; and if Lake Lemman does not "woo her," and the "live thunder" leap down from Jura, the jewellers, at least, will crown her queen of the Canton, and give her the tiara at cost.

I hope "Maria Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs" will forgive me for having gone to Ferney in an *omnibus*! Voltaire lived just under the Jura, on a hill-side, overlooking Geneva and the lake, with a landscape before him in the foreground that a painter could not improve, and Mont Blanc and its neighbour mountains the breaks to his horizon.

At six miles off, Geneva looks very beautifully, astride the exit of the Rhone from the lake; and the lake itself looks more like a broad river, with its edges of verdure and its outer-frame of mountains. We walked up an avenue to a large old villa, embosomed in trees, where an old gardener appeared, to show us the grounds. We said the proper thing under the tree planted by the philosopher; fell in love with the view from twenty points; met an English lady in one of the arbours, the wife of a French nobleman to whom the house belongs, and were bowed into the hall by the old man, and handed over to his daughter to be shown the curiosities of the interior. There

were Voltaire's rooms, just as he left them. The ridiculous picture of his own apotheosis, painted under his own direction, and representing him offering his *Henriade* to Apollo with all the authors of his time dying of envy at his feet, occupies the most conspicuous place over his chamber door. Within was his bed—the curtains nibbled quite bare by relic-gathering travellers; a portrait of the Empress Catherine, embroidered by her own hand, and presented to Voltaire; his own portrait and Frederick the Great's, and many of the philosophers, including Franklin. A little monument stands opposite the fireplace, with the inscription "*Mon esprit est partout, et mon cœur est ici.*" It is a snug little dormitory, opening with one window to the west; and, to those who admire the character of the once illustrious occupant, a place for very tangible musing. They showed us afterwards his walking-stick, a pair of silk stockings he had half-worn, and a night-cap. The last article is getting quite fashionable as a relic of genius. They show Byron's at Venice.

LETTER X

FRANCE

Practical Bathos of celebrated Places—Travelling Companions at the Simplon—Custom-house Comforts—Trials of Temper—Different Aspects of France, Italy, and Switzerland—Force of Politeness.

May 1834.

WHETHER IT WAS THAT I HAD OFFENDED THE GENIUS OF the spot by coming in an omnibus, or from a desire I never can resist in such places—to travesty and ridicule the mock solemnity with which they are exhibited, certain it is, that I left Ferney without having encountered, even in the shape of a more serious thought, the spirit of Voltaire.

One reads the third canto of "Childe Harold" in his library, and feels as if "Lausanne and Ferney" *should* be interesting places to the traveller; and yet when he is shown Gibbon's bower by a fellow scratching his head and hitching up his trousers the while, and the night-cap that enclosed the busy brain from which sprang the fifty brilliant *tomes* on his shelves, by a country-girl, who hurries through her drilled description, with her eye on the silver *douceur* in his fingers, he is very likely to rub his hand over his eyes, and disclaim, quite honestly, all pretensions to enthusiasm. And yet, I daresay, I shall have a great deal of pleasure in remembering that I *have been* at Ferney. As an English traveller would say, "I have *done* Voltaire!"

Quite of the opinion that it was not doing justice to Geneva to have made but a three days' stay in it—regretting not having seen Sismondi, Simond, and a whole coterie of scholars and authors, whose home it is, and with a mind quite made up to return to Switzerland, when my *beaux jours* of love, money, and leisure shall have arrived, I crossed the Rhone at sunrise, and turned my face towards Paris.

The Simplon is much safer travelling than the pass of the Jura. We were all day getting up the mountains by roads that would make me anxious if there were a neck in the carriage I would rather should not be broken. My company, fortunately, consisted of three Scotch spinsters who would try any precipice of the Jura, I think, if there were a lover at the bottom. If the horses had backed in the wrong place, it would have been to all three, I am sure, a deliverance from a world in whose volume of happiness

their leaf

By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced.

As to my own neck and my friend's, there is a special providence for bachelors, even if they were of importance enough to merit a care. Spinsters and bachelors, we all arrived safely at Rousses, the entrance to France; and

here, if I were to write before repeating the alphabet, you would see what a pen could do in a passion.

The carriage was stopped by three custom-house officers, and taken under a shed, where the doors were closed behind it. We were then required to dismount and give our honours that we had nothing new in the way of clothes; "no jewellery; no unused manufactures of wool, thread, or lace; no silks or floss silk; no polished metals, plated or varnished; no toys (except a heart each) nor leather, glass, or crystal manufactures." So far, I kept my temper.

Our trunks, carpet-bags, hat-boxes, dressing-cases, and *portfeuilles* were then dismounted and critically examined—every dress and article unfolded; shirts, cravats, unmentionables and all, and searched thoroughly by two ruffians, whose fingers were no improvement upon the labours of the washerwoman. In an hour's time or so we were allowed to commence re-packing. Still, I kept my temper!

We were then requested to walk into a private room, while the ladies, for the same purpose, were taken, by a woman, into another. Here we were requested to unbutton our coats, and, begging pardon for the liberty, these courteous gentlemen thrust their hands into our pockets, felt in our bosoms, pantaloons, and shoes, examined our hats, and even eyed our "pet curls" very earnestly, in the expectation of finding us crammed with Geneva jewellery. Still, I kept my temper!

Our trunks were then put upon the carriage and a sealed string put upon them, which we were not to cut till we arrived in Paris. (Nine days!) They then demanded to be paid for the sealing, and the fellows who had unladen the carriage were to be paid for their labour. This done, we were permitted to drive on. Still, I kept my temper!

We arrived, in the evening, at Morez, in a heavy rain. We were sitting around a comfortable fire, and the soup and fish were just brought upon the table. A soldier entered and requested us to walk to the police office.

"But it rains hard, and our dinner is just ready." The man in the moustache was inexorable. The commissary closed his office at eight, and we must go instantly to certify to our passports, and get new ones for the interior. 'Cloaks and umbrellas were brought, and *bon gré, mal gré*, we walked half a mile in the mud and rain to a dirty commissary, who kept us waiting in the dark fifteen minutes, and then, making out a description of the person of each, demanded half a dollar for the new passport, and permitted us to wade back to our dinner. This had occupied an hour, and no improvement to soup or fish. Still, I kept my temper—rather.

The next morning, while we were forgetting the annoyances of the precious night, and admiring the new-pranked livery of May by a glorious sunshine, a civil *arretéz-vous* brought up the carriage to the door of *another custom-house*! The order was to dismount, and down came once more, carpet-bags, hat-boxes, and dressing-cases, and a couple of hours were lost again in a fruitless search for contraband articles. When it was all through, and the officers and men *paid* as before, we were permitted to proceed with the gracious assurance that we should not be troubled again till we got to Paris! I bade the commissary good morning—felicitated him on the liberal institutions of his country and his zeal in the exercise of his own agreeable vocation, and—I am free to confess—lost my temper!—Job and Xantippe's husband! could I help it!

I confess I expected better things of *France*. In Italy, where you come to a new dukedom every half-day, you do not much mind opening your trunks, for they are petty princes and need the pitiful revenue of contraband articles and the officer's fee. Yet even they leave the person of the traveller sacred; and where in the world, except in France, is a party travelling evidently for pleasure subjected *twice at the same border* to the degrading indignity of a search? Ye "hunters of Kentucky"—thank heaven that you can go into Tennessee without having your "plunder" overhauled and your pockets searched by successive parties

of scoundrels, whom you are to pay, "by order of government," for their trouble!"

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The Simplon, which you pass in a day, divides two nations, each other's physical and moral antipodes. The handsome, picturesque, lazy unprincipled Italian is left in the morning in his own dirty and exorbitant inn; and on the evening of the same day, having crossed but a chain of mountains, you find yourself in a clean auberge; nestled in the bosom of a Swiss valley; another language spoken around you, and in the midst of a people who seem to require the virtues they possess to compensate them for more than their share of uncomeliness. You travel a day or two down the valley of the Rhone, and when you are become reconciled to *cretins* and *goitres*, and ill-dressed and worse-formed men and women, you pass in another single day the chain of the Jura, and find yourself in France—a country as different from both Switzerland and Italy as they are from each other. How is it that these diminutive cantons preserve so completely their nationality? It seems a problem to the traveller who passes one from the other without leaving his carriage.

One is compelled to like France in spite of himself. You are no sooner over the Jura than you are enslaved, past all possible ill-humour, by the universal politeness. You stop for the night at a place, which, as my friend remarked, resembles an inn only in its *in-attention*, and after a bad supper, worse beds, and every kind of annoyance, down comes my lady-hostess in the morning to receive her coin; and if you can fly into a passion with *such* a cap, and *such* a smile, and such a "*bon jour*," you are of less penetrable stuff than man is commonly made of.

"Politeness is among the virtues," says the philosopher. Rather, it takes the place of them all. What can you believe ill of a people whose slightest look towards you is made up of grace and kindness?

We are dawdling along thirty miles a day through Burgundy, sick to death of the bare vine-stakes, and longing

to see a festooned vineyard of Lombardy. France is such an ugly country! The diligences lumber by, noisy and ludicrous; the cow-tenders wear cocked-hats; the beggars are in the true French extreme, theatrical in all their misery; the climate is rainy and cold, and as unlike that of Italy as if a thousand leagues separated them; and the roads are long, straight, dirty, and uneven. There is neither pleasure nor comfort, neither scenery nor antiquities, nor accommodations for the weary—nothing but *politeness*. And it is odd how it reconciles you to it all.

LETTER XI

PARIS AND LONDON

Paris and the Parisians—Lafayette's Funeral—Royal Respect and Gratitude—England—Dover—English Neatness and Comfort—Specimen of English Reserve—The Gentleman Driver of Fashion—A Case for Mrs. Trollope.

May 1834.

IT IS PLEASANT TO GET BACK TO PARIS. ONE MEETS EVERYBODY there one ever saw: and operas and coffee; Taglioni and Leontine Fay; the belles and the Boulevards; the shops, spectacles, life, lions, and lures to every species of pleasure, rather give you the impression that, outside the barriers of Paris, time is wasted on travel.

What pleasant idlers they look! The very shop-keepers seem standing behind their counters for amusement. The *soubrette* who sells you a cigar, or ties a crape on your arm (it was for poor old Lafayette), is coiffed as for a ball; the *frotteur* who takes the dust from your boots, sings his love-song as he brushes away; the old man has his bouquet in his bosom, and the beggar looks up at the new statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendome—everybody has some

touch of fancy, some trace of a heart on the look-out, at least, for pleasure.

I was at Lafayette's funeral. They buried the old patriot like a criminal. Fixed bayonets before and behind his hearse—his own National Guard disarmed, and troops enough to beleaguer a city, were the honours paid by the "citizen king" to the man who had made him! The indignation, the scorn, the bitterness expressed on every side among the people, and the ill-smothered cries of disgust as the two *empty* royal carriages went by, in the funeral train, seemed to me strong enough to indicate a settled and universal hostility to the government.

I met Dr. Bowring on the Boulevard after the funeral was over. I had not seen him for two years, but he could talk of nothing but the great event of the day.

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May 23, 1834.

After three delightful days in Paris, we took the northern Diligence; and, on the second evening, having passed hastily through Montreuil, Abbeville, Boulogne, and voted the road the dullest couple of hundred miles we had seen in our travels, we were set down in Calais. A stroll through some very indifferent streets; a farewell visit to the last French *café* we were likely to see for a long time, and some unsatisfactory inquiries about Beau Brummel, who is said to live here still, filled up till bedtime our last day on the Continent.

The celebrated Countess of Jersey was on board the steamer, and some forty or fifty plebeian stomachs shared with her fashionable ladyship and ourselves the horrors of a passage across the Channel. It is rather the most disagreeable sea I ever traversed, though I *have* seen "the Euxine," "the roughest sea the traveller e'er —s in," etc., according to Don Juan.

I was lying on my back in my berth when the steamer reached her moorings at Dover, and had neither eyes nor disposition to indulge in the proper sentiment on approaching the "white cliffs" of my fatherland. I crawled on deck,

and was met by a wind as cold as December, and a crowd of rosy English faces on the pier, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, and indulging curiosity evidently at the expense of a shiver. It was the first of June!

My companion led the way to an hotel, and we were introduced by *English* waiters (I had not seen such a thing in three years, and it was quite like being waited on by gentlemen) to two blazing coal fires in the coffee-room of the Ship. Oh, what a comfortable place it appeared! A rich Turkey carpet snugly fitted; nicely-rubbed mahogany tables; the morning papers from London; bell-ropes that *would* ring the bell; doors that *would* shut; a landlady that spoke English, and was kind and civil; and, though there were eight or ten people in the room, no noise above the rustle of a newspaper, and positively rich red damask curtains, neither second-hand nor shabby, to the windows! A greater contrast than this to the things that answer to them on the Continent could scarcely be imagined.

Malgré all my observations on the English, whom I have found everywhere the most open-hearted and social people in the world, they are said by themselves and others to be just the contrary; and, presuming they were different in England, I had made up my mind to seal my lips in all public places, and be conscious of nobody's existence but my own. There were several elderly persons dining at the different tables, and one party, of a father and son, waited on by their own servants. Candles were brought in; the different cloths were removed, and, as my companion had gone to bed, I took up a newspaper to keep me company over my wine. In the course of an hour, some remark had been addressed to me, provocative of conversation, by almost every individual in the room! The subjects of discussion soon became general, and I have seldom passed a more social and agreeable evening. And so much for the first specimen of English reserve!

The fires were burning brilliantly, and the coffee-room was in the nicest order when we descended to our breakfast at six the next morning. The tea-kettle sung on the

hearth, the toast was hot, and done to a turn, and the waiter was neither sleepy nor uncivil—all, again, very unlike a morning at an hotel in *la belle France*.

The coach rattled up to the door punctually at the hour; and, while they were putting on my way-worn baggage, I stood looking in admiration at the carriage and horses. They were four beautiful bays, in small, neat harness of glazed leather, brass-mounted; their coats shining like a racer's; their small blood-looking heads curbed up to stand exactly together, and their hoofs blacked and brushed with the polish of a gentleman's boots. The coach was gaudily painted, the only thing out of taste about it; but it was admirably built—the wheel-horses were quite under the coachman's box, and the whole affair, though it would carry twelve or fourteen people, covered less ground than a French one-horse cabriolet. It was altogether quite a study.

"We mounted to the top of the coach; "all right," said the ostler, and away shot the four fine creatures, turning their small ears, and stepping together with the ease of a cat, at ten miles in the hour. The driver was dressed like a Broadway idler, and sat in his place, and held his "ribands" and his tandem-whip with a confident air of superiority, as if he were quite convinced that he and his team were beyond criticism—and so they were. I could not but smile at contrasting his silence and the speed and ease with which we went along, with the clumsy, cumbrous Diligence or vetturino, and the crying, whipping, cursing, and ill-appointed postillions of France and Italy. It seems odd, in a two-hours' passage, to pass over such strong lines of national difference—so near, and not even a shading of one into the other.

England is described always very justly, and always in the same words—"it is all one garden." There is scarce a cottage between Dover and London (seventy miles) where a poet might not be happy to live. I saw a hundred little spots I coveted with quite a heartache. There was no poverty on the road. Everybody seemed employed, and everybody well-made and healthy. The relief from the

deformity and disease of the wayside beggars of the Continent was very striking.

We were at Canterbury before I had time to get accustomed to my seat. The horses had been changed twice—the coach, it seemed to me, hardly stopping while it was done; way-passengers were taken up and put down, with their baggage, without a word, and in half a minute; money was tossed to the keeper of the turnpike-gate as we dashed through; the wheels went over the smooth road without noise, and with scarce a sense of motion—it was the perfection of travel.

The new driver from Canterbury rather astonished me. He drove into London every day, and was more of a “*swell*.” He owned the first team himself, four blood horses of great beauty, and it was a sight to see him drive them. His language was free from all slang; very gentlemanlike and well-chosen, and he discussed everything. He found out that I was an American, and said we did not think enough of the memory of Washington. Leaving his bones in the miserable brick tomb, of which he had read descriptions, was not, in his opinion, worthy of a country like mine. He went on to criticize Giulia Grisi (the new singer just then setting London on fire), hummed airs from “*Il Pirata*,” to show her manner; sang an English song like Braham; gave a decayed count, who sat on the box, some very sensible advice about the management of a wild son; drew a comparison between French and Italian women; (he had travelled) told us who the old count was in very tolerable French, and preferred Edmund Kean and Fanny Kemble to all actors in the world. His taste and his philosophy, like his driving, were quite unexceptionable. He was, withal, very handsome, and had the easy and respectful manners of a well-bred person. It seemed very odd to give him a shilling at the end of the journey.

At Chatham we took up a very elegantly dressed young man, who had come down on a fishing excursion. He was in the army, and an Irishman. We had not been half an hour on the seat together, before he had discovered, by so

many plain questions, that I was an American, a stranger in England, and an acquaintance of a whole regiment of his friends in Malta and Corfu. If this had been a Yankee, thought I, what a chapter it would have made for Basil Hall or Madame Trollope! With all his inquisitiveness I liked my companion, and half accepted his offer to drive me down to Epsom the next day to the races. I know no American who would have beaten that on a stage-coach acquaintance.

LETTER XII

LONDON

First View of London—The King's Birthday—Procession of Mail-coaches—Regent Street—Lady Blessington, etc.

May 1834:

FROM THE TOP OF SHOOTER'S HILL WE GOT OUR FIRST view of London—an indistinct, arthitectural mass, extending all round to the horizon, and half enveloped in a dim and lurid smoke. "That is St. Paul's!—there is Westminster Abbey!—there is the Tower!" What directions were these to follow for the first time with the eye!

From Blackheath (seven or eight miles from the centre of London), the beautiful hedges disappeared, and it was one continued mass of buildings. The houses were amazingly small, a kind of thing that would do for an object in an imitation perspective park; but the soul of neatness pervaded them. Trellises were nailed between the little windows, roses quite overshadowed the low doors, a painted fence enclosed the hand's-breadth of grass-plot, and very, oh, *very* sweet faces bent over lapfuls of work beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains. It was all home-like and amiable. There was an *affectionateness* in the mere outside of every one of them.

After crossing Waterloo Bridge, it was busy work for the eyes. The brilliant shops, the dense crowds of people, the absorbed air of every passenger, the lovely women, the cries, the flying vehicles of every description, passing with the most dangerous speed—accustomed as I am to large cities, it quite made me giddy. We got into a “jarvey” at the coach-office, and in half an hour I was in comfortable quarters, with windows looking down St. James’s Street, and the most interesting leaf of my life to turn over. “Great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life,” however, and I dressed and dined, though it was my first hour in London.

I was sitting in the little parlour alone over a fried sole and a mutton cutlet, when the waiter came in, and, pleading the crowded state of the hotel, asked my permission to spread the other side of the table for a clergyman. I have a kindly preference for the cloth, and made not the slightest objection. Enter a fat man, with top-boots and a hunting-whip, rosy as Bacchus, and excessively out of breath with mounting one flight of stairs. Beefsteak and potatoes, a pot of porter and a bottle of sherry followed close on his heels. With a single apology for the intrusion, the reverend gentleman fell to, and we ate and drank for a while in true English silence.

“From Oxford, sir, I presume?” he said at last, pushing back his plate, with an air of satisfaction.

“No, I had never the pleasure of seeing Oxford.”

“R—e—ally! May I take a glass of wine with you, sir?”

We got on swimmingly. He would not believe I had never been in England till the day before, but his cordiality was no colder for that. We exchanged Port and Sherry, and a most amicable understanding found its way down with the wine. Our table was near the window, and a great crowd began to collect at the corner of St. James’s Street. It was the king’s birthday, and the people were thronging to see the carriages come in state from the royal *levée*. The show was less splendid than the same thing in Rome and Vienna, but it excited far more of my

admiration. Gaudiness and tinsel were exchanged for plain richness and perfect fitness in the carriages and harness, while the horses were incomparably finer. My friend pointed out to me the different liveries as they turned the corner into Piccadilly—the Duke of Wellington's among others. I looked hard to see his Grace; but the two pale and beautiful faces on the back-seat carried nothing like the military nose on the handles of the umbrellas.

The annual procession of mail-coaches followed, and it was hardly less brilliant. The drivers and guards in their bright red and gold uniforms; the admirable horses driven so beautifully; the neat harness; the exactness with which the room of each horse was calculated, and the small space in which he worked, and the compactness and contrivance of the coaches, formed altogether one of the most interesting spectacles I had ever seen. My friend, the clergyman, with whom I had walked out to see them pass, criticized the different teams *con amore*, but in language which I did not always understand. I asked him once for an explanation; but he looked rather grave, and said something about "gammon," evidently quite sure that my ignorance of London was a mere quiz.

We walked down Piccadilly, and turned into, beyond all comparison, the handsomest street I ever saw. The Toledo of Naples; the Corso of Rome, the Kohl-Market of Vienna; the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards of Paris, have each impressed me strongly with their magnificence, but they are really nothing to Regent Street. I had merely time to get a glance at it before dark; but for breadth and convenience, for the elegance and variety of the buildings—though all of the same scale and material—and for the brilliancy and expensiveness of the shops, it seemed to me quite absurd to compare it with anything between New York and Constantinople—Broadway and the Hippodrome included.

It is the custom for the king's tradesmen to illuminate their shops on his Majesty's birth-night, and the principal streets on our return were in a blaze of light. The crowd

was immense. None but the lower order seemed abroad; and I cannot describe to you the effect on my feelings on hearing my own language spoken by every man, woman, and child about me. It seemed a completely foreign country in every other respect—different from what I had imagined; different from my own and all that I had seen; and coming to it last, it seemed to me the farthest off and strangest country of all; and yet the little sweep, who went laughing through the crowd, spoke a language that I had heard attempted in vain by thousands of educated people, and that I had grown to consider next to unattainable by others, and almost useless to myself. Still, it did not make me feel at home. Everything else about me was too new. It was like some mysterious change in my own ears—a sudden power of comprehension, such as a man might feel who was cured suddenly of deafness. You can scarcely enter into my feelings till you have had the changes of French, Italian, German, Greek, Turkish, Illyrian, and the mixtures and dialects of each, rung upon your hearing almost exclusively, as I have for years. I wandered about as if I were exercising some supernatural faculty in a dream.

A friend in Italy had kindly given me a letter to Lady Blessington; and with a strong curiosity to see this celebrated authoress, I called on the second day after my arrival in London. It was “deep i’ the afternoon,” but I had not yet learned the full meaning of town hours. “Her Ladyship had not come down to breakfast.” I gave the letter and my address to the powdered footman, and had scarce reached home when a note arrived inviting me to call the same evening at ten.

In a long library lined alternately with splendidly-bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room, opening upon Hyde Park, I found Lady Blessington alone. The picture to my eye as the door opened was a very lovely one—a woman of remarkable beauty half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in

rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand-relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially; and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to Count D'Orsay, the well-known Pelham of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man and a well-dressed one that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately, and conversation went swimmingly on.

Her Ladyship's inquiries were principally about America, of which, from long absence, I knew very little. She was extremely curious to know the degrees of reputation the present popular authors of England enjoy among us, particularly Bulwer, and D'Israeli (the author of *Vivian Grey*). "If you will come to-morrow night," she said, "you will see Bulwer. I am delighted that he is popular in America. He is envied and abused—for nothing, I believe, except for the superiority of his genius, and the brilliant literary success it commands; and knowing this, he chooses to assume a pride which is only the armour of a sensitive mind afraid of a wound. He is to his friends the most frank and noble creature in the world, and open to boyishness with those whom he thinks understand and value him. He has a brother, Henry, who is also very clever in a different vein, and is just now publishing a book on the present state of France.

"Do they like the D'Israelis in America?"

I assured her Ladyship that the *Curiosities of Literature*, by the father, and *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*, by the son, were universally known.

"I am pleased at that, for I like them both. D'Israeli the elder came here with his son the other night. It would have delighted you to see the old man's pride in him, and the son's respect and affection for his father. D'Israeli the elder lives in the country, about twenty miles from Town; seldom comes up to London, and leads a life of

learned leisure, each day hoarding up and dispensing forth treasures of literature. He is courtly, yet urbane, and impresses one at once with confidence in his goodness. In his manners, D'Israeli the younger is quite his own character of Vivian Grey; full of genius and eloquence, with extreme good nature and a perfect frankness of character."

I asked if the account I had seen in some American paper of a literary celebration at Canandaigua, and the engraving of her Ladyship's name with some others upon a rock, was not a quiz.

"Oh, by no means. I was much amused by the whole affair. I have a great idea of taking a trip to America to see it. Then the letter, commencing 'Most charming Countess—for charming you must be since you have written the Conversations of Lord Byron'—oh, it was quite delightful. I have shown it to everybody. By the way, I receive a great many letters from America, from people I never heard of, written in the most extraordinary style of compliment, apparently in perfectly good faith. I hardly know what to make of them."

I accounted for it by the perfect seclusion in which great numbers of cultivated people live in our country, who, having neither intrigue, nor fashion, nor twenty other things to occupy their minds as in England, depend entirely upon books, and consider an author who has given them pleasure as a friend. "America," I said, "has probably more literary enthusiasts than any country in the world; and there are thousands of romantic minds in the interior of New England, who know perfectly every writer on this side the water, and hold them all in affectionate veneration, scarcely conceivable by a sophisticated European. If it were not for such readers, literature would be the most thankless of vocations; I, for one, would never write another line."

"And do you think these are the people who write to me? If I could think so, I should be exceedingly happy. A great proportion of the people in England are refined down to such heartlessness; criticism, private and public,

is so much influenced by politics; that it is really delightful to know there is a more generous tribunal. Indeed I think many of our authors now are beginning to write for America. We think already a great deal of your praise or censure."

I asked if her Ladyship had known many Americans?

"Not in London, but a great many abroad. I was with Lord Blessington in his yacht at Naples when the American fleet was lying there, ten or eleven years ago, and we were constantly on board your ships. I knew Commodore Creighton and Captain Deacon extremely well, and liked them particularly. They were with us frequently of an evening on board the yacht or the frigate, and I remember very well the bands playing always 'God save the King' as we went up the side. Count D'Orsay here, who spoke very little English at that time, had a great passion for 'Yankee Doodle,' and it was always played at his request."

The Count, who still speaks the language with a very slight accent, but with a choice of words that shows him to be a man of uncommon tact and elegance of mind, inquired after several of the officers, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing. He seemed to remember his visits to the frigate with great pleasure. The conversation, after running upon a variety of topics, turned very naturally upon Byron. I had frequently seen the Countess Guiccioli on the Continent, and I asked Lady Blessington if she knew her.

"Yes, very well. We were at Genoa when they were living there, but we never saw her. It was at Rome in the year 1828 that I first knew her, having formed her acquaintance at Count Funchal's, the Portuguese Ambassador's."

It would be impossible, of course, to make a full and fair record of a conversation of some hours. I have only noted one or two topics which I thought most likely to interest an American reader. During all this long visit, however, my eyes were very busy in finishing for memory a portrait of the celebrated and beautiful woman before me.

The portrait of Lady Blessington in the *Book of Beauty*

is not unlike her,' but it is still an unfavourable likeness. A picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence hung opposite me, taken, perhaps, at the age of eighteen, which is more like her, and as captivating a representation of a just matured woman, full of loveliness and love, the kind of creature with whose divine sweetness the gazer's heart aches, as ever was drawn in the painter's most inspired hour. The original is no longer *dans sa première jeunesse*. Still she looks something on the sunny side of thirty. Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not pressed in a satin slipper, for which a Cinderella might long be looked for in vain; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin (if I am describing her like a milliner, it is because I have here and there a reader in my eye who will be amused by it) was cut low and folded across her bosom, in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders, while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *feronier* of turquoise, enveloped in clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fulness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspicious good humour. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen. Remembering her talents and her rank, and the unenvying admiration she receives from the world of fashion and 'genius, it would be difficult to reconcile her lot to the "doctrine of compensation."

There is one remark I may as well make here, with regard to the personal descriptions and anecdotes with which my letters from England will of course be filled. It is quite a different thing from publishing such letters in

London. America is much farther off from England than England from America. You in New York read the periodicals of this country, and know everything that is done or written here, as if you lived within the sound of Bow-bell. The English, however, just know of our existence; and if they get a general idea twice a year of our progress in politics, they are comparatively well informed. Our periodical literature is never even heard of. Of course, there can be no offence to the individuals themselves in anything which a visitor could write, calculated to convey an idea of the person or manners of distinguished people to the American public. I mention it, lest, at first thought, I might seem to have abused the hospitality or frankness of those on whom letters of introduction have given me claims for civility.

LETTER XIII

THE LITERATI OF LONDON

Lady Blessington—The Author of *Rejected Addresses*—Henry Buiwer—
Count D'Orsay—The Author of *Pelham*

SPENT MY FIRST DAY IN LONDON IN WANDERING ABOUT THE finest part of the West End. I am not easily tired in a city; but I walked till I could scarce lift my feet from the ground, and still the parks and noble streets extended before and around me as far as the eye could reach; and, strange as they were in reality, the names were as familiar to me as if my childhood had been passed amongst them. "Bond Street"; "Grosvenor Square"; "Hyde Park", look new to my eye, but they sound very familiar to my ear.

The equipages of London are much talked of, but they exceed even description. Nothing could be more perfect,

or apparently more simple, than the gentleman's carriage that passes you in the street. Of a modest colour, but the finest material, the crest just visible on the panels; the balance of the body upon its springs true and easy; the hammer-cloth and liveries of the neatest and most harmonious colours; the harness slight and elegant, and the horses "the only splendid thing" in the establishment—is a description that answers for the most of them. Perhaps the most perfect thing in the world, however, is a St. James's Street stanhope or cabriolet, with its dandy owner on the whip-seat, and the "tiger" beside him. The attitudes of both the gentleman and the "gentleman's gentleman" are studied to a point, but nothing could be more knowing or exquisite than either. The whole affair, from the angle of the bell-crowned hat (the prevailing fashion on the steps of Crockford's at present) to the blood legs of the thorough-bred creature in harness, is absolutely faultless. I have seen many subjects for study in my first day's stroll, but I leave the men and women and some other less important features of London for maturer observation.

In the evening I kept my appointment with Lady Blessington. She had deserted her exquisite library for the drawing-room, and sat, in fuller dress, with six or seven gentlemen about her. I was presented immediately to all; and when the conversation was resumed, I took the opportunity to remark the distinguished coterie with which she was surrounded.

Nearest me sat Smith,¹ the author of *Rejected Addresses*—a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty, with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy. His eye alone—small and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius. He held a cripple's crutch in his hand, and, though otherwise rather particularly well-dressed, wore a pair of large India-rubber shoes—the penalty he was paying doubtless for the many good dinners he had eaten. He played rather an

¹ Presumably James Smith. The *Rejected Addresses* was the joint production of the brothers, James and Horace.—ED.

aside in the conversation, whipping in with a quiz or a witticism whenever he could get an opportunity, but more a listener than a talker.

On the opposite side of Lady Blessington stood Henry Bulwer, the brother of the novelist, very earnestly engaged in a discussion of some speech of O'Connell's. He is said by many to be as talented as his brother, and has lately published a book on the present state of France. He is a small man; very slight and gentleman-like; a little pitted with the small-pox, and of very winning and persuasive manners. I liked him at the first glance.

A German prince, with a star on his breast, trying with all his might—but, from his embarrassed look, quite unsuccessfully—to comprehend the drift of the argument; the Duke de Richelieu; a famous traveller just returned from Constantinople, and the splendid person of Count D'Orsay in a careless attitude upon the ottoman, completed the *cordon*.

I fell into conversation after a while with Smith, who, supposing I might not have heard the names of the others, in the hurry of an introduction, kindly took the trouble to play the dictionary, and added a graphic character of each as he named him. Among other things he talked a great deal of America and asked me if I knew our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. I had never been so fortunate as to meet him. "You have lost a great deal," he said, "for never was so delightful a fellow. I was once taken down with him into the country by a merchant to dinner. Our friend stopped his carriage at the gate of his park, and asked us if we would walk through his grounds to the house. Irving refused, and held me down by the coat, so that we drove on to the house together, leaving our host to follow on foot. 'I make it a principle,' said Irving, 'never to walk with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising a thing whether I like it or not. You and I will do them to-morrow morning by ourselves.'" The rest of the company had turned their attention to Smith as he began his story, and there was an universal inquiry after Mr. Irving. Indeed the first question on the

lips of everyone to whom I am introduced as an American is of him and Cooper. The latter seems to me to be admired as much here as abroad, in spite of a common impression that he dislikes the nation. No man's works could have higher praise in the general conversation that followed; though several instances were mentioned of his having shown an unconquerable aversion to the English when in England. Lady Blessington mentioned Mr. Bryant, and I was pleased at the immediate tribute paid to his delightful poetry by the talented circle around her.

Towards twelve o'clock, "Mr. Lytton Bulwer" was announced, and enter the author of *Pelham*. I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal Mr. Bulwer in my mind, and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcement. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "how d'ye, Bulwer?" went round, as he shook hands with everybody, in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, Lady Blessington introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society.

Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well masked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling expression could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute—but it is strictly and faithfully my impression.

I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else, he seemed to talk because he could not help it, and

infected everybody with his spirits. I cannot give even the substance of it in a letter, for it was in a great measure local or personal.

Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. His playful tones are quite delicious, and his clear laugh is the soul of sincere and careless merriment.

It is quite impossible to convey, in a letter scrawled literally between the end of a late visit and a tempting pillow, the evanescent and pure spirit of a conversation of wits. I must confine myself, of course, in such sketches, to the mere sentiment of things that concern general literature and ourselves.

The *Rejected Addresses* got upon his crutches about three o'clock in the morning, and I made my exit with the rest, thanking Heaven, that, though in a strange country, my mother-tongue was the language of its men of genius.

LETTER XIV

LONDON

Moore—A Dinner at Lady Blessington's.

June 1834.

I CALLED ON MOORE WITH A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION, AND met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore without conceiving a strong liking

for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed, he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman, and the "observed of all observers," Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half-hour preceding dinner.

"Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore!" cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime-minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one: He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upward), and to everyone he said something which, from anyone else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down "miladi," and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would not think him a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he *sits tall*, and with the

peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears.

The soup vanished in the busy silence that befits it; and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. She had received from Sir William Gell, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of weakened intellect and ruined health, and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly-discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the "Wizard of the North" was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in anything he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. "No, no," said he, "I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come." He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, "Who was that you said wanted to see me?" The doctor explained. "I'll go," said he; "they shall see me if they wish it"; and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold, and forming in two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed; kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on; but not under-

standing a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends, observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and, with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the *parole* was soon yielded to Moore, who gave us an account of a visit he made to Abbotsford when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. "Scott," he said, "was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt, when with him, that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whisky at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system: his constitution was Herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott at another place. We had hardly entered the room when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, etc., and Sir Walter ate immensely of everything. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs. Moore a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'Oh, I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible."

Someone remarked that Scott's *Life of Napoleon* was a failure.

"I think little of it," said Moore; "but, after all, it

was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more.”

“It will not live,” said someone else; “as much because it is a bad book, as because it is the life of an individual.”

“But *what* an individual!” Moore replied. “Voltaire’s *Life of Charles the Twelfth* was the life of an individual, yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world; and what was he to Napoleon?”

O’Connell was mentioned.

“He is a powerful creature,” said Moore; “but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of *‘thinking on his legs’* is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than anything else. Lord Aberdeen is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an Oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the House. O’Connell would be irresistible, were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still willing to attack. They may say what they will of duelling: it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O’Connell’s case, he had not made his vow against duelling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O’Connell pleaded his wife’s illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:

Some men, with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the Scripture command,
And "honour their"—wife and their daughter—
That their days may be long in the land.

The great period of Ireland's glory," continued Moore, "was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' He himself never hesitated a moment. At one time, there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question, Corrie was employed purposely to bully him, and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill, at the time, as to be supported into the House between two friends. He rose to reply; and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument he had advanced that bore upon the question. He then paused a moment, and stretching out his arm, as if he would reach across the House, said, 'for the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer *here* is, *they are false!* elsewhere it would be—a *blow!*' They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said, 'No! let the curs fight it out!' and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman who was challenged by some desperate blackguard. 'Fight *him!*' said he, 'I would sooner go to my grave without a fight!' Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes, and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, is *dead!* You can scarcely reckon Scott of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults, stands 'alone in his glory.' "

The conversation I have thus run together is a mere skeleton, of course. Nothing but a shorthand report could

retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, it is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his *soubriquet* of "Bacchus," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half-diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

This discussion may be supposed to have occupied the

hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for, with her, vanished Moore's excitement, and everybody else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws, from every person around her, his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a

full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart—

Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!¹

LETTER XV

LONDON

Visit to a Race-course—Gipsies—The Princess Victoria—Splendid Appearance of the English Nobility—A Breakfast with Elia and Bridget Elia—Mystification—Charles Lamb's Opinion of American Authors.

June 1834.

I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM *ASCOT RACES*. ASCOT HEATH, on which the course is laid out, is a high platform of land, beautifully situated on a hill above Windsor Castle, about twenty-five miles from London. I went down with a party of gentlemen in the morning and returned at evening, doing the distance with relays of horses in something less than three hours. This, one would think, is very fair speed, but we were passed continually by the "bloods" of the road, in comparison with whom we seemed getting on rather at a snail's pace.

The scenery on the way was truly English—one series of finished landscapes, of every variety of combination. Lawns, fancy-cottages, manor-houses, groves, roses, and flower-gardens, make up England. It surfeits the eye at last. You could not drop a poet out of the clouds upon any part of it I have seen, where, within five minutes' walk, he would not find himself a Paradise.

¹ Byron, the poem to Moore, commencing: "My boat is on the shore." But there is no precise line as quoted. The nearest :

"... peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

We flew past Virginia Water, and through the sun-flecked shades of Windsor Park, with the speed of the wind. On reaching the Heath, we dashed out of the road, and cutting through fern and briar, our experienced whip put his wheels on the rim of the course, as near the stands as some thousands of carriages arrived before us would permit, and then, cautioning us to take the bearings of our position, lest we should lose him after the race, he took off his horses, and left us to choose our own places.

A thousand red and yellow flags were flying from as many snowy tents in the midst of the green heath; ballad-singers and bands of music were amusing their little audiences in every direction; splendid marquees, covering gaming-tables, surrounded the winning-post; groups of country people were busy in every bush, eating and singing; and the great stands were piled with row upon row of human heads waiting anxiously for the exhilarating contest.

Soon after we arrived, the king and royal family drove up the course with twenty carriages, and scores of postillions and outriders in red and gold, flying over the turf as majesty flies in no other country; and, immediately after, the bell rang to clear the course for the race. *Such* horses! The earth seemed to fling them off as they touched it. The lean jockeys, in their parti-coloured caps and jackets, rode the fine-limbed, slender creatures up and down together, and then, returning to the starting-post, off they shot like so many arrows from the bow.

Whiz! you could tell neither colour nor shape as they passed across the eye. Their swiftness was incredible. A horse of Lord Chesterfield's was rather the favourite; and, for the sake of his great-grandfather, I had backed him with my small wager. "Glaucus is losing," said someone on the top of a carriage above me, but round they swept again, and I could just see that one glorious creature was doubling the leaps of every other horse, and in a moment Glaucus and Lord Chesterfield had won.

The course between the races is a promenade of some thousands of the best dressed people in England. I thought I had never seen so many handsome men and women, but

particularly *men*. The nobility of this country, unlike every other, is by far the manliest and finest-looking class of its population. The *contadini* of Rome, the *lazzaroni* of Naples, the *paysans* of France, are incomparably handsomer than their superiors in rank, but it is strikingly different here. A more elegant and well-proportioned set of men than those pointed out to me by my friends as the noblemen on the course, I never saw, except only in Greece. The Albanians are seraphs to look at.

Excitement is hungry, and after the first race our party produced their baskets and bottles, and spreading out the cold pie and champagne upon the grass, between the wheels of the carriages, we drank Lord Chesterfield's health and ate for our own, in an *al fresco* style, worthy of Italy. Two veritable Bohemians, brown, black-eyed gipsies, the models of those I had seen in their wicker tents in Asia, profited by the liberality of the hour, and came in for an upper crust to a pigeon-pie, that, to tell the truth, they seemed to appreciate.

Race followed race, but I am not a contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*, and could not give you their merits in comprehensible terms, if I were.

In one of the intervals, I walked under the king's stand, and saw her majesty the queen, and the young Princess Victoria, very distinctly. They were listening to a ballad-singer, and leaning over the front of the box with an amused attention, quite as sincere, apparently, as any beggar's in the ring. The princess is much better-looking than the pictures of her in the shops, and, for the heir to such a crown as that of England, quite unnecessarily pretty and interesting.

* * * * *

Invited to breakfast with a gentleman in the Temple to meet Charles Lamb and his sister—"Elia" and "Bridget Elia." I never in my life had an invitation more to my taste. The essays of Elia are certainly the most charming things in the world, and it has been for the last ten years my highest compliment to the literary taste of a friend to

present him with a copy. Who has not smiled over the humorous description of Mrs. Battle? Who that has read *Elia* would not give more to see him than all the other authors of his time put together?

I arrived a half-hour before Lamb, and had time to learn some of his peculiarities. He lives a little out of London, and is something of an invalid. Some family circumstances have tended to depress him considerably of late years, and, unless excited by convivial intercourse, he scarce shows a trace of what he was. He was very much pleased with the American reprint of his *Elia*, though it contains several things which are not his—written so in his style, however, that it is scarce a wonder the editor should mistake them. If I recollect right, they were "Valentine's Day," the "Nuns of Caverswell," and "Twelfth Night." He is excessively given to mystifying his friends, and is never so delighted as when he has persuaded someone into the belief of one of his grave inventions. His amusing biographical sketch of Liston was in this vein, and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that it was authentic, and written in the most perfect good faith. Liston was highly enraged with it, and Lamb was delighted in proportion.

There was a rap at the door at last, and enter a gentleman in black small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with grey, a beautiful deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humour or feeling, good nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain.

His sister, whose literary reputation is associated very closely with her brother's, and who, as the original of "Bridget Elia," is a kind of object for literary affection, came in after him. She is a small bent figure, evidently a victim to ill-health, and hears with difficulty. Her face has been, I should think, a fine and handsome one, and her bright grey eye is still full of intelligence and fire. They

both seemed quite at home in our friend's chambers; and as there was to be no one else, we immediately drew round the breakfast-table. I had set a large armchair for Miss Lamb. "Don't take it, Mary," said Lamb, pulling it away from her very gravely, "it looks as if you were going to have a tooth drawn."

The conversation was very local. Our host and his guest had not met for some weeks, and they had a great deal to say of their mutual friends. Perhaps in this way, however, I saw more of the author, for his manner of speaking of them, and the quaint humour with which he complained of one, and spoke well of another, was so in the vein of his inimitable writings, that I could have fancied myself listening to an audible composition of new Elia. Nothing could be more delightful than the kindness and affection between the brother and the sister, though Lamb was continually taking advantage of her deafness to mystify her with the most singular gravity upon every topic that was started. "Poor Mary!" said he, "she hears all of an epigram but the point." "What are you saying of me, Charles?" she asked. "Mr. Willis," said he, raising his voice, "admires *your Confessions of a Drunkard* very much, and I was saying it was no merit of yours that you understood the subject." We had been speaking of this admirable essay (which is his own) half an hour before.

The conversation turned upon literature after a while, and our host could not express himself strongly enough in admiration of Webster's speeches, which he said were exciting the greatest attention among the politicians and lawyers of England. Lamb said, "I don't know much of American authors. Mary, there, devours Cooper's novels with a ravenous appetite, with which I have no sympathy. The only American book I ever read twice, was the *Journal of Edward Woolman*, a quaker preacher, and tailor, whose character is one of the finest I ever met with. He tells a story or two about negro slaves, that brought the tears into my eyes. I can read no prose now, though Hazlitt sometimes, to be sure—but then Hazlitt is worth all modern prose-writers put together."

Mr. R. spoke of buying a book of Lamb's a few days before, and I mentioned my having bought a copy of *Elia* the last day I was in America, to send as a parting gift to one of the most lovely and talented women in our country.

"What did you give for it?" said Lamb.

"About seven and sixpence."

"Permit me to pay you that," said he, and with the utmost earnestness he counted out the money upon the table.

"I never yet wrote anything that would sell," he continued. "I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem won't sell a copy. Have you seen it, Mr. Willis?"

I had not.

"It's only eighteen pence, and I'll give you sixpence towards it"; and he described to me where I should find it sticking up in a shop-window in the Strand.

Lamb ate nothing, and complained in a querulous tone of the veal-pie. There was a kind of potted fish (of which I forget the name at this moment) which he had expected our friend would procure for him. He inquired whether there was not a morsel left perhaps in the bottom of the last pot. Mr. R. was not sure.

"Send and see," said Lamb, "and if the pot has been cleaned, bring me the cover. I think the sight of it would do me good."

The cover was brought, upon which there was a picture of the fish. Lamb kissed it with a reproachful look at his friend, and then left the table and began to wander round the room with a broken, uncertain step, as if he almost forgot to put one leg before the other. His sister rose after a while, and commenced walking up and down very much in the same manner on the opposite side of the table, and in the course of half an hour they took their leave.

To anyone who loves the writings of Charles Lamb with but half my own enthusiasm, even these little particulars of an hour passed in his company will have an interest. To him who does not, they will seem dull and idle. Wreck as he certainly is, and must be, however, of what he was, I would rather have seen him for that single hour, than the hundred and one sights of London put together.

LETTER XVI

JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND

Immensity of London—Voyage to Leith—Society of the Steam-packet—Analogy between Scotch and American Manners—Strict observance of the Sabbath on Board—Edinburgh.

Sept. 1834.

ALMOST GIDDY WITH THE MANY PLEASURES AND OCCUPATIONS of London, I had outstayed the last fashionable lingerer; and, on appearing again, after a fortnight's confinement with the epidemic of the season, I found myself almost without an acquaintance, and was driven to follow the world. A preponderance of letters and friends determined my route toward Scotland.

One realizes the immensity of London when he is compelled to measure its length on a single errand. I took a cab at my lodgings at nine in the evening, and drove six miles through one succession of crowded and blazing streets to the East-India Docks, and, with the single misfortune of being robbed on the way of a valuable cloak, secured a berth in the *Monarch* steamer, bound presently for Edinburgh.

I found the drawing-room cabin quite crowded, cold supper on the two long tables, everybody very busy with knife and fork, and whisky and water and broad Scotch circulating merrily. All the world seemed acquainted, and each man talked to his neighbour, and it was as unlike a ship's company of dumb English as could easily be conceived. I had dined too late to attack the solids, but imitating my neighbour's potation of whisky and hot water, I crowded in between two good-humoured Scotchmen, and took the happy colour of the spirits of the company. A small centre table was occupied by a party who afforded considerable amusement. An excessively fat old woman, with a tall scraggy daughter and a stubby little old fellow, whom they called "Pa"; and a singular man, a Major Somebody, who seemed showing them up, com-

posed the quartette. Noisier women I never saw, nor more hideous. They bullied the waiter, were facetious with the steward, and talked down all the united buzz of the cabin. Opposite me sat a pale, severe-looking Scotchman, who had addressed one or two remarks to me; and, upon an uncommon burst of uproariousness, he laughed with the rest, and remarked that the ladies were excusable, for they were doubtless Americans, and knew no better.

"It strikes me," said I, "that both in manners and accent they are particularly Scotch."

"Sir!" said the pale gentleman.

"Sir!" said several of my neighbours on the right and left.

I repeated the remark.

"Have you ever been in Scotland?" asked the pale gentleman, with rather a ferocious air.

"No, sir! Have you ever been in America?"

"No, sir! but I have read Mrs. Trollope."

"And I have read Cyril Thornton; and the manners delineated in Mrs. Trollope, I must say, are rather elegant in comparison."

I particularized the descriptions I alluded to, which will occur immediately to those who have read the novel I have named; and then confessing I was an American, and withdrawing my illiberal remark, which I had only made to show the gentleman the injustice and absurdity of his own, we called for another tass of whisky, and became very good friends. Heaven knows I have no prejudice against the Scotch, or any other nation—but it is extraordinary how universal the feeling seems to be against America. A half-hour incog. in any mixed company in England I should think would satisfy the most rose-coloured doubter on the subject.

We got under weigh at eleven o'clock, and the passengers turned in. The next morning was Sunday. It was fortunately of a "Sabbath stillness"; and the open sea through which we were driving, with an easy south wind in our favour, graciously permitted us to do honour to as substantial a breakfast as ever was set before a traveller,

even in America. (Why *we* should be ridiculed for our breakfasts, I do not know.)

The *Monarch* is a superb boat, and, with the aid of sails, and a wind right aft, we made twelve miles in the hour easily. I was pleased to see an observance of the Sabbath, which had not crossed my path before in three years' travel. Half the passengers at least took their Bibles after breakfast, and devoted an hour or two evidently to grave religious reading and reflection. With this exception, I have not seen a person with the Bible in his hand, in travelling over half the world.

The weather continued fine, and smooth water tempted us up to breakfast again on Monday. The wash-room was full of half-clad men, but the week-day manners of the passengers were perceptibly gayer. The captain honoured us by taking the head of the table, which he had not done on the day previous, and his appearance was hailed by three general cheers. When the meats were removed, a gentleman rose, and, after a very long and parliamentary speech, proposed the health of Captain B—— The company stood up, ladies and all, and it was drunk with a tremendous "hip-hip-hurrah," in bumpers of whisky!

We rounded St. Abb's Head into the Forth at five in the afternoon, and soon dropped anchor off Leith. The view of Edinburgh, from the water, is, I think, second only to that of Constantinople. The singular resemblance, in one or two features, to the view of Athens as you approach from the Piræus, seems to have struck other eyes than mine; and an imitation Acropolis is commenced on the Calton-Hill, and has already, in its half-finished state, much the effect of the Parthenon. Hymettus is rather loftier than the Pentland hills, and Pentelicus farther off and grander than Arthur's seat; but the Old Castle of Edinburgh is a noble and peculiar feature of its own, and soars up against the sky, with its pinnacle-placed turrets, superbly magnificent. The Forth has a high shore on either side, and, with the island of Inchkeith in its broad bosom, it looks more like a lake than an arm of the sea.

It is odd what strange links of acquaintance will develop

between people thrown together in the most casual manner, and in the most out-of-the-way places. I have never entered a steamboat in my life without finding, if not an acquaintance, someone who should have been an acquaintance from mutual knowledge of friends. I thought, through the first day, that the *Monarch* would be an exception. On the second morning, however, a gentleman came up and called me by name. He was an American, and had seen me in Boston. Soon after, another gentleman addressed some remark to me, and, in a few minutes, we discovered that we were members of the same club in London, and bound to the same hospitable roof in Scotland. We went on talking together, and I happened to mention having lately been in Greece, when one of a large party of ladies, overhearing the remark, turned, and asked me, if I had met Lady—— in my travels. I had met her at Athens, and this was her sister. I found I had many interesting particulars of the person in question which were new to them, and, *sequitur*, a friendship struck up immediately between me and a party of six. You would have never dreamed, to have seen the *adieux* on the landing, that we had been unaware of each other's existence forty-four hours previous. Leith is a mile or more from the town, and we drove into the new side of Edinburgh—a splendid city of stone—and, with my English friend, I was soon installed in a comfortable parlour at Douglas's—an hotel, to which the Tremont, in Boston, is the only parallel. It is built of the same stone and is smaller, but it has a better situation than the Tremont, standing in a magnificent square, with a column and statue to Lord Melville in the centre, and a perspective of a noble street stretching through the city from the opposite side.

We dined upon *grouse*, to begin Scotland fairly, and nailed down our sherry with a tass o' Glenlivet, and then we had still an hour of daylight for a ramble.

LETTER XVII

EDINBURGH

A Scotch Breakfast—The Castle—Palace of Holyrood—Queen Mary
—Rizzio—Charles the Tenth.

Sept. 1834.

IT IS AN ODD PLACE, EDINBURGH. THE OLD TOWN AND THE New are separated by a broad and deep ravine, planted with trees and shrubbery; and across this, on a level with the streets on either side, stretches a bridge of a most giddy height, without which all communication would apparently be cut off. "Auld Reekie" itself looks built on the backbone of a ridgy crag, and towers along on the opposite side of the ravine, running up its twelve-story houses to the sky in an ascending curve, till it terminates in the frowning and battlemented Castle, whose base is literally on a mountain-top in the midst of the city. At the foot of this ridge, in the lap of the valley, lies Holyrood House; and between this and the Castle runs a single street, part of which is the Old Canongate. Princes' Street, the Broadway of the New Town, is built along the opposite edge of the ravine facing the long, many-windowed walls of the Canongate, and from every part of Edinburgh these singular features are conspicuously visible. A more striking contrast than exists between these two parts of the same city could hardly be imagined. On one side a succession of splendid squares, elegant granite houses, broad and well-paved streets, columns, statues, and clean side-walks, thinly promenaded and by the well-dressed exclusively—a kind of wholly-grand and half-deserted city, which has been built too ambitiously for its population;—and, on the other, an antique wilderness of streets and "wynds," so narrow and lofty as to shut out much of the light of heaven; a thronging, busy, and particularly dirty population; side-walks almost impassable from children and other respected nuisances: and altogether, between the irregular and massive architecture, and the unintelligible

jargon agonizing the air about you, a most outlandish and strange city. Paris is not more unlike Constantinople than one side of Edinburgh is unlike the other. Nature has properly placed "a great gulf" between them.

We toiled up to the Castle to see the sunset. Oh, but it was beautiful! I have no idea of describing it; but Edinburgh, to me, will be a picture seen through an atmosphere of powdered gold, mellow as an eve on the Campagna. We looked down on the surging sea of architecture below us; and whether it was the wavy cloudiness of a myriad of reeking chimneys, or whether it was a fancy, Glenlivet-born, in my eye, the city seemed to me like a troop of war horses rearing into the air with their gallant riders. The singular boldness of the hills on which it is built, and of the crags and mountains which look down upon it, and the impressive *lift* of its towering architecture into the sky, give it altogether a look of pride and war-likeness that answers peculiarly to the chivalric history of Scotland. And so much for the first look at "Auld Reekie."

My friend had determined to have what he called a "flare-up" of a Scotch breakfast, and we were set down the morning after our arrival, at nine, to cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, honey, five kinds of bread, oatmeal cakes, coffee, tea, and toast; and I am by no means sure that this is all. It is a fine country in which one gets so much by the simple order of "breakfast at nine."

We parted after having achieved it, my companion going before me to Dumbartonshire; and, with a "wee callant" for a guide, I took my way to Holyrood.

At the very foot of Edinburgh stands this most interesting of royal palaces—a fine old pile, though at the first view rather disappointing. It might have been in the sky, which was dun and cold, or it might have been in the melancholy story most prominent in its history, but it oppressed me with its gloom. A rosy cicerone in petticoats stepped out from the porter's lodge, and rather brightened my mood with her smile and courtesy, and I followed on

to the chapel-royal, built, Heaven knows when, but in a beautiful state of Gothic ruin. The girl went on with her knitting and her well-drilled recitation of the sights upon which those old fretted and stone traceries had let in the light; and I walked about feeding my eyes upon its hoar and touching beauty, listening little till she came to the high altar; and in the same broad Scotch monotone, and with her eyes still upon her work, hurried over something about the Queen of Scots. Mary was married to Darnley on the spot where I stood! The mechanical guide was accustomed evidently to an interruption here, and stood silent a minute or two to give my surprise the usual grace. Poor, poor Mary! I had the common feeling, and made probably the same ejaculation that thousands have made on the spot, but I had never before realized the melancholy romance of her life half so nearly. It had been the sadness of an hour before—a feeling laid aside with the book that recorded it—now it was, as it were, a pity and a grief for the living, and I felt struck with it as if it had happened yesterday. If Rizzio's harp had sounded from her chamber, it could not have seemed more tangibly a scene of living story.

"And through this door they dragged the murdered favourite; and here, under this stone, he was buried!"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor Rizzio!"

"I'm thinkin' that 's a', sir!"

It was a broad hint, but I took another turn down the nave of the old ruin, and another look at the scene of the murder and the grave of the victim.

"And this door communicated with Mary's apartments?"

"Yes—ye hae it a' the noo!"

I paid my shilling, and exit.

On inquiry for the private apartments. I was directed to another Girzy, who took me up to a suite of rooms appropriated to the use of the Earl of Bredalbane, and furnished very much like lodgings for a guinea a week in London.

"And which was Queen Mary's chamber?"

"Ech! sir; it's t' ither side. I dinna show that."

"And what am I brought here for?"

"Ye cam' yoursel'!"

With this wholesome truth I paid my shilling again, and was handed over to another woman, who took me into a large hall containing portraits of Robert Bruce, Baliol, Macbeth, Queen Mary, and some forty other men and women famous in Scotch story; and nothing is clearer than that one patient person sat to the painter for the whole. After "doing" these, I was led with extreme deliberativeness through a suite of unfurnished rooms,—twelve, I think,—the only interest of which was their having been tenanted of late by the royal exile of France; as if anybody would give a shilling to see where Charles X slept and breakfasted!

I thanked Heaven that I had stumbled next upon the right person; and was introduced into an ill-lighted room, with one deep window looking upon the court, and a fireplace like that of a country inn—the state-chamber of the unfortunate Mary. Here was a chair she embroidered—there was a seat of tarnished velvet, where she sat in state with Darnley—the very grate in the chimney that she had sat before—the mirror in which her fairest face had been imaged—the table at which she had worked—the walls on which her eyes had rested in her gay and her melancholy hours—all, save the touch and mould of time, as she lived in it and left it. It was a place for a thousand thoughts.

The woman led on. We entered another room—her chamber. A small, low bed, with tattered hangings of red and figured silk, tall, ill-shapen posts, and altogether a paltry look, stood in a room of irregular shape; and here, in all her peerless beauty, she had slept. A small cabinet, a closet merely, opened on the right, and in this she was supping with Rizzio, when he was plucked from her and murdered. We went back to the audience-chamber to see the stain of his blood on the floor. She partitioned it off after his death, not bearing to look upon it. Again—"poor Mary!"

On the opposite side was a similar closet, which served as her dressing-room, and the small mirror, scarce larger than your hand, which she used at her toilet. Oh for a magic wand, to wave back, upon that senseless surface, the visions of beauty it has reflected!

LETTER XVIII

A VISIT TO DALHOUSIE CASTLE

Romance and Reality—Dalkeith Railway—Reception at Dalhousie Castle—Comparisons—Dalhousie "Policies"—Family Legends—The Warlock Pear.

Sept. 1834.

EDINBURGH HAS EXTENDED TO ST. LEONARD'S, AND THE home of Jeanie Deans is now the commencement of the railway! How sadly is romance ridden over by the march of intellect!

With twenty-four persons and some climbers behind, I was drawn ten miles in the hour by a single horse upon the Dalkeith rail-road, and landed within a mile of Dalhousie Castle. Two "wee callants" here undertook my portmanteau, and in ten minutes more I was at the rustic lodge in the park, the gate of which swung hospitably open with the welcome announcement that I was expected. An avenue of near three-quarters of a mile of firs, cedars, laburnums, and larches, wound through the park to the Castle; and, dipping over the edge of a deep and wild dell, I found the venerable old pile below me, its round towers and battlemented turrets frowning among the trees, and forming with the river, which swept round its base, one of the finest specimens imaginable of the feudal picturesque.¹ The nicely-gravelled terraces, as I approached;

¹ "The castle of Dalhousie upon the South Esk is a strong and large castle, with a large wall of ashure work going round about the same, with a tower upon ilk corner thereof."—*Grose's Antiquities*.

the plate-glass windows and rich curtains, diminished somewhat of the romance; but I am not free to say that the promise they gave of the luxury within did not offer a succedaneum.

I was met at the threshold by the castle's noble and distinguished master; and as the light modern Gothic door swung open on its noiseless hinges, I looked up at the rude armorial scutcheon above, and at the slits for the portcullis chains and the rough hollows in the walls which had served for its rest, and it seemed to me that the kind and polished earl, in his velvet cap, and the modern door on its patent hinges, were pleasant substitutes even for a raised drawbridge and a helmeted knight. I beg pardon of the romantic, if this be treason against Della Crusca.

The gong had sounded its first summons to dinner, and I went immediately to my room to achieve my toilet. I found myself in the south wing, with a glorious view up the valley of the Esk, and comforts about me such as are only found in a private chamber in England. The nicely-fitted carpet; the heavy curtains; the well-appointed dressing-table; the patent grate and its blazing fire (for where is a fire not welcome in Scotland?), the tapestry, the books, the boundless bed, the bell that *will* ring, and the servants that anticipate the pull—oh, you should have pined for comfort in France and Italy to know what this catalogue is worth.

After dinner, Lady Dalhousie, who is much of an invalid, mounted a small pony to show me the grounds. We took a winding path away from the door, and descended at once into the romantic dell over which the castle towers. It is naturally a most wild and precipitous glen, through which the rapid Esk pursues its way almost in darkness; but, leaving only the steep and rocky shelves leaning over the river with their crown of pines, the successive lords of Dalhousie have cultivated the banks and hills around for a park and a paradise. The smooth gravel-walks cross and interweave; the smoother lawns sink and swell with their green bosoms; the stream dashes on murmuring below,

and the lofty trees shadow and overhang all. At one extremity of the grounds are a flower and fruit garden, and beyond it the castle farm; at the other, a little village of the family dependants, with their rose-embowered cottages; and, as far as you would ramble in a day, extend the woods and glades; and hares leap across your path, and pheasants and partridges whirr up as you approach, and you may fatigue yourself in a scene that is formed in every feature for the gentle-born and the refined. The labour and the taste of successive generations can alone create such an Eden.

The various views of the castle from the bottom of the dell are perfectly beautiful. With all its internal refinement, it is still the warlike fortress at a little distance; and bartizan and battlement bring boldly back the days when Bruce was at Hawthornden (six miles distant) and Lord Dalhousie's ancestor defended the ford of the Esk, and made himself a name in Scottish story in the days of Wallace and the Douglasses. Dalhousie was besieged by Edward the First and by John of Gaunt, among others, and, being the nearest of a chain of castles from the Esk to the Pentland Hills, it was the scene of some pretty fighting in most of the wars of Scotland.

Lord Dalhousie showed me a singular old bridle-bit, the history of which is thus told in Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*:—

"Sir Alexander Ramsay, having taken by storm the strong castle of Roxburgh, the king bestowed on him the office of sheriff of the county, which was before engaged by the knight of Liddesdale. As this was placing another person in his room, the knight of Liddesdale altogether forgot his old friendship for Ramsay, and resolved to put him to death. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of men while he was administering justice at Hawick. Ramsay, having no suspicion of injury from the hands of his old comrade, and having few men with him, was easily overpowered; and, being wounded, was hurried away to the lonely castle of the Hermitage, which stands in the middle of the morasses of Liddesdale. Here he was thrown

into a dungeon, with his horse, where he had no other sustenance than some grain which fell down from a granary above; and, after lingering a while in that dreadful condition, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay died. This was in 1412. Nearly four hundred and fifty years afterward—that is, about forty years ago, a mason, digging among the ruins of Hermitage Castle, broke into a dungeon, where lay a quantity of chaff, some human bones, and a bridle-bit, which were supposed to mark the vault as the place of Ramsay's death. The bridle-bit was given to grandpapa, who presented it to the present gallant Earl of Dalhousie, a brave soldier, like his ancestor, Sir Alexander Ramsay, from whom he is lineally descended."

There is another singular story connected with the family which escaped Sir Walter, and which has never appeared in print. Lady Dalhousie is of the ancient family of C——, one of the ancestors of which married the daughter of the famous Warlock of Gifford, described in "Marmion." As they were proceeding to the church, the wizard lord stopped the bridal procession beneath a pear tree, and plucking one of the pears, he gave it to his daughter, telling her that he had no dowry to give her, but that as long as she kept that gift, good fortune would never desert her or her descendants. This was in 1270; and the pear is still preserved in a silver box. About two centuries ago, a maiden lady of the family chose to try her teeth upon it, and very soon after, two of the best farms of the estate were lost in some litigation—the only misfortune that has befallen the inheritance of the C——'s in six centuries—thanks, perhaps, to the *Warlock pear*!

LETTER XIX

DALHOUSIE CASTLE

Sporting and its Equipments—Roslin Castle and Chapel—A Cicerone.

Sept. 1834.

THE NOMINAL ATTRACTION OF SCOTLAND, PARTICULARLY at this season, is the shooting. Immediately on your arrival, you are asked whether you prefer a flint or a percussion lock, and, supposing that you do *not* travel with a gun, which all Englishmen *do*, a double-barrelled, Manton is appropriated to your use, the gamekeeper fills your powder and shot-pouches, and waits with the dogs in a leash till you have done your breakfast; and the ladies leave the table, wishing you a good day's sport—all as matters of course.

I would rather have gone to the library. An aversion to walking, except upon smooth flag-stones, a poetical tenderness on the subject of "putting birds out of misery," as the last office is elegantly called, and hands much more at home with a goose-quill than a gun, were some of my private objections to the "order of the day." Between persuasion and a most truant sunshine, I was overruled, however, and, with a silent prayer that I might not destroy the hopes of my noble host, by shooting his only son, who was to be my companion and instructor, I shouldered the proffered Manton and joined the gamekeeper in the park.

Lord Ramsay and his man looked at me with some astonishment as I approached, and I was equally surprised at the young nobleman's metamorphosis. From the elegant Oxonian I had seen at breakfast, he was transformed to a figure something rougher than his Highland dependant, in a woollen shooting-jacket, that might have been cut in Kentucky; pockets of any number and capacity; trousers of the coarsest plaid; hob-nailed shoes and leather gaiters, and a manner of handling his gun that would have been respected on the Mississippi. My own

appearance in high-heeled French boots and other corresponding gear for a tramp over stubble and marsh, amused them equally; but my wardrobe was exclusively metropolitan, and there was no alternative.

The dogs were loosed from their leash, and bounded away, and, crossing the Esk under the castle walls, we found our way out of the park, and took to the open fields. A large patch of stubble was our first ground, and with a "hie away!" from the gamekeeper, the beautiful setters darted on before, their tails busy with delight and their noses to the ground, first dividing, each for a wall-side, and beating along till they met; and then scouring towards the centre, as regularly as if every step were guided by human reason. Suddenly they both dropped low into the stubble, and with heads eagerly bent forward and the intensest gaze upon a spot, a yard or more in advance, stood as motionless as stone. "A covey, my Lord!" said the gamekeeper; and, with our guns cocked, we advanced to the dogs, who had crouched, and lay as still, while we passed them, as if their lives depended upon our shot. Another step, and whirr! whirr! a dozen partridges started up from the furrow; and while Lord Ramsay cried "Now!" and reserved his fire to give me the opportunity, I stood stock-still in my surprise, and the whole covey disappeared over the wall. My friend laughed, the gamekeeper smiled, and the dogs hied on once more.

I mended my shooting in the course of the morning, but it was both exciting and hard work. A heavy shower soaked us through, without exciting the slightest notice of my companion; and on we trudged through peas, beans, turnips, and corn, muddled to the knees, and smoking with moisture, excessively to the astonishment, I doubt not; of the productions of Monsieur Clerx, of the Rue Vivienne, which were reduced to the consistency of brown paper, and those of my London tailor, which were equally entitled to some surprise at the use they were put to. It was quite beautiful, however, to see the ardour and training of the dogs; their caution, their obedience, and their perfect understanding of every motion of their master. I found

myself interested quite beyond fatigue; and it was only when we jumped the park-paling and took it once more leisurely down the gravel-walks, that I realized at what an expense of mud, water, and weariness, my day's sport had been purchased.—*Mem.* Never to come to Scotland again without hob-nailed shoes and a shooting jacket.

* * * * *

Rode over to Roslin Castle. The country between Dalhousie Castle and Roslin, including the village of Lasswade, is of uncommon loveliness. Lasswade itself clings to the two sides of a small valley, with its village church buried in trees, and the country-seat of Lord Melville looking down upon it from its green woods; and away over the shoulder of the hill swell the forests and rocks which embosom Hawthornden (the residence of Drummond the poet, in the days of Ben Jonson), and the Pentland hills with their bold outline, form a background that completes the picture. We left our horses at the neighbouring inn, and walked first to Roslin chapel. This little gem of florid architecture is scarcely a ruin, so perfect are its arches and pillars, its fretted cornices and its painted windows. A whimsical booby undertook the cicerone, with a long cane-pole to point out the beauties. We entered the low side door, whose stone threshold the feet of Cromwell's church-stabled troopers assisted to wear, and walked at once to a singular column of twisted marble, most curiously carved, standing under the choir. Our friend with the cane pole, who had condescended to familiar Scotch on the way, took his distance from the base, and drawing up his feet like a soldier on drill, assumed a most extraordinary elevation of voice, and recited its history in a declamation of which I could only comprehend the words "Abraham and Isaac." I saw by the direction of the pole that there was a bas-relief of the Father of the Faithful, done on the capital, but for the rest I was indebted to Lord Ramsay, who did it into English as follows: "The master-mason of this chapel, meeting with some difficulties in the execution of his design, found it necessary to go to Rome for infor-

mation, during which time his apprentice carried on the work, and even executed some parts concerning which his master had been most doubtful; particularly this fine-fluted column, ornamented with wreaths of foliage and flowers twisting spirally round it. The master on his return, stung with envy at this proof of the superior abilities of his apprentice, slew him by a blow of his hammer."

The whole interior of the chapel is excessively rich. The roof, capitals, key-stones, and architraves are covered with sculptures. On the architrave adjoining the apprentice's pillar to a smaller one, is engraved the sententious inscription, "*Forte est vinum, fortior est rex, fortiores sunt mulieres; super omnia vincit veritas.*" It has been built about four hundred years, and is, I am told, the most perfect thing of its kind in Scotland.

The ruins of Roslin Castle are a few minutes' walk beyond. They stand on a kind of island rock in the midst of one of the wildest glens of Scotland, separated from the hill nearest to the base by a drawbridge, swung over a tremendous chasm. I have seen nothing so absolutely picturesque in my travels. The North Esk runs its dark course, unseen, in the ravine below; the rocks on every side frown down upon it in black shadows; the woods are tangled and apparently pathless; and were it not for a most undeniable two-story farm house, built directly in the court of the old castle, you might convince yourself that foot had never approached it since the days of Wallace.

The fortress was built by William St. Clair, of whom Grose writes: "He kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master-household; Lord Borthwick his cupbearer; and Lord Fleming his carver; in whose absence they had deputies to attend—viz.: Stewart, Laird of Drumlanrig; Tweddie, Laird of Drumerline; and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his halls and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James I. and II. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen,

all clothed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys; and, if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of the Black Fryars' Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

With a scrambling walk up the glen, which is, as says truly Mr. Grose, "inconceivably romantick," we returned to our horses, and rode back to our dinner at Dalhousie, delighted with Roslin Castle and uncommonly hungry.

LETTER XX

EDINBURGH

"Christopher North"—Mr. Blackwood—The Ettrick Shepherd—Lockhart—*Noctes Ambrosianæ*—Wordsworth—Southey—Captain Hamilton and his Book on America.

Sept. 1834.

ONE OF MY MOST VALUED LETTERS TO SCOTLAND WAS AN introduction to Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood, and the well-known poet. The acknowledgment of the reception of my note came with an invitation to breakfast the following morning, at the early hour of nine.

The professor's family were at a summer residence in the country, and he was alone in his house in Gloucester Place, having come to town on the melancholy errand of a visit to poor Blackwood—(since dead). I was punctual to my hour, and found the poet standing before the fire with his coat-skirts expanded—a large, muscular man, something slovenly in his dress, but with a manner and face of high good-humour, and remarkably frank and prepossessing address. While he was finding me a chair, and saying

civil things of the noble Friend who had been the medium of our acquaintance, I was trying to reconcile my idea of him, gathered from portraits and descriptions, with the person before me. I had imagined a thinner and more scholar-like looking man, with a much paler face, and a much more polished exterior. His head is exceedingly ample, his eye blue and restless, his mouth full of character; and his hair, of a very light sandy colour, is brushed up to cover an incipient baldness, but takes very much its own way, and has the wildness of a Highlander's. He has the stamp upon him of a remarkable man to a degree seldom seen, and is, on the whole, fine-looking, and certainly a gentleman in his appearance; but (I know not whether the impression is common) I expected in Christopher North a finished and rather over-refined man of the world, of the old school, and I was so far disappointed.

The tea was made, and the breakfast smoked upon the table, but the professor showed no signs of being aware of the fact, and talked away famously, getting up and sitting down, walking to the window and standing before the fire, and apparently carried quite away with his own too rapid process of thought. He talked of the American poets, praised Percival and Pierpont more particularly; expressed great pleasure at the criticisms of his own works that had appeared in the American papers and magazines—and still the toast was getting cold, and with every move he seemed less and less aware of the presence of breakfast. There were plates and cups for but two, so that he was not waiting for another guest; and after half an hour had thus elapsed, I began to fear he thought he had already breakfasted. If I had wished to remind him of it, however, I should have had no opportunity, for the stream of his eloquence ran on without a break; and eloquence it certainly was. His accent is very broadly Scotch, but his words are singularly well chosen, and his illustrations more novel and poetical than those of any man I ever conversed with. He spoke of Blackwood; returning to the subject repeatedly, and always with a softened tone of voice and a more

impressive manner, as if his feelings were entirely engrossed by the circumstances of his illness. "Poor Blackwood!" he said, setting his hands together, and fixing his eyes on the wall, as if he were soliloquizing with the picture of the sick man vividly before him, "there never was a more honest creature or a better friend. I have known him intimately for years, and owe him much, and I could lose no friend that would affect me more nearly. There is something quite awful in the striking down thus of a familiar companion by your side—the passing away—the death—the end for ever of a man you have been accustomed to meet as surely as the morning or evening, and have grown to consider a part of your existence almost;—to have the share he took in your thoughts thrown back upon you—and his aid and counsel and company with you no more! His own mind is in a very singular state. He knows he is to die, and he has made every preparation in the most composed and sensible manner, and if the subject is alluded to directly, does not even express a hope of recovery; yet, the moment the theme is changed, he talks as if death were as far from him as ever, and looks forward, and mingles himself up in his remarks on the future, as if he were to be here to see this and the other thing completed, and share with you the advantage for years to come. What a strange thing it is—this balancing between death and life—standing on the edge of the grave, and turning, first to look into its approaching darkness, and then back upon the familiar and pleasant world, yet with a certain downward progress, and no hope of life beyond the day over your head!"

I asked if Blackwood was a man of refined literary taste.

"Yes," he said, "I would trust his opinion of a book sooner than that of any man I know. He might not publish everything he approved, for it was his business to print only things that would sell; and, therefore, there are perhaps many authors who would complain of him; but, if his opinion had been against my own, and it had been my own book, I should believe he was right, and give up my

own judgment. He was a patron of literature, and it owes him much. He is a loss to the world."

I spoke of the *Noctes*.

He smiled, as you would suppose Christopher North would do, with the twinkle proper of genuine hilarity in his eye, and said, "Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings; and poor Hogg comes in for his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there, and said everything that is put down for him."

"How does the Shepherd take it?"

"Very good-humouredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation and two words of banter restore his good humour, and he is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the *Noctes*."

"What do you think of his *Life of Sir Walter*, which Lockhart has so butchered in Fraser?"

"Did Lockhart write that?"

"I was assured so in London."

"It was a barbarous and unjustifiable attack; and, oddly enough, I said so yesterday to Lockhart himself, who was here, and he differed from me entirely. Now you mention it, I think from his manner, he *must* have written it."

"Will Hogg forgive him?"

"Never! never! I do not think he knows yet who has done it, but I hear that he is dreadfully exasperated. Lockhart is quite wrong. To attack an old man, with grey hairs, like the Shepherd, and accuse him so flatly and unnecessarily of lie upon lie—oh, it was not right!"

"Do you think Hogg misrepresented facts wilfully?"

"No, oh no! he is perfectly honest, no doubt, and quite revered Sir Walter. He has an unlucky inaccuracy of mind, however; and his own vanity, which is something quite ridiculous, has given a colouring to his conversations with

Scott, which put them in a very false light; and Sir Walter, who was the best-natured of men, may have said the things ascribed to him in a variety of moods, such as no one can understand who does not know what a bore Hogg must sometimes have been at Abbotsford. Do you know Lockhart?"

"No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the editor of the *Quarterly*, and the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintances, but I have not yet seen one who pretended to be his friend."

"Yet there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. If he were sitting there, opposite you, you would find him the mildest and most unassuming of men, and so he appears in private life always."

"Not always. A celebrated foreigner, who had been very intimate with him, called one morning to deprecate his severity upon Baron D'Haussez's book in a forthcoming review. He did his errand in a friendly way, and, on taking his leave, Lockhart, with much ceremony, accompanied him down to his carriage. 'Pray don't give yourself the trouble to come down,' said the polite Frenchman. 'I make a point of doing it, sir,' said Lockhart, with a very offensive manner, 'for I understand from your friend's book that we are not considered a polite nation in France.' Nothing certainly could be more ill-bred and insulting."

"Still, it is not in his nature. I do believe that it is merely an unhappy talent he has for sarcasm, with which his heart has nothing to do. When he sits down to review a book, he never thinks of the author or his feelings. He cuts it up with pleasure, because he does it with skill in the way of his profession, as a surgeon dissects a dead body. He would be the first to show the man a real kindness if he stood before him. I have known Lockhart long. He was in Edinburgh a great while; and when he was writing *Valerius*, we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read

to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in *three weeks*. I heard it all thus by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing. He wrote it very rapidly, and thought nothing of it. We used to sup together with Blackwood, and that was the real origin of the *Noctes*."

"At Ambrose's?"

"At Ambrose's."

"But is there such a tavern, really?"

"Oh, certainly. Anybody will show it to you. It is a small house; kept in an out-of-the-way corner of the town, by Ambrose, who is an excellent fellow in his way, and has had a great influx of custom in consequence of his celebrity in the *Noctes*. We were there one night very late, and had all been remarkably gay and agreeable. 'What a pity,' said Lockhart, 'that some shorthand writer had not been here to take down the good things that have been said at this supper!' The next day he produced a paper called *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and that was the first. I continued them afterwards."

"Have you no idea of publishing them separately? I think a volume or two should be made of the more poetical and critical parts, certainly. Leaving out the politics, and the merely local topics of the day, no book could be more agreeable."

"It was one of the things pending when poor Blackwood was taken ill. But, will you have some breakfast?"

The breakfast had been cooling for an hour, and I most willingly acceded to his proposition. Without rising, he leaned back with his chair still towards the fire, and, seizing the teapot as if it were a sledge-hammer, he poured from one cup to the other without interrupting the stream, over-running both cup and saucer, and partly flooding the tea-tray. He then set the cream towards me with a carelessness which nearly upset it, and, in trying to reach an egg from the centre of the table, broke two. He took no notice of his own awkwardness, but drank his cup of tea at a single draught, ate his egg in the same expeditious manner, and went on talking of the *Noctes*, and

Lockhart, and Blackwood, as if eating his breakfast were rather a troublesome parenthesis in his conversation. After a while he digressed to Wordsworth and Southey, and asked me if I was going to return by the Lakes. I proposed doing so.

"I will give you letters to both, if you haven't them. I lived a long time in that neighbourhood, and know Wordsworth perhaps as well as anyone. Many a day I have walked over the hills with him, and listened to his repetition of his own poetry, which of course filled my mind completely at the time; and perhaps started the poetical vein in me, though I cannot agree with the critics that my poetry is an imitation of Wordsworth's."

"Did Wordsworth repeat any other poetry than his own?"

"Never in a single instance, to my knowledge. He is remarkable for the manner in which he is wrapped up in his own poetical life. He thinks of nothing else. Everything ministers to it. Everything is done with reference to it. He is all and only a poet."

"What is Southey's manner of life?"

"Walter Scott said of him, that he lived too much with women. He is secluded in the country, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends, who glorify every literary project he undertakes, and persuade him, in spite of his natural modesty, that he can do nothing wrong or imperfectly. He has great genius, and is a most estimable man."

"Hamilton lives on the Lakes too—does he not?"

"Yes. How terribly he was annoyed by the review of his book in the *North American*! Who wrote it?"

"I have not heard positively, but I presume it was Everett. I know nobody else in the country who holds such a pen. He is the American Junius."

"It was excessively clever, but dreadfully severe, and Hamilton was frantic about it. I sent it to him myself, and could scarce have done him a more ungracious office. But what a strange thing it is that nobody can write a good book on America! The ridiculous part of it seems to me

that men of common sense go there as travellers, and fill their books with scenes such as they may see every day within five minutes' walk of their own doors, and call them American. Vulgar people are to be found all over the world, and I will match any scene in Hamilton or Mrs. Trollope, any day or night, here in Edinburgh. I have always had an idea that I should be the best traveller in America myself. I have been so in the habit of associating with people of every class in my own country, that I am better fitted to draw the proper distinctions, I think between what is universal over the world or peculiar to America."

"I can promise you a hearty welcome, if you should be inclined to try."

"I have thought seriously of it. It is, after all, not more than a journey to Switzerland or Italy, of which we think nothing, and my vacation of five months would give me ample time, I suppose, to run through the principal cities. I shall do it, I think."

I asked if he had written a poem of any length within the last few years.

"No, though I am always wishing to do it. Many things interfere with my poetry. In the first place, I am obliged to give a lecture once a day for six months, and in the summer it is such a delight to be released, and get away into the country with my girls and boys, that I never put pen to paper till I am driven. Then Blackwood is a great care; and, greater objection still, I have been discouraged in various ways by criticism. It used to gall me to have my poems called imitations of Wordsworth and his school; a thing I could not see myself, but which was asserted even by those who praised me, and which modesty forbade I should disavow. I really can see no resemblance between the Isle of Palms and anything of Wordsworth's. I think I have a style of my own, and as my *ain bairn*, I think better of it than other people, and so pride prevents my writing. Until late years, too, I have been the subject of much political abuse, and for that I should not have cared if it were not disagreeable to have children and servants read-

ing it in the morning papers, and a fear of giving them another handle in my poetry was another inducement for not writing."

I expressed my surprise at what he said, for, as far as I knew the periodicals, Wilson had been a singularly continued favourite.

"Yes, out of this immediate sphere, perhaps—but it requires a strong mind to suffer annoyance at one's lips, and comfort oneself with the praise of a distant and outer circle of public opinion. I had a family growing up, of sons and daughters, who felt for me more than I should have felt for myself, and I was annoyed perpetually. Now, these very papers praise me, and I really can hardly believe my eyes when I open them and find the same type and imprint expressing such different opinions. It is absurd to mind such weathercocks; and, in truth, the only people worth heeding or writing for are the quiet readers in the country, who read for pleasure, and form sober opinions apart from political or personal prejudice. I would give more for the praise of one country clergyman and his family, than I would for the momentary admiration of a whole city. People in town require a constant phantasmagoria, to keep up even the remembrance of your name. What books and authors, what battles and heroes, are forgotten in a day!"

My letter is getting too long, and I must make it shorter, as it is vastly less agreeable than the visit itself. Wilson went on to speak of his family, and his eyes kindled with pleasure in talking of his children. He invited me to stop and visit him at his place near Selkirk, on my way south, and promised me that I should see Hogg, who lived not far off. Such inducement was scarce necessary, and I made a half-promise, to do it, and left him, after having passed several hours of the highest pleasure in his fascinating society.

LETTER XXI

SCOTLAND

Lord Jeffrey—Lord Brougham—Politics—The “Grey” Ball—Aberdeen—Gordon Castle.

Sept. 1834.

I WAS ENGAGED TO DINE WITH LORD JEFFREY ON THE SAME day that I had breakfasted with Wilson, and the opportunity of contrasting so closely these two distinguished men, both editors of leading Reviews, yet of different politics, and no less different minds, persons, and manners, was highly gratifying.

At seven o'clock I drove to Moray Place, the Grosvenor Square of Edinburgh. I was not sorry to be early, for never having seen my host, I had some little advantage over the awkwardness of meeting a large party of strangers. After a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Jeffrey, the door was thrown quickly open, and the celebrated editor of the *Edinburgh*, the distinguished lawyer, the humane and learned judge, and the wit of the day, *par excellence*, entered with his daughter. A frank, almost merry smile; a perfectly unceremonious hearty manner; and a most playful and graceful style of saying the half-apologetic, half-courteous things incident to a first meeting after a letter of introduction, put me at once at my ease, and established a partiality for him, *impromptu*, in my feelings. Jeffrey is rather below the middle size, slight, rapid in his speech and motion, never still, and glances from one subject to another with less abruptness and more quickness than any man I had ever seen. His head is small, but compact and well-shaped; and the expression of his face, when serious, is that of quick and discriminating earnestness. His voice is rather thin, but pleasing; and if I had met him incidentally, I should have described him, I think, as a most witty and well-bred gentleman of the School of Wilkes and Sheridan. Perhaps as distinguishing a mark as either his wit or his politeness, is an honest goodness of heart;

which, however it makes itself apparent, no one could doubt, who had been with Jeffrey ten minutes.

To my great disappointment, Mrs. Jeffrey informed me that Lord Brougham, who was their guest at the time, was engaged to a dinner given by the new Lord Advocate to Earl Grey. I had calculated much on seeing two such old friends and fellow-wits as Jeffrey and Brougham at the same table, and I could well believe what my neighbour told me at dinner, that it was more than a common misfortune to have missed it.

The great "Grey dinner" had been given the day before, and politics were the only subject at table. It had been my lot to be thrown principally among Tories (*Conservatives* is the new name) since my arrival in England, and it was difficult to rid myself at once of the impressions of a fortnight just passed in the castle of a Tory earl. My sympathies in the "great and glorious" occasion were slower than those of the company, and much of their enthusiasm seemed to me overstrained. Then I had not even dined with the two thousand Whigs under the Pavilion, and, as I was incautious enough to confess it, I was rallied upon having fallen into bad company, and altogether entered less into the spirit of the hour than I could have wished. Politics are seldom witty or amusing, and, though I was charmed with the good sense and occasional eloquence of Lord Jeffrey, I was glad to get upstairs after dinner to *chasse-café* and the ladies.

We were all bound to the public ball that evening, and at eleven I accompanied my distinguished host to the Assembly Room. Dancing was going on with great spirit when we entered; Lord Grey's statesman-like head was bowing industriously on the platform; Lady Grey and her daughters sat looking on from the same elevated position, and Lord Brougham's ugliest and shrewdest of human faces flitted about through the crowd, good fellow to everybody, and followed by all eyes but those of the young. One or two of the Scotch nobility were there, but Whiggism is not popular among *les hautes volailles*, and the ball, though crowded, was but thinly sprinkled with "porcelain." I

danced till three o'clock, without finding my partners better or worse for their politics; and having aggravated a temporary lameness by my exertions, went home with a leg like an elephant to repent my abandonment of Tory quiet.

Two or three days under the hands of the doctor, with the society of a Highland crone, of whose ceaseless garrulities over my poultices and plasters I could not understand two consecutive words, fairly finished my patience, and abandoning with no little regret a charming land-route to the north of Scotland, I had myself taken "this side up" on board the steamer for Aberdeen.

We steamed the hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours, paying about three dollars for our passage. I mention it for the curiosity of a cheap thing in this country.

I lay at Aberdeen four days, getting out but once, and then for a drive to the "Mareschal College," the *alma mater* of Dugald Dalgetty. It is a curious and rather picturesque old place, half in ruins, and is about being pulled down. A Scotch gentleman, who was a fellow-passenger in the steamer, and who lived in the town, called on me kindly twice a day, brought me books and papers, offered me the use of his carriage, and did everything for my comfort that could have been suggested by the warmest friendship. Considering that it was a casual acquaintance of a day, it speaks well, certainly, for the "Good Samaritanism" of Scotland.

I took two places in the coach at last (one for my leg), and bowled away seventy miles across the country, with the delightful speed of these admirable conveyances, for Gordon Castle. I arrived at Fochabers, a small town on the estate of the Duke of Gordon, at three in the afternoon, and immediately took a post-chaise for the castle, the gate of which was a stone's throw from the inn.

The immense iron gate, surmounted by the Gordon arms, the handsome and spacious stone lodges on either side, the canonically fat porter in white stockings and gay livery lifting his hat as he swung open the massive portal, all bespoke the entrance to a noble residence. The road

within was edged with velvet sward, and rolled to the smoothness of a terrace-walk; the winding avenue lengthened away before, with trees of every variety of foliage; light carriages passed me driven by ladies or gentlemen bound on their afternoon airing; a groom led up and down two beautiful blood horses, prancing along, with side-saddles and morocco stirrups; and keepers with hounds and terriers, gentlemen on foot, idling along the walks, and servants in different liveries, hurrying to and fro, betokened a scene of busy gaiety before me. I had hardly noted these various circumstances, before a sudden curve in the road brought the castle into view, a vast stone pile with castellated wings; and, in another moment, I was at the door, where a dozen lounging and powdered menials were waiting on a party of ladies and gentlemen to their several carriages. It was the moment for the afternoon drive.

LETTER XXII

GORDON CASTLE

Company there—The Park—Duke of Gordon—Personal Beauty of the English Aristocracy.

Sept. 1834.

THE LAST PHAETON DASHED AWAY, AND MY CHAISE advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that His Grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon. A more lovely view never feasted human eye.

"Who is at the castle?" I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau.

"Oh, a great many, sir." He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers. "There's Lord A——, and Lord C—— H——, and the Duchess of R——, and Lord A——, and Lord S—— and Lady S——, and Lord M—— and Lady M——, and —— and —— and —— twenty more, sir."

"Twenty more lords and ladies?"

"No, sir! that's all the nobility."

"And you can't remember the names of the others?"

"No, sir."

He was a proper page. He could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners.

"And how many sit down to dinner?"

"Above thirty, sir, besides the Duke and Duchess."

"That will do." And off tripped my slender gentleman, with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up on his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner hour was seven precisely.

It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September; and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set, looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks; and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods, or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels—and all this little world of enjoyment

and luxury and beauty lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being! I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills, and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after, a loud gong sounded through the gallery, the signal to dress, and I left my musing occupation unwillingly, to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen, the Duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with a broad red riband across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle. The gong sounded at the next moment, and, on our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The Duchess, a tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.

It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour, to the modern dukes in kilt of the Gordon plaid; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously

massive, and the most beautiful in workmanship I had ever seen. There were among the vases, several large coursing-cups, won by the Duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The Duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had, upon my right, Lady——, "the most agreeable woman in Scotland." It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes, and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I never had seen "Heaven's image double-stamped as man, and noble," so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found; the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of "thoroughbred." There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the Continent—the *paysans* of France, and the *contadini* of Italy, being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature, as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressement*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian, in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *dérèglement*, and that decision

about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally "gentlemanlike" and Indianlike. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate, and smile, as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house; and to discover, that at the very moment he bowed so coldly, he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him, or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table; the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *liqueurs* were brought in, when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music, filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening, which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels.

LETTER XXIII

GORDON CASTLE

English Breakfasts—Salmon-fishery—Lord Aberdeen—Mr. M'Lane
—Sporting Establishment of Gordon Castle.

Sept. 1834.

I AROSE LATE ON THE FIRST MORNING AFTER MY ARRIVAL at Gordon Castle, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck on entering with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken frames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the Duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the Duchess was in a plain morning dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewel and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance—in the full force of the term—was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes (for shooting), and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and ate his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. I wondered, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of many people in my own country, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England.

Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is

to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalade, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious, and affable than the whole tone of the meal. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the Duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon-fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other avocations: those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard-room, and I was left with Lord Aberdeen in the breakfast-room alone. The Tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest, about America. When Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the Wellington Cabinet, he had known Mr. M'Lane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with anyone with more pleasure. He admired Mr. M'Lane, and hoped to enjoy his friendship. He wished he might return as our Minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, he said, was worth a score of practised diplomatists. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. M'Lane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the President very much as a man.

Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him; a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made; a waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *négligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner towards the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society.

Still suffering from lameness, I declined all invitations to the shooting parties, who started across the park, with the dogs leaping about them in a frenzy of delight, and accepted the Duchess's kind offer of a pony phaeton to drive down to the kennels. The Duke's breed, both of setters and hounds, is celebrated throughout the kingdom. They occupy a spacious building in the centre of a wood, a quadrangle inclosing a court, and large enough for a respectable poor-house. The chief huntsman and his family, and perhaps a gamekeeper or two, lodge on the premises, and the dogs are divided by palings across the court. I was rather startled to be introduced into the small enclosure with a dozen gigantic blood-hounds, as high as my breast, the keeper's whip in my hand the only defence. I was not easier for the man's assertion that, without it, they would "hae the life oot o' me in a crack." They came around me very quietly, and one immense fellow, with a chest like a horse, and a head of the finest expression, stood up and laid his paws on my shoulders, with the deliberation of a friend about to favour me with some grave advice.

One can scarce believe these noble creatures have not reason like ourselves. Those slender, thoroughbred heads—large, speaking eyes, and beautiful limbs and graceful action, should be gifted with more than mere animal instinct. The greyhounds were the beauties of the kennel, however. I never had seen such perfect creatures. “Dinna tak’ pains to caress ’em, sir,” said the huntsman, “they’ll only be hangit for it!” I asked for an explanation, and the man with an air as if I was uncommonly ignorant, told me that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to anyone, or in any way showed signs of superior sagacity. It is an object, of course, to preserve them, what they usually are, the greatest fools as well as the handsomest of the canine species, and on the first sign of attachment to their master, their death-warrant is signed. They are too sensible to live! The Duchess told me afterwards that she had the greatest difficulty in saving the life of the finest hound in the pack, who had committed the sin of showing pleasure once or twice when she appeared.

The setters were in the next division, and really they were quite lovely. The rare tan and black dog of this race, with his silky, floss hair, intelligent muzzle, good-humoured face, and caressing fondness (lucky dog! that affection is permitted in *his* family!), quite excited my admiration. There were thirty or forty of these, old and young; and a friend of the Duke’s would as soon ask him for a church living as for the present of one of them. The former would be by much the smaller favour. Then there were terriers of four or five breeds, of one family of which (long-haired, long-bodied, short-legged, and perfectly white little wretches) the keeper seemed particularly proud. I evidently sunk in his opinion for not admiring them.

I passed the remainder of the morning in threading the lovely alleys and avenues of the park, miles after miles of gravel-walk extending away in every direction, with every variety of turn and shade, now a deep wood, now a sunny opening upon a glade, here along the bank of a stream, and there around the borders of a small lagoon, the little ponies flying on over the smoothly-rolled paths, and

tossing their minikin heads as if they too enjoyed the beauty of the princely domain. This, I thought to myself, as I sped on through light and shadow, is very like what is called happiness; and this (if to be a Duke were to enjoy it as I do with this fresh feeling of novelty and delight) is a condition of life it is not quite irrational to envy. And giving my little steeds the rein, I repeated to myself Scott's graphic description, which seems written for the park of Gordon Castle, and thanked heaven for one more day of unalloyed happiness—

And there soft swept in velvet green,
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depths of the brown forest shade;
And the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn.
There tufted close with copse-wood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen,
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy valley loved the park,
The yew-tree lent its shadows dark,
And many an old oak worn and bare
With all its shiver'd boughs was there.

LETTER XXIV

GORDON CASTLE

Scotch Hospitality—Duchess's Infant School—Manners of high Life—
The Tone of Conversation in England and America contrasted.

Sept. 1834.

THE AIM OF SCOTCH HOSPITALITY SEEMS TO BE, TO CONVINCE you that the house and all that is in it is your own, and you are at liberty to enjoy it as if you were, in the French sense of the French phrase, *chez vous*. The routine of Gordon

Castle was what each one chose to make it. Between breakfast and lunch the ladies were generally invisible, and the gentlemen rode or shot, or played billiards, or kept their rooms. At two o'clock, a dish or two of hot game and a profusion of cold meats were set on the small tables in the dining-room, and everybody came in for a kind of lounging half-meal, which occupied perhaps an hour. Thence all adjourned to the drawing-room, under the windows of which were drawn up carriages of all descriptions, with grooms, out-riders, footmen, and saddle-horses for gentlemen and ladies. Parties were then made up for driving or riding, and from a pony-chaise to a phaeton-and-four, there was no class of vehicle which was not at your disposal. In ten minutes the carriages were usually all filled, and away they flew, some to the banks of the Spey or the sea-side—some to the drives in the park, and with the delightful consciousness that, speed where you would, the horizon scarce limited the possession of your host, and you were everywhere at home. The ornamental gates flying open at your approach, miles distant from the castle; the herds of red deer trooping away from the sound of wheels in the silent park; the stately pheasants feeding tamely in the immense preserves; the hares scarce troubling themselves to get out of the length of the whip; the stalking game-keepers lifting their hats in the dark recesses of the forest—there was something in this perpetual reminding of your privileges, which, as a novelty, was far from disagreeable. I could not at the time bring myself to feel, what perhaps would be more poetical and republican, that a ride in the wild and unfenced forest of my own country would have been more to my taste.

The second afternoon of my arrival, I took a seat in the carriage with Lord Aberdeen, and we followed the Duchess, who drove herself in a pony-chaise, to visit a school on the estate. Attached to a small Gothic chapel, a few minutes' drive from the castle, stood a building in the same style, appropriated to the instruction of the children of the Duke's tenantry. There were a hundred and thirty little creatures, from two years to five or six, and, like all

infant-schools in these days of improved education, it was an interesting and affecting sight. The last one I had been in was at Athens; and though I missed here the dark eyes and Grecian faces of the Ægean, I saw health and beauty of a kind which stirred up more images of home, and promised, perhaps, more for the future. They went through their evolutions, and answered their questions with an intelligence and cheerfulness that were quite delightful; and I was sorry to leave them, even for a drive in the loveliest sunset of a lingering day of summer.

People in Europe are more curious about the comparison of the natural productions of America with those of England, than about our social and political differences. A man who does not care to know whether the President has destroyed the bank, or the bank the President, or whether Mrs. Trollope has flattered the Americans or not, will be very much interested to know if the pine-tree in his park is comparable to the same tree in America, if the same cattle are found there, or the woods stocked with the same game as his own. I think there is nothing on which I have been so often questioned. The Duchess led the way to a plantation of American trees, at some distance from the castle, and, stopping beneath some really noble firs, I was asked if our forest-trees were often larger. They were shrubs, however, to the gigantic productions of the West. Whatever else we may see abroad, we must return home to find the magnificence of nature.

The number at the dinner-table of Gordon Castle was seldom less than thirty, but the company was continually varied by departures and arrivals. No sensation was made by either one or the other. A travelling-carriage dashed up to the door, was disburdened of its load, and drove round to the stables, and the question was seldom asked, "Who is arrived?" You are sure to see at dinner—and an addition of half a dozen to the party made no perceptible difference in anything. Leave-takings were managed in the same quiet way. Adieus were made to the Duke and Duchess, and to no one else except he happened to encounter the parting guest upon the staircase, or were more than a

common acquaintance. In short, in every way the *gêne* of life seemed weeded out, and if unhappiness or *ennui* found its way into the castle, it was introduced in the sufferer's own bosom. For me, I gave myself up to enjoyment with an *abandon* I could not resist. With kindness and courtesy in every look, the luxuries and comforts of a regal establishment at my freest disposal; solitude when I pleased, company when I pleased—the whole visible horizon fenced in for the enjoyment of a household, of which I was a temporary portion, and no enemy except time and the gout, I felt as if I had been spirited into some castle of felicity, and had not come by the royal mail-coach at all.

The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so "odd" (a word, by the way, that in England means everything disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to "a scene." The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word "capital" suffices; for all ordinary praise the word "nice"; for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word "odd." To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and stamp yourself underbred or a foreigner.

This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good breeding, but of the true philosophy of social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an "overpowering person," is immediately shunned, for he talks too much, and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called "amusing." He is considered here as a monopolizer of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the company. You meet your most

intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been "a scene" and the repose of the company would have been disturbed. You invite a clever man to dine with you, and he enriches his descriptions with new epithets and original words. He is offensive. He eclipses the language of your other guests, and is out of keeping with the received and subdued tone to which the most common intellect rises with ease. Society on this footing is delightful to all, and the diffident man, or the dull man, or the quiet man, enjoy it as much as another. For violent sensations you must go elsewhere. Your escape-valve is not at your neighbour's ear.

There is a great advantage in this in another respect. Your tongue never gets you into mischief. The "unsafeness of Americans" in society (I quote a phrase I have heard used a thousand times) arises wholly from the American habit of applying high-wrought language to trifles. I can tell one of my countrymen abroad by his first remark. Ten to one his first sentence contains a superlative that would make an Englishman imagine he had lost his senses. The natural consequence is—continual misapprehension, offence is given where none was intended, words that have no meaning are the ground of quarrels, and gentlemen are shy of us. A good-natured young nobleman, whom I sat next at dinner on my first arrival at Gordon Castle, told me he was hunting with Lord Aberdeen, when two very gentlemanlike young men rode up and requested leave to follow the hounds, but in such extraordinary language, that they were not at first understood. The hunt continued for some days, and at last the strangers, who rode well and were seen continually, were invited to dine with the principal noblemen of the neighbourhood. They turned out to be Americans, and were every way well-bred and agreeable, but their extraordinary mode of expressing themselves kept the company in continual astonishment. They were treated with politeness, of course, while they remained, but no little fun was made of their phraseology after their departure; and the impression on the mind of

my informant was very much against the purity of the English language as spoken by Americans. I mention it for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

LETTER XXV

THE HIGHLANDS

Departure from Gordon Castle—The Pretender—Scotch Character misapprehended—Observance of Sunday—Highland Chieftains.

Sept. 1834.

TEN DAYS HAD GONE BY LIKE THE "DAYS OF THALABA," and I took my leave of Gordon Castle. It seemed to me, as I looked back upon it, as if I had passed a separate life there—so beautiful had been every object on which I had looked in that time, and so free from every mixture of *ennui* had been the hours from the first to the last. I have set them apart in my memory, those ten days, as a bright ellipse in the usual procession of joys and sorrows. It is a little world, walled in from rudeness and vexation, in which I have lived a life.

I took the coach for Elgin, and visited the fine old ruins of the cathedral, and then kept on to Inverness, passing over the "Blasted Heath," the tryst of Macbeth and the witches. We passed within sight of Culloden Moor at sunset, and the driver pointed out to me a lonely castle where the Pretender slept the night before the battle. The interest with which I had read the romantic history of Prince Charlie in my boyhood, was fully awakened, for his name is still a watchword of aristocracy in Scotland; and the Jacobite songs, with their half-warlike, half-melancholy music, were favourites of the Duchess of Gordon, who sung them in their original Scotch, with an enthusiasm and sweetness that stirred my blood like the sound of a trumpet. There certainly never was a cause so indebted to music and poetry as that which was lost at Culloden.

The hotel at Inverness was crowded with livery-servants and the door inaccessible for carriages. I had arrived on the last day of a county meeting, and all the chieftains and lairds of the north and west of Scotland were together. The last ball was to be given that evening, and I was strongly tempted to go by four or five acquaintances whom I found in the hotel, but the gout was peremptory. My shoe would not go on, and I went to bed.

I was limping about in the morning with a kind old baronet, whom I had met at Gordon Castle, when I was warmly accosted by a gentleman whom I did not immediately remember. On his reminding me that we had parted last on Lake Lemán, however, I recollected a gentleman-like Scotchman, who had offered me his glass opposite Copet to look at the house of Madame de Staël, and whom I had left afterward at Lausanne, without even knowing his name. He invited me immediately to dine, and in about an hour or two after called in his carriage, and drove me to a charming country-house, a few miles down the shore of Loch Ness, where he presented me to his family, and treated me in every respect as if I had been the oldest of his friends. I mention the circumstance for the sake of a comment on what seems to me a universal error with regard to the Scotch character. Instead of a calculating and cold people, as they are always described by the English, they seem to me more a nation of impulse and warm feeling than any other I have seen. Their history certainly goes to prove a most chivalrous character in days gone by, and as far as I know Scotchmen, they preserve it still with even less of the modification of the times than other nations. The instance I have mentioned above is one of many that have come under my own observation, and in many inquiries since, I have never found an Englishman, *who had been in Scotland*, who did not confirm my impression. I have not traded with them, it is true, and I have seen only the wealthier class; but still I think my judgment a fair one. The Scotch in England are, in a manner, what the Yankees are in the southern states, and their advantages of superior quickness and education have

given them a success which is ascribed to meaner causes. I think (common prejudice *contradicente*) that neither the Scotch nor the English are a cold or an unfriendly people, but the Scotch certainly the farther removed from coldness of the two.

Inverness is the only place I have ever been in where no medicine could be procured on a Sunday. I did not want, indeed, for other mementos of the sacredness of the day. In the crowd of the public room of the hotel half the persons, at least, had either bible or prayer-book, and there was a hush through the house, and a gravity in the faces of the people passing in the street, that reminded me more of New England than anything I have seen. I had wanted some linen washed on Saturday. "Impossible!" said the waiter, "no one does up linen on Sunday." Towards evening I wished for a carriage to drive over to my hospitable friend. Mine host stared, and I found it was indecorous to drive out on Sunday. I must add, however, that the apothecary's shop was opened after the second service, and that I was allowed a carriage on pleading my lameness.

Inverness is a romantic-looking town, charmingly situated between Loch Ness and the Moray Firth, with the bright river Ness running through it, parallel to its principal street, and the most picturesque eminences in its neighbourhood. There is a very singular elevation on the other side of the Ness, shaped like a ship, keel up, and rising from the centre of the plain, covered with beautiful trees. It is called, in Gaelic, Tonnaheurick, or the Hill of the Fairies.

It has been in one respect like getting abroad again, to come to Scotland. Nothing seemed more odd to me on my first arrival in England, than having suddenly ceased to be a "foreigner." I was as little at home myself, as in France or Turkey (much less than in Italy), yet there was that in the manner of every person who approached me which conveyed the presumption that I was as familiar with everything about me as himself. In Scotland, however, the Englishman is the "Sassenach," and a stranger; and, as I was always taken for one, I found myself once more

invested with that agreeable consequence which accompanies it, my supposed prejudices consulted, my opinion about another country asked, and comparisons referred to me as an *ex-parte* judge. I found here, as abroad too, that the Englishman was expected to pay more for trifling services than a native, and that he would be much more difficult about his accommodations, and more particular in his chance company. I was amused at the hotel with an instance of the want of honour shown "the prophet in his own country." I went down to the coffee-room for my breakfast about noon, and found a remarkably fashionable, pale, "Werter-like" man, excessively dressed but with all the air of a gentleman, sitting with the newspaper on one side of the fire. He offered me the paper after a few minutes, but with the cold, half-supercilious politeness which marks the dandy tribe, and strolled off to the window. The landlord entered presently, and asked me if I had any objection to breakfasting with that gentleman, as it would be a convenience in serving it up. "None in the world," I said, "but you had better ask the other gentleman first."—"Hoot!" said Boniface, throwing up his chin with an incredulous expression, "its honour for the like o' him! He's joost a laddie born and brought up i' the toon. I kenn'd him weel." And so enter breakfast for two. I found my companion a well-bred man; rather surprised, however, if not vexed, to discover that I knew he was of Inverness. He had been in the civil service of the East India Company for some years (hence his paleness), and had returned to Scotland for his health. He was not the least aware that he was known, apparently, and he certainly had not the slightest trace of his Scotch birth. The landlord told me afterwards that his parents were poor, and he had raised himself by his own cleverness alone, and yet it was "honour for the like o' him," to sit at table with a common stranger! The world is really very much the same all over.

In the three days I passed at Inverness, I made the acquaintance of several of the warm-hearted Highland chiefs, and found great difficulty in refusing to go home with them.

There was a peculiar style about all these young men, something very like the manner of our high-bred Virginians—a free, gallant, self-possessed bearing, fiery and prompt, yet full of courtesy. I was pleased with them altogether.

I had formed an agreeable acquaintance, on my passage from London to Edinburgh in the steamer, with a gentleman bound to the Highlands for the shooting season. He was engaged to pay a visit to Lord L——, with whom I had myself promised to pass a week, and we parted at Edinburgh in the hope of meeting again. On my return from Dalhousie, a fortnight after, we met by chance at the hotel in Edinburgh, he having arrived the same day, and having taken a passage, like myself, for Aberdeen. We made another agreeable passage together, and he left me at the gate of Gordon Castle, proceeding north on another visit. I was sitting in the coffee-room at Inverness, when, enter again my friend, to my great surprise, who informed me that Lord L—— had returned to England. Disappointed alike of our visit, we took a passage together once more in the steamer from Inverness to Fort William for the following morning. It was a singular train of coincidences, but I was indebted to it for one of the most agreeable chance acquaintances I have yet made.

LETTER XXVI

THE HIGHLANDS

Caledonian Canal—Dogs—English Exclusiveness—English Insensibility of fine Scenery—Flora Macdonald and the Pretender—Highland Travelling.

Sept. 1834.

WE EMBARKED EARLY IN THE MORNING IN THE STEAMER which goes across Scotland from sea to sea, by the half-natural, half-artificial passage of the Caledonian canal.

One long glen, as the reader knows, extends quite through this mountainous country, and in its bosom lies a chain of the loveliest lakes, whose extremities so nearly meet, that it seems as if a blow of a spade should have run them together. Their different elevations, however, made it an expensive work in locks, and the canals altogether cost ten times the original calculation.

I went on board with my London friend, who, from our meeting so frequently, had now become my established companion. The boat was crowded, yet more with dogs than men; for everyone, I think, had his brace of terriers or his pointers, and every lady her hound or poodle, and they were chained to every leg of a sofa, chair, port-manteau, and fixture in the vessel. It was like a floating kennel, and the passengers were fully occupied in keeping the peace between their own dog and their neighbour's. The same thing would have been a much greater annoyance in any other country; but in Scotland the dogs are all of beautiful and thorough-bred races, and it is a pleasure to see them. Half as many French pugs would have been insufferable.

We opened into Loch Ness immediately, and the scenery was superb. The waters were like a mirror; and the hills draped in mist, and rising one or two thousand feet directly from the shore, and nothing to break the wildness of the crags but the ruins of the constantly-occurring castles, perched like eyries upon their summits. You might have had the same natural scenery in America, but the ruins and the thousand associations would have been wanting; and it is this, much more than the mere beauty of hill or lake, which makes the pleasure of travel. We ran close in to a green cleft in the mountains on the southern shore, in which stands one of the few old castles, still inhabited by the chief of his clan—that of Fraser of Lovat, so well known in Scottish story. Our object was to visit the Fall of Foyers, in sight of which it stands, and the boat came to off the point, and gave us an hour for the excursion. It was a pretty stroll up through the woods, and we found a cascade very like the Turtman in Switzerland,

but with no remarkable feature which would make it interesting in description.

I was amused after breakfast with what has always struck me on board English steamers—the gradual division of the company into parties of congenial rank or consequence. Not for conversation—for fellow-travellers of a day seldom become acquainted—but, as if it was a process of crystallization, the well-bred and the half-bred and the vulgar, each separating to his natural neighbour, apparently from a mere fitness of propinquity. This takes place sometimes, but rarely and in a much less degree, on board an American steamer. There are, of course, in England, as with us, those who are presuming and impertinent, but an instance of it has seldom fallen under my observation. The English seem to have an instinct of each other's position in life. A gentleman enters a crowd, looks about him, makes up his mind at once from whom an advance of civility would be agreeable or the contrary, gets near the best set without seeming to notice them, and if any chance accident brings on conversation with his neighbours, you may be certain he is sure of his man.

We had about a hundred persons on board, and I could see no one who seemed to notice or enjoy the lovely scenery we were passing through. I made the remark to my companion, who was an old stager in London fashion; fifty, but still a beau, and he was compelled to allow it, though piqued for the taste of his countrymen. A baronet with his wife and sister sat in the corner opposite us, and one lady slept on the other's shoulder, and neither saw a feature of the scenery except by an accidental glance in changing her position. Yet it was more beautiful than most things I have seen that are celebrated, and the ladies, as my friend said, looked like "nice persons."

I had taken up a book while we were passing the locks at the junction of Loch Ness and Loch Oich, and was reading aloud to my friend the interesting description of Flora Macdonald's heroic devotion to Prince Charles Edward. A very lady-like girl, who sat next me, turned around as I laid down the book, and informed me, with a look of

pleased pride, that the heroine was her grandmother. She was returning from the first visit she had ever made to the Isle (I think of Skye), of which the Macdonalds were the hereditary lords, and in which the fugitive prince was concealed. Her brother, an officer, just returned from India, had accompanied her on her pilgrimage, and as he sat on the other side of his sister he joined in the conversation, and entered into the details of Flora's history with great enthusiasm. The book belonged to the boat, and my friend had brought it from below. The coincidence was certainly singular.

We had decided to leave the steamer at Fort William, and cross through the heart of Scotland to Loch Lomond. My companion was very fond of London hours, and slept late, knowing that the cart—the only conveyance to be had in that country—would wait our time. I was lounging about the inn, and amusing myself with listening to the Gaelic spoken by everybody who belonged to the place, when the pleasant family with whom we had passed the evening, drove out of the yard (having brought their horses down in the boat), intending to proceed by land to Glasgow. We renewed our adieus, on my part, with the sincerest regret, and I strolled down the road and watched them till they were out of sight, feeling that (selfish world as it is) there are some things that *look* at least like impulse and kindness—so like, that I can make out of them a very passable happiness.

We mounted our cart at eleven o'clock, and with a bright sun; a clear, vital air; a handsome and good-humoured callant for a driver, and the most renowned of Scottish scenery before us, the day looked very auspicious. I could not help smiling at the appearance of my fashionable friend, sitting with his well-poised hat and nicely adjusted curls, upon the springless cross-board of a most undisguised and unscrupulous market-cart, yet in the highest good humour with himself and the world. The boy sat on the shafts, and talked Gaelic to his horse; the mountains and the lake, spread out before us, looked as if human eye had never profaned their solitary beauty, and

I enjoyed it all the more, perhaps, that our conversation was of London and its delights; and the racy scandal of the distinguished people of that great Babel amused me in the midst of that which is most unlike it—pure and lovely nature. Everything is seen so much better by contrast!

We crossed the head of Loch Linnhe, and kept down its eastern bank, skirting the water by a winding road directly under the wall of the mountains. We were to dine at Ballachulish, and just before reaching it we passed the opening of a glen on the opposite side of the lake, in which lay, in a green paradise shut in by the loftiest rocks, one of the most enviable habitations I have ever seen. I found on inquiry that it was the house of a Highland chief, to whom Lord Dalhousie had kindly given me a letter, but my lameness and the presence of my companion induced me to abandon the visit; and, hailing a fishing boat, I despatched my letters, which were sealed, across the loch, and we kept on to the inn. We dined here; and I just mention, for the information of scenery hunters, that the mountain opposite Ballachulish sweeps down to the lake with a curve which is even more exquisitely graceful than that of Vesuvius in its far-famed descent to Portici. That same inn of Ballachulish, by the way, stands in the midst of a scene, altogether, that does not pass easily from the memory—a lonely and sweet spot that would recur to one in a moment of violent love or hate, when the heart shrinks from the intercourse and observation of men.

We found the travellers' book, at the inn, full of records of admiration, expressed in all degrees of doggerel. People on the road write very bad poetry. I found the names of one or two Americans, whom I knew, and it was a pleasure to feel that my enjoyment would be sympathized in. Our host had been a nobleman's travelling valet, and he amused us with his descriptions of our friends, everyone of whom he perfectly remembered. He had learned to use his eyes, at least, and made very shrewd guesses at the condition and tempers of his visitors. His life, in that lonely inn, must be in sufficient contrast with his former vocation.

We had jolted sixteen miles behind our Highland horse,

but he came out fresh for the remaining twenty of our day's journey, and with cushions of dried and fragrant fern, gathered and put in by our considerate landlord, we crossed the ferry and turned eastward into the far-famed and much boasted valley of Glencoe.

LETTER XXVII

THE HIGHLANDS

Inverarnan—Tarbet—Cockney Tourists—Loch Lomond—Inversnaid—Rob Roy's Cave—Discomfiture—The Birthplace of Helen MacGregor.

Oct. 1834.

WE PASSED THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY NEAR TYNDRUM, where M'Dougal of Lorn defeated the Bruce, and were half-way up the wild pass that makes its southern outlet, when our Highland driver, with a shout of delight, pointed out to us a red deer, standing on the very summit of the highest mountain above us. It was an incredible distance to see any living thing, but he stood clear against the sky, in a relief as strong as if he had been suspended in the air, and with his head up, and his chest towards us, seemed the true monarch of the wild.

At Inverarnan, Donald M'Phee begged for the discharge of himself and his horse and cart from our service. He had come with us eighty miles, and was afraid to venture farther on his travels, having never before been twenty miles from the Highland village where he lived. It was amusing to see the curiosity with which he looked about him, and the caution with which he suffered the hostler at the inn to take the black mare out of his sight. The responsibility of the horse and cart weighed heavily on his mind, and he expressed his hope "to get ta beast back safe," with an apprehensive resolution that would have become a knight-errant guiding himself for his most peril-

ous encounter. Poor Donald! how little he knew how wide is the world, and how very like one part of it is to another!

Our host of Inverarnan supplied us with another cart to take us down to Tarbet, and having dined, with a waterfall looking in at each of our two opposite windows (the inn stands in a valley between two mountains), we were committed to the care of his eldest boy, and jolted off for the head of Loch Lomond.

I have never happened to see a traveller who had seen Loch Lomond in perfectly good weather. My companion had been there every summer for several years, and believed it always rained under Ben Lomond. As we came in sight of the lake, however, the water looked like one sheet of gold-leaf, trembling as if by the motion of fish below, but unruffled by wind; and if paradise were made so fair, and had such waters in its midst, I could better conceive, than before, the unhappiness of Adam when driven forth. The sun was just setting, and the road descended immediately to the shore, and kept along under precipitous rocks, and slopes of alternate cultivation and heather, to the place of our destination. And a lovely place it is! Send me to Tarbet when I would retreat from the world! It is an inn buried in a grove at the foot of the hills, and set in a bend of the lake shore, like a diamond upon an "orbed brow"; and the light in its kitchen, as we approached in the twilight, was as interesting as a ray of the "first water" from the same. We had now reached the route of the cockney tourists; and while we perceived it agreeably in the excellence of the hotel, we perceived it disagreeably in the price of the wines, and the presence of what my friend called "unmitigated vulgarians" in the coffee-room. That is the worst of England. The people are vulgar, but not vulgar enough. One dances with the lazzaroni at Naples, when he would scarce think of handing the newspaper to the "person" on a tour at Tarbet.

Well—it was moonlight. The wind was south and affectionate, and the road in front of the hotel "flecked with silver"; and my friend's wife, and the corresponding object of interest to myself, being on the other side of Ben

Lomond and the Tweed, we had nothing for it after supper but to walk up and down with one another, and talk of the past. In the course of our ramble, we walked through an open gate, and, ascending a gravel-walk, found a beautiful cottage, built between two mountain streams, and ornamented with every device of taste and contrivance. The mild pure torrents were led over falls, and brought to the thresholds of bowers; and seats and bridges and winding-paths were distributed up the steep channels, in a way that might make it a haunt for Titania. It is the property, we found afterwards, of a Scotch gentleman, and a great summer-retreat of the celebrated Jeffery, his friend. It was one more place to which my heart clung in parting.

Loch Lomond still sat for its picture in the morning, and, after an early breakfast, we took a row-boat, with a couple of Highlanders, for Inversnaid, and pulled across the lake with a kind of drowsy delightfulness in the scene and air which I have never before found out of Italy. We overshot our destination a little to look into Rob Roy's Cave, a dark den in the face of the rock, which has the look of his vocation; and then, pulling back along the shore, we were landed, in the spray of a waterfall, at a cottage occupied by the boatmen of this Highland ferry. From this point across to Loch Katrine, is some five miles, and the scene of Scott's novel of *Rob Roy*. It has been "done" so often by tourists, that I leave all particular description of the localities and scenery to the well-hammered remembrance of readers of magazines, and confine myself to my own private adventures.

The distance between the lakes is usually performed by ladies on donkeys, and by gentlemen on foot; but being myself rather tender-toed with the gout, my companion started off alone and I lay down on the grass at Inversnaid to wait the return of the long-eared troop, who were gone across with an earlier party. The waterfall and the cottage just above the edge of the lake; a sharp hill behind, closely wooded with birch and fir, and, on a green sward platform in the rear of the house, two Highland lassies and a

laddie, treading down a stack of new hay, were not bad circumstances in which to be left alone with the witcheries of the great enchanter.

I must narrate here an adventure in which my own part was rather a discomfiture, but which will show somewhat the manners of the people. My companion had been gone half an hour, and I was lying at the foot of a tree, listening to the waterfall and looking off on the lake, and watching, by fits, the lads and lassies I have spoken of, who were building a haystack between them, and chattering away most unceasingly in Gaelic. The eldest of the girls was a tall, ill-favoured damsel, merry as an Oread, but as ugly as Donald Bean; and, after a while, I began to suspect by the looks of the boy below, that I had furnished her with a new theme. She addressed some remark to me presently, and a skirmish of banter ensued, which ended in a challenge to me to climb up on the stack. It was about ten feet high, and shelving outward from the bottom, and my Armida had drawn up the ladder. The stack was built, however, under a high tree, and I was soon up the trunk, and, swinging off from a long branch, dropped into the middle of the stack. In the same instant, I was raised in a grasp to which I could offer no resistance, and, with a fling to which I should have believed few men equal, thrown clear off the stack to the ground. I alighted on my back, with a fall of, perhaps, twelve feet, and felt seriously hurt. The next moment, however, my gentle friend had me in her arms (I am six feet high in my stockings), and I was carried into the cottage, and laid on a flock-bed, before I could well decide whether my back was broken or no. Whisky was applied externally and internally; and the old crone, who was the only inhabitant of the hovel, commenced a lecture in Gaelic, as I stood once more sound upon my legs, which seemed to take effect upon the penitent, though her victim was no wiser for it. I took the opportunity to look at the frame which had proved itself of such vigorous power! but, except arms of extraordinary length, she was like any other equally ugly, middle-sized woman. In the remaining half-hour, before the donkeys

arrived, we became the best of friends, and she set me off for Loch Katrine, with a caution to the ass-driver to take care of me, which that sandy-haired Highlander took as an excellent joke. And no wonder!

The long mountain-glen between these two lakes was the home of Rob Roy, and the Highlanders point out various localities, all commemorated in Scott's incomparable story. The house where Helen MacGregor was born lies a stone's throw off the road to the left, and Rob's gun is shown by an old woman who lives near by. He must have been rich in arms by the same token; for, beside the well-authenticated one at Abbotsford, I have seen some dozen guns, and twice as many daggers and shot-pouches, which lay claim to the same honour. I paid my shilling to the old woman not the less. She owed it to the pleasure I had received from Sir Walter's novel.

The view of Loch Lomond back from the highest point of the pass is incomparably fine; at least when I saw it; for sunshine and temperature, and the effect of the light vapours on the hills, were at their loveliest and most favourable. It looks more like the haunt of a robber and his caterans, probably, in its more common garb of Scotch mist; but, to my eye, it was a scene of the most Arcadian peace and serenity. I dawdled along the five miles upon my donkey, with something of an ache in my back, but a very healthful and sunny freedom from pain and impatience at my heart. And so did *not* Bailie Nicol Jarvie make the same memorable journey.

LETTER XXVIII

Highland Hut, its Furniture and Inmates—Highland Amusement and Dinner—*Rob Roy*, and Scenery of the *Lady of the Lake*.

Oct. 1834.

THE COTTAGE-INN AT THE HEAD OF LOCH KATRINE WAS tenanted by a woman who might have been a horse-

guardsman in petticoats, and who kept her smiles for other cattle than the Sassenach. We bought her whisky and milk, praised her butter, and were civil to the little Highlandman at her breast; but neither mother nor child were to be mollified. The rocks were bare around: we were too tired for a pull in the boat, and three mortal hours lay between us and the nearest event in our history. I first penetrated, in the absence of our Hecate, to the inner room of the shieling. On the wall hung a broadsword, two guns, a trophy or two of deers' horns, and a Sunday suit of plaid, philibeg and short red coat, surmounted by a gallant bonnet and feather. Four cribs, like the berths in a ship, occupied the farther side of the chamber, each large enough to contain two persons; a snow-white table stood between the windows; a sixpenny glass, with an eagle's feather stuck in the frame, hung at such a height that, "though tall of my hands," I could just see my nose; and just under the ceiling on the left was a broad and capacious shelf, on which reposed apparently the old clothes of a century—a sort of place where the gude-wife would have hidden Prince Charlie, or might rummage for her grandmother's baby-linen.

The heavy steps of the dame came over the threshold, and I began to doubt, from the look in her eyes, whether I should get a blow of her hairy arm or a "persuader" from the butt of a gun for my intrusion.

"What are ye wantin' here?" she *speered* at me, with a Helen MacGregor-to-Bailie-Nicol-Jarvie-sort-of-an-expression.

"I was looking for a potato to roast, my good woman."

"Is that a'? Ye'll find it ayont, then"; and, pointing to a bag in the corner, she stood while I subtracted the largest, and then followed me to the general kitchen and receiving-room, where I buried my *improvista* dinner in the remains of the peat fire, and congratulated myself on my ready apology.

What to do while the potato was roasting! My English friend had already cleaned his gun for amusement, and I

had looked on. We had stoned the pony till he had got beyond us in the morass (small thanks to us, if the dame knew it). We had tried to make a chicken swim ashore from the boat; we had fired away all my friend's percussion-caps, and there was nothing for it but to converse *à rigueur*. We lay on our backs till the dame brought us the hot potato on a shovel, with oat-cake and butter, and, with this Highland dinner, the last hour came decently to its death.

An Englishman, with his wife and lady's-maid, came over the hills with a boat's crew; and a lassie who was not very pretty, but who lived on the lake and had found the means to get "Captain Rob" and his men pretty well under her thumb. We were all embarked, the lassie in the stern-sheets with the captain; and ourselves, though we "paid the Scot," of no more consideration than our portmanteaus. I was amused, for it was the first instance I had seen in any country (my own not excepted), of thorough emancipation from the distinction of superiors and inferiors. Luckily the girl was bent on showing the captain to advantage, and by ingenious prompting and catechism she induced him to do what probably was his custom when he could not better amuse himself—point out the localities as the boat sped on, and quote the "Lady of the Lake," with an accent which made it a piece of good fortune to have "crammed" the poem beforehand.

The shores of the lake are flat and uninteresting at the head, but, towards the scene of Scott's romance, they rise into bold precipices, and gradually become worthy of their celebrity. The Trosachs are a cluster of small, green mountains, strewn, or rather piled, with shrubs of mossy verdure, and from a distance you would think only a bird, or Ranauld of the Mist, could penetrate their labyrinthine recesses. Captain Rob showed us successively the Braes of Balquidder, Rob Roy's birth and burial place, Benledi, and the crag from which hung, by the well-woven skirts of "braidclaith," the worthy bailie of Glasgow; and, beneath a precipice of remarkable wildness, the half-

intoxicated steersman raised his arm and began to repeat, in the most unmitigated gutturals:

High *ower* the south huge Benvenue
Down *to* the lake *his* masses threw,
Craggs, knowls *and* mounds *confusedly* hurl'd
The fragments of an earlier *wurrulld!*

I have underlined it according to the captain's judicious emphasis, and in the last word have endeavoured to spell after his remarkable pronunciation. Probably to a Frenchman, however, it would have seemed all very fine—for Captain Rob (I must do him justice, though he broke the strap of my portmanteau) was as good-looking a ruffian as you would sketch on a summer's tour.

Some of the loveliest water I have ever seen in my life (and I am rather an amateur of that element—to look at), lies deep down at the basis of the divine Trosachs. The usual approaches from lake to mountain (beach or sloping shore) are here dispensed with; and, straight up from the deep water, rise the green precipices and bold and ragged rocks, overshadowing the glassy mirror below, with tints like a cool corner in a landscape of Ruysdael's. It is something—(indeed, on a second thought, exceedingly) like Lake George; only that the islands in this extremity of Loch Katrine lie closer together, and permit the sun no entrance except by a ray almost perpendicular. A painter will easily understand the effect of this—the loss of all that *makes a surface* to the water, and the consequent far depth to the eye, as if the boat in which you shot over it, brought with it its own water and sent its ripple through the transparent air. I write *currente calamo*, and have no time to clear up my meaning, but it will be evident to all lovers of nature.

Captain Rob put up his helm for a little fairy green island, lying like a lapful of moss on the water, and, rounding a point, we ran suddenly into a cove sheltered by a tree, and in a moment the boat grated on the pebbles of a natural beach, perhaps ten feet in length. A flight of winding steps made roughly of roots and stones, ascended from the water's edge.

"Gentlemen and Ladies!" said the captain, with a hiccup, "this is Ellen's Isle. This is the gnarled oak" (catching at a branch of the tree as the boat swung astern), "and — you'll please to go up *them* steps, and I'll tell ye the rest in Ellen's bower."

The Highland lassie sprang on shore, and we followed up the steep ascent, arriving breathless at last at the door of a fanciful bower, built by Lord Willoughby D'Eresby (the owner of the island), exactly after the description in the "Lady of the Lake." The chairs were made of crooked branches of trees and covered with deer-skins, the tables were laden with armour and every variety of weapon, and the rough beams of the building were hung with antlers and other spoils of the chase.

"Here's whaur she lived!" said the captain, with the gravity of a cicerone at the Forum, "and noo, if ye'll come out, I'll *show* you the echo."

We followed to the highest point of the island, and the Highlandman gave a scream that showed considerable practice, but I thought he would have burst his throat in the effort. The awful echo went round, "as mentioned in the bill of performance," every separate mountain screaming back the discord till you would have thought the Trosachs a crew of mocking giants. It was a wonderful echo, but, like most wonders, I could have been content to have had less for my money.

There was a "small silver beach" on the mainland opposite, and above it a high mass of mountain.

"There," said the captain, "gentlemen and ladies, is whaur Fitz-James *blow'd* his bugle, and waited for the 'light shallop' of Ellen Douglas; and here, where you landed and came up *them* steps, is where she brought him to the bower, and the very tree's still there (as you see'd me tak' hold o' it) and ower the hill, yonder, is where the 'gallant gray' *giv'* out and breath'd his last, and (will you turn round, if you please, them that likes) yonder's where Fitz-James met Red Murdoch that killed Blaunche of Devon, and right across this water *swum* young Graeme that disdained the regular boat, and I s'pose on that lower

step *set* the ould harper and Ellen mony a time a-watching for Douglas; and now if you'd like to hear the echo ance mair—"

"Heaven forbid!" was the universal cry; and in fear of our ears, we put the bower between us and Captain Rob's lungs, and followed the Highland girl back to the boat.

From Ellen's Isle to the head of the small creek, so beautifully described in the "Lady of the Lake," the scenery has the same air of lavish and graceful vegetation, and the same features of mingled boldness and beauty. It was a spot altogether that one is sure to live much in with memory. I see it as clearly now as then.

The whisky had circulated pretty freely among the crew, and all were more or less intoxicated. Captain Rob's first feat on his legs was to drop my friend's gun-case and break it to pieces, for which he instantly got a cuff between the eyes from the boxing dandy, that would have done the business for a softer head. The Scot was a powerful fellow, and I anticipated a row; but the tremendous power of the blow, and the skill with which it was planted, quite subdued him. He rose from the grass as white as a sheet, but quietly shouldered the portmanteau with which he had fallen, and trudged on with sobered steps to the inn.

We took a post-chaise immediately for Callender, and it was not till we were five miles from the foot of the lake that I lost my apprehensions of an apparition of the Highlander from the darkening woods. We arrived at Callender at nine, and the next morning at sunrise were on our way to breakfast at Stirling.

LETTER XXIX

STIRLING

Scottish Stages—Thoroughbred Setter—Scenery—Female Peasantry
—Mary Queen of Scots—Stirling Castle.

Oct. 1834.

THE LAKES OF SCOTLAND ARE WITHOUT THE LIMITS OF stage-coach and post-horse civilization, and to arrive at these pleasant conveniences is to be consoled for the corresponding change in the character of the scenery. From Callender there is a coach to Stirling, and it was on the top of the "Highlander" (a brilliant red coach, with a picture of Rob Roy on the panels), that, with my friend and his dog, I was on the road, bright and early, for the banks of the Teith. I have scarce done justice, by the way, to my last-mentioned companion (a superb, thoroughbred setter, who answered to the derogatory appellation of "Flirt,") for he had accompanied me in most of my wanderings for a couple of months, and his society had been preferred to that of many a reasoning animal on the road, in the frequent dearth of amusement. Flirt's pedigree had been taken on trust by my friend, the dog-fancier, of whom he was bought, only knowing that he came of a famous race, belonging to a gentleman living somewhere between Stirling and Callender; and to determine his birthplace and get another of the same breed, was a greater object with his master than to see all the lakes and mountains of Caledonia. Poor Flirt was elevated to the highest seat on the coach, little aware that his reputation for birth and breeding depended on his recognizing the scenes of his puppyhood—for if his former master had told truly, these were the fields where his young ideas had been taught a dog's share in shooting, and his unconscious tail and ears were now under watchful *surveillance* for a betrayal of his presumed reminiscences.

The coach rolled on over the dew-damp road, crossing continually those bright and sparkling rivulets which glad-

den the favoured neighbourhood of mountains; and the fields and farm-houses took gradually the look of thrift and care, which indicates an approach to a thickly-settled country. The castle of Doune, a lovely hunting-seat of the Queen of Scots, appeared in the distance, with its grey towers half buried in trees, when Flirt began to look before and behind, and take less notice of the shabby gentleman on his left, who, from sharing with him a volant breakfast of bread and bacon, had hitherto received the most of his attention. We kept on at a pretty pace, and Flirt's tail shifted sides once or twice with a very decided whisk, and his intelligent head gradually grew more erect upon his neck of white-and-tan. It was evident he had travelled the road before. Still on, and as the pellucid Teith began to reflect in her eddying mirror the towers of castle Doune—a scene worthy of its tender and chivalrous associations—a suppressed whine and a fixed look over the fields to the right, satisfied us that the soul of the setter was stirring with the recognition of the past. The coach was stopped and Flirt loosed from his chain, and, with a promise to join me at Stirling at dinner, my friend “hied away” the delighted dog over the hedge, and followed himself on foot, to visit, by canine guidance, the birthplace of this accomplished family. It was quite beautiful to see the fine creature beat the field over and over in his impatience, returning to his slower-footed master, as if to hurry him onward, and leaping about him with an extravagance eloquent of such unusual joy. I lost sight of them by a turning in the road, and reverted for consolation to that loveliest river, on whose green bank I could have lain (had I breakfasted) and dreamed till the sunset, of the unfortunate queen, for whose soft eyes and loving heart it perhaps flowed no more brightly in the days of Rizzio, than now for mine and those of the early marketers to Stirling.

The road was thronged with carts, and peasants in their best attire. The gentleman who had provided against the enemy with a brown paper of bread and bacon, informed me that it was market day. A very great proportion of

the country people were women and girls, walking all of them barefoot, but with shoes in their hands, and gowns and bonnets that would have eclipsed in finery the bevy of noble ladies at Gordon Castle. Leghorn straw hats and dresses of silk, with ribands of any quantity and brilliancy, were the commonest articles. Feet excepted, however (for they had no triflers of pedestals, and stumped along the road with a sovereign independence of pools and pebbles), they were a wholesome-looking and rather pretty class of females; and, with the exception of here and there a prim lassie, who dropped her dress over her feet while the coach passed, and hid her shoes under her handkerchief, they seemed perfectly satisfied with their own mode of conveyance, and gave us a smile in passing, which said very distinctly, "you'll be there before us, but it's only seven miles, and we'll foot it in time." How various are the joys of life! I went on with the coach, wondering whether I ever could be reduced to find pleasure in walking ten miles barefoot to a fair—and back again!

I thought again of Mary, as the turrets of the proud castle where she was crowned became more distinct in the approach—but it is difficult in entering a crowded town, with a real breakfast in prospect and live Scotchmen about me, to remember with any continuous enthusiasm even the most brilliant events of history.

Can history cut my hay or get my corn in?
Or can philosophy vend it in the market?

says somebody in the play, and with a similar thought I looked up at the lofty towers of the home of Scotland's kings, as the "Highlander" bowled round its rocky base to the inn. The landlord appeared with his white apron, "boots" with his ladder, the coachman and guard with their hints to your memory; and having ordered breakfast of the first, descended the "convenience" of the second, and received a tip of the hat for a shilling to the remaining two, I was at liberty to walk upstairs and while away a melancholy half-hour in humming such charitable stanzas as would come uncalled to my aid.

Oh for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig and coney!
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

So sang the servant of Diogenes, with an exceptionable morality, which, nevertheless, it is difficult to get out of one's head at Stirling, if one has not already breakfasted.

* * * * *

I limped up the long street leading to the castle, stopping on the way to look at a group of natives who were gaping at an advertisement just stuck to the wall, offering to take emigrants to New York on terms "ridiculously trifling." Remembering the "bannocks o' barley meal" I had eaten for breakfast, the haddocks and marmalade, the cold grouse and porridge, I longed to pull Sawney by the coat and tell him he was just as well where he was. Yet the temptation of the Greenock trader, "cheap and nasty" though it were, was not uninviting to me!

I was met on the drawbridge of the castle by a trim corporal, who offered to show me the lions for a "consideration." I put myself under his guidance and he took me to Queen Mary's apartments, used at present for a mess-room, to the chamber where Earl Douglas was murdered, etc., in particulars which are accurately treated of in the guide-books. The pipers were playing in the court, and a company or two of a Highland regiment, in their tartans and feathers, were under parade. This was attractive metal to me, and I sat down on a parapet, where I soon struck up a friendship with a curly-headed varlet, some four years old, who shouldered my stick without the ceremony of "by-your-leave," and commenced the drill upon an unwashed regiment of his equals in a sunshiny corner below. It was delightful to see their gravity and the military air with which they cocked their bonnets and stuck out their little round stomachs at the word of command. My little Captain Cockchafer returned my stick like a knight of honour, and familiarly climbed upon my knee to repose after his campaign, very much to the surprise of his

mother, who was hanging out to dry, what looked like his father's inexpressibles, from a window above, and who came down and apologized in the most unmitigated Scotch for the liberty the "babby" had taken with "his honour." For the child of a camp-follower, it was a gallant boy, and I remember him better than the drill-sergeant or the piper.

On the north side of Stirling Castle the view is bounded by the Grampians and laced by the winding Teith; and just under the battlements lies a green hollow, called the "King's Knot," where the gay tournaments were held, and the "Ladies' Hill," where sat the gay and lovely spectators of the chivalry of Scotland. Heading Hill is near it, where James executed Albany and his sons, and the scenes and events of history and poetry are thickly sown at your feet. Once recapitulated, however—the Bruce and the Douglas, Mary and the "Gudeman of Ballengiech," once honoured in memory—the surpassing beauty of the prospect from Stirling towers engross the fancy and fill the eye. It was a day of predominant sunshine, with here and there the shadow of a cloud darkening a field of stubble or a bend of the river, and I wandered round from bastion to bastion, never sated with gazing, and returning continually to the points from which the corporal had hurried me on. There lay the Forth—here Bannockburn and Falkirk, and all bathed and flooded with beauty. Let him who thinks the earth ill-looking peep at it through the embrasures of Stirling Castle.

My friend, the corporal, got but sixteen pence a day, and had a wife and children; but much as I should dislike all three as disconnected items, I envied him his lot altogether. A garrison life at Stirling, and plenty of leisure, would reconcile one almost to wife and children and a couple of pistareens *per diem*.

LETTER XXX

Scotch Scenery—A Race—Cheapness of Lodgings in Edinburgh—
 Abbotsford—Scott—Lord Dalhousie—Thomas Moore—Jane
 Porter—The Grave of Scott.

Oct. 1834.

I WAS DELIGHTED TO FIND STIRLING RATHER WORSE THAN Albany in the matter of steamers. I had a running fight for my portmanteau and carpet-bag from the hotel to the pier, and was at last embarked in entirely the wrong boat, by sheer force of pulling and lying. They could scarce have put me in a greater rage between Cruttenden's and the Overslaugh.

The two rival steamers, the *Victory* and the *Ben Lomond*, got under weigh together; the former, in which I was a compulsory passenger, having a flageolet and a bass-drum by way of a band, and the other a dozen lusty performers and most of the company. The river was very narrow and the tide down, and though the other was the better boat, we had the bolder pilot and were lighter laden and twice as desperate. I found my own spunk stirred irresistibly after the first mile. We were contending against odds, and there was something in it that touched my Americanism nearly. We had three small boys mounted on the box over the wheel, who cheered and waved their hats at our momentary advantages; but the channel was full of windings, and if we gained on the larboard tack we lost on the starboard. Whenever we were quite abreast, and the wheels touched with the narrowness of the river, we marched our flageolet and bass-drum close to the enemy and gave them a blast "to wake the dead," taking occasion, during our moments of defeat, to recover breath and ply the principal musician with beer and encouragement. It was a scene for Cooper to describe. The two pilots stood broad on their legs, every muscle on the alert; and though *Ben Lomond* wore the cleaner jacket, *Victory* had the "varminter" look. You would have bet on *Victory* to have seen the man. He was that wickedest of all wicked-

looking things, a wicked Scotchman—a sort of saint-turned-sinner. The expression of early good principles was glazed over with drink and recklessness, like a scene from the *Inferno* painted over a Madonna of Raphael's. It was written in his face that he was a transgressor against knowledge. We were, perhaps, a half-dozen passengers, exclusive of the boys, and we rallied round our Bardolph-nosed hero and applauded his skilful manœuvres; sun, steam, and excitement together producing a temperature on deck that left nothing to dread from the boiler. As we approached a sharp bend in the course of the stream, I perceived, by the countenance of our pilot, that it was to be a critical moment. The *Ben Lomond* was a little ahead, but we had the advantage of the inside of the course, and very soon, with the commencement of the curve, we gained sensibly on the enemy, and I saw clearly that we should cut her off by a half-boat's length. The three boys on the wheel began to shout, the flageolet made all split again with "the Campbells are comin'," the bass-drum was never so belaboured, and "up with your helm!" cried every voice, as we came at the rate of twelve miles in the hour sharp on to the angle of mud and bulrushes, and, to our utter surprise, the pilot jammed down his tiller, and ran the battered nose of the *Victory* plump in upon the enemy's forward quarter! The next moment we were going it like mad down the middle of the river, and far astern stuck the *Ben Lomond* in the mud, her paddles driving her deeper at every stroke, her music hushed, and the crowd on her deck standing speechless with amazement. The flageolet and bass-drum marched aft and played louder than ever, and we were soon in the open Firth, getting on merrily, but without competition, to the sleeping isle of Inchkeith. Lucky *Victory*! luckier pilot! to have found an historian! How many a red-nosed Palinurus—how many a bass-drum and flageolet have done their duty as well, yet achieved no immortality!

I was glad to see "Auld Reekie" again, though the influx of strangers to the "Scientific Meeting" had overrun every hotel, and I was an hour or two without a home.

I lit at last upon a good old Scotchwoman who had "a flat" to herself, and who, for the sum of one shilling and sixpence *per diem*, proposed to transfer her only boarder from his bed to a sofa as long as I should wish to stay. I made a humane remonstrance against the inconvenience to her friend. "It's only a Jew," she said, "and they're no difficult, puir bodies!" The Hebrew came in while we were debating the point—a smirking gentleman, with very elaborated whiskers, much better dressed than the proposed usurper of his sanctum—and without the slightest hesitation professed, that nothing would give him so much pain as to stand in the way of his landlady's interest. So for eighteen pence (and I could not prevail on her to take another farthing) I had a Jew put to inconvenience, a bed, boots and clothes brushed, and Mrs. Mac—— to sit up for me till two in the morning—what the Jew himself would have called a "cheap article."

... * * * * *

I returned to my delightful headquarters at Dalhousie Castle on the following day, and, among many excursions in the neighbourhood during the ensuing week, accomplished a visit to Abbotsford. The most interesting of all spots has been so minutely and so often described, that a detailed account of it would be a mere repetition. Description, however, has anticipated nothing to the visitor. The home of Sir Walter Scott would possess an interest to thrill the heart, if it were as well painted to the eye of fancy as the homes of his own heroes.

It is a dreary country about Abbotsford, and the house itself looks from a distance like a small, low castle, buried in stunted trees, on the side of a long, sloping upland or moor. The river is between you and the chateau as you come down to Melrose from the north, and you see the grey towers opposite you from the road at the distance of a mile—the only habitable spot in an almost desolate waste of country. From the town of Melrose you approach Abbotsford by a long, green lane, and, from the height of the hedge, and the descending ground on which the house

is built, you would scarce suspect its vicinity till you enter a small gate on the right and find yourself in an avenue of young trees. This conducts you immediately to the door, and the first effect on me was that of a spacious castle seen through a reversed glass. In fact it is a kind of castle cottage—not larger than what is often called a cottage in England, yet to the minutest point and proportion a model of an ancient castle. The deception in the engravings of the place lies in the scale. It seems like a vast building as usually drawn.

One or two hounds were lounging round the door; but the only tenant of the place was a slovenly housemaid, whom we interrupted in the profane task of scrubbing the furniture in the library. I could have pitched her and her scrubbing-brushes out of the window with a good will. It really is a pity that this sacred place, with its thousand valuable and irreplaceable curiosities, should be so carelessly neglected. We were left to wander over the house and the museum as we liked. I could have brought away (and nothing is more common than this species of theft in England) twenty things from that rare collection, of which the value could scarce be estimated. The pistols and dagger of Rob Roy, and a hundred equally valuable and pocketable things, lay on the shelves unprotected, quite at the mercy of the ill-disposed, to say nothing of the merciless “cleanings” of the housemaid. The present Sir Walter Scott is a major of dragoons, with his regiment in Ireland, and the place is never occupied by the family. Why does not *Scotland* buy Abbotsford, and secure to herself, while it is still perfect, the home of her great magician, and the spot that to after ages would be, if preserved in its curious details, the most interesting in Great Britain?

After showing us the principal rooms, the woman opened a small closet adjoining the study, in which hung the last clothes that Sir Walter had worn. There was the broad-skirted blue coat with large buttons, the plaid trousers, the heavy shoes, the broad-rimmed hat and stout walking-stick—the dress in which he rambled about in the morning, and which he laid off when he took to his bed

in his last illness. She took down the coat and gave it a shake and a wipe of the collar, as if he were waiting to put it on again!

It was encroaching somewhat on the province of Touchstone and Wamba to moralize on a suit of clothes—but I am convinced that I got from them a better idea of Scott, as he was in his familiar hours, than any man can have who has seen neither him or them. There was a *character* in the hat and shoes. The coat was an honest and hearty coat. The stout, rough walking-stick seemed as if it could have belonged to no other man. I appeal to my kind friends and fellow-travellers who were there three days before me (I saw their names on the book), if the same impression was not made on them.

I asked for the room in which Sir Walter died. She showed it to me, and the place where the bed had stood, which was now removed. I was curious to see the wall or the picture over which his last looks must have passed. Directly opposite the foot of the bed hung a remarkable picture—the head of Mary Queen of Scots in a dish, taken after her execution. The features were composed and beautiful. On either side of it hung spirited drawings from the *Tales of a Grandfather*—one very clever sketch, representing the wife of a border-knight serving up her husband's spurs for dinner, to remind him of the poverty of the larder and the necessity of a foray. On the left side of the bed was a broad window to the west—the entrance of the last light to his eyes—and from hence had sped the greatest spirit that has walked the world since Shakespeare. It almost makes the heart stand still to be silent and alone on such a spot!

What an interest there is in the trees of Abbotsford—planted everyone by the same hand that waved its wand of enchantment over the world! One walks among them as if they had thoughts and memories.

Everybody talks of Scott who has ever had the happiness of seeing him, and it is strange how interesting it is, even when there is no anecdote, and only the most commonplace interview is narrated. I have heard, since I have been

in England, hundreds of people describe their conversations with him, and never the dullest without a certain interest far beyond that of common topics. Some of these have been celebrated people, and there is the additional weight that they were honoured friends of Sir Walter's.

Lord Dalhousie told me that he was Scott's play-fellow at the High School of Edinburgh. There was a peculiar arrangement of the benches with a head and foot, so that the boys sat above or below, according to their success in recitation. It so happened that the warmest seat in the school, that next to the stove, was about two from the bottom, and this Scott, who was a very good scholar, contrived never to leave. He stuck to his seat from autumn to spring, never so deficient as to get down, and never choosing to answer rightly if the result was to go up. He was very lame, and seldom shared in the sports of the other boys, but was a prodigious favourite, and loved to sit in the sunshine, with a knot of boys round him telling stories. Lord Dalhousie's friendship with him was uninterrupted through life, and he invariably breakfasted at the castle on his way to and from Edinburgh.

I met Moore at a dinner-party not long since, and Scott was again (as at a previous dinner I have described) the subject of conversation. "He was the soul of honesty," said Moore. "When I was on a visit to him, we were coming up from Kelso at sunset, and as there was to be a fine moon, I quoted to him his own rule for seeing 'fair Melrose aright' and proposed to stay an hour and enjoy it. 'Bah!' said Scott, 'I never saw it by moonlight.' We went, however, and Scott, who seemed to be on the most familiar terms with the cicerone, pointed to an empty niche, and said to him, 'I think, by the way, that I have a Virgin and Child that will just do for your niche. I'll send it to you.'—'How happy you have made that man!' said I to him. 'Oh,' said Scott, 'it was always in the way, and Madame S. is constantly grudging it house-room. We're well rid of it.' "

"Any other man," said Moore, "would have allowed himself at least the credit of a kind action." I have had

the happiness since I have been in England of passing some weeks at a country-house where Miss Jane Porter was an honoured guest, and, among a thousand of the most delightful reminiscences that were ever treasured, she has told me a great deal of Scott, who visited at her mother's as a boy. She remembers him then as a good-humoured lad, but very fond of fun, who used to take her youngest sister (Anna Maria) and frighten her by holding her out of the window. Miss Porter had not seen him since that age; but, after the appearance of Guy Mannering, she heard that he was in London, and drove with a friend to his house. Not quite sure (as she modestly says) of being remembered, she sent in a note, saying, that if he remembered the Porters, whom he used to visit, Jane would like to see him. He came rushing to the door, and exclaimed, "*Remember you! Miss Porter!*" and threw his arms about her neck and burst into tears. After this he corresponded constantly with the family, and about the time of his first stroke of paralysis, when his mind and memory failed him, the mother of Miss Porter died, and Scott sent a letter of condolence. It began—"Dear Miss Porter"—but, as he went on, he forgot himself, and continued the letter as if addressed to her mother, ending it with—"And now, dear Mrs. Porter, farewell! and believe me yours for ever (as long as there is anything of me), 'WALTER SCOTT.'" Miss Porter bears testimony, like everyone else who knew him, to his greatheartedness no less than to his genius.

I am not sure that others like as well as myself these "nothings" about men of genius. I would rather hear the conversation between Scott and a peasant on the road, for example, than the most piquant anecdote of his brighter hours. I like a great mind in dishabille.

We returned by Melrose Abbey, of which I can say nothing new, and drove to Dryburgh to see the grave of Scott. He is buried in a rich old Gothic corner of a ruin—fittingly. He chose the spot, and he sleeps well. The sunshine is broken on his breast by a fretted and pinnacled window, overrun with ivy, and the small chapel in which

he lies is open to the air, and ornamented with the mouldering scutcheons of his race. There are few more beautiful ruins than Dryburgh Abbey, and Scott lies in its sunniest and most fanciful nook—a grave that seems divested of the usual horrors of a grave.

We were ascending the Gala-water at sunset, and supped at Dalhousie, after a day crowded with thought and feeling.

LETTER XXXI

Hawick—Road to Carlisle—Carlisle—Lancaster— — Hall.

Oct. 1834.

IF SCOTT HAD DONE NOTHING ELSE, HE WOULD HAVE deserved well of his country for giving an interest to the barren wastes by which it is separated from England. "A' the blue bonnets" must have had a melancholy march of it over the border. From Gala-water to Carlisle it might be anywhere a scene for the witches' meeting in Macbeth. We bowled away, at nearly twelve miles in the hour, however (which would unwind almost any "Serpent of care" from the heart), and if the road was not lined with witches and moss troopers, it was well macadamized. I got a treacherous supper at Hawick, where the Douglas pounced upon Sir Alexander Ramsay, and recovering my good humour at Carlisle, grew happier as the fields grew greener, and came down by Kendal and its green vallies, with the speed of an arrow, and the light-heartedness of its feather. How little the farmer thinks when he plants his hedges and sows his fields, that the passing wayfarer will anticipate the gleaners, and gather sunshine from his ripening harvest.

I was admiring the fine old Castle of Lancaster (now desecrated to the purposes of a county gaol), when our thirteen-mile-whip ran over a phaeton standing quietly in

the road, and spilt several women and children, as you may say, *en passant*. The coach must arrive, though it kill as many as Juggernaut, and John neither changed colour nor spoke word, but laid the silk over his leaders to make-up the backwater of the jar, and rattled away up the street with the guard blowing the French horn to the air of "Smile again my bonnie lassie." Nobody threw stones after us: the horses were changed in a minute and three quarters, and away we sped from the town of the "red rose." There was a cool, you-know-where-to-find-me sort of indifference in this adventure which is peculiarly English. I suppose if his leaders had changed suddenly into griffins, he would have touched them under the wing and kept his pace.

Bound on a visit to — Hall, in Lancashire. I left the coach at Preston. The landlady of the Red Lion became very suddenly anxious that I should not take cold when she found out the destination of her post-chaise. I arrived just after sunset at my friend's lodge—and, ordering the postilion to a walk, drove leisurely through the gathering twilight to the hall. It was a mile of winding road, through the peculiarly delicious scenery of an English park, the game visible in every direction, and the glades and woods disposed with that breadth and luxuriance of taste that make the country-houses of England, palaces in Arcadia. Anxious as I had been to meet my friend, whose hospitality I had before experienced in Italy, I was almost sorry when the closely-shaven sward and glancing lights informed me that my twilight drive was near its end.

An arrival in a strange house in England seems to a foreigner almost magical. The absence of all the bustle consequent on the same event abroad—the silence, respectfulness, and self-possession of the servants—the ease and expedition with which he is installed in a luxurious room, almost with his second breath under the roof—his portmanteau unstrapped, his toilet laid out, his dress-shoes and stockings at his feet, and the fire burning as if he had sat by it the whole day—it is like the golden facility of a dream. "Dinner at seven!" are the only words he has

heard, and he finds himself (some three minutes having elapsed since he was on the road) as much at home as if he had lived there all his life, and pouring the hot water into his wash-basin with the feeling that comfort and luxury in this country are very much matters of course.

The bell rings for dinner, and the newcomer finds his way to the drawing-room. He has not seen his host, perhaps, for a year; but his *entrée* is anything but a scene. A cordial shake of the hand, a simple inquiry after his health, while the different members of the family collect in the darkened room, and the preference of his arm by the lady of the house, to walk into dinner, are all that would remind him that he and his host had ever parted. The soup is criticized, the weather "resumed," as the French have it; gravity prevails, and the wine that he used to drink is brought him, without question, by the remembering butler. The stranger is an object of no more attention than any other person, except in the brief "glad to see you," and the accompanying just-perceptible nod with which the host drinks wine with him; and not even in the *abandon* of after-dinner conversation are the minutest reminiscences of the host and his friend sufficient to intrude on the indifferent portion of the company. The object is the general enjoyment, and you are not permitted to monopolize the sympathies of the house. You thus escape the aversion with which even a momentary favourite is looked upon in society, and in your turn you are not neglected, or bored with a sensation, on the arrival of another. In what other country is civilization carried to the same rational perfection?

I was under the hands of a physician during the week of my stay at — Hall, and only crept out with the lizards for a little sunshine at noon. There was shooting in the park for those who liked it, and fox-hunting in the neighbourhood for those who could follow; but I was content (upon compulsion) to be innocent of the blood of hares and partridges, and the ditches of Lancashire are innocent of mine. The well-stocked library, with its caressing chairs,

was a paradise of repose after travel, and the dinner, with its delightful society, sufficed for the day's event.

My host was himself very much of a cosmopolite; but his neighbours, one or two most respectable squires of the old school among them, had the usual characteristics of people who have passed their lives on one spot, and though gentlemanlike and good-humoured, were rather difficult to amuse. I found none of the uproariousness which distinguished the Squire Western of other times. The hale fox-hunter was in white cravat and black coat, and took wine and politics moderately, and his wife and daughters, though silent and impracticable, were well-dressed, and marked by that indefinable stamp of blood visible no less in the gentry than in the nobility of England.

I was delighted to encounter at my friend's table one or two of the old English peculiarities, gone out nearer the metropolis. Toasted cheese and spiced ale, "familiar creatures" in common life, were here served up with all the circumstance that attended them, when they were not disdained as the allowance of maids of honour. On the disappearance of the pastry, a massive silver dish, chased with the ornate elegance of ancient plate, holding coals beneath, and protected by a hinged cover, was set before the lady of the house. At the other extremity of the table stood a "peg tankard" of the same fashion, in the same massive metal, with two handles, and of an almost fabulous capacity. Cold cheese and port were at a discount. The celery, albeit both modish and popular, was neglected. The crested cover erected itself on its hinge, and displayed a flat surface covered thinly with blistering cheese, with a *soupçon* of brawn in its complexion, quivering and delicate, and of a most stimulating odour. A little was served to each guest, and commended as it deserved; and then the flagon's lid was lifted in its turn by the staid butler, and the master of the house drank first. It went around with the sun, not disdained by the ladies' lips in passing, and came to me, something lightened of its load. As a stranger I was advised of the law before lifting it to my head. Within, from the rim to the bottom, extended a

line of silver pegs, supposed to contain, in the depth from one to the other, a fair draught for each bibber. The flagon must not be taken from the lips, and the penalty of drinking deeper than the first peg below the surface was to drink to the second—a task for the Friar of Copmanhurst. As the visible measure was of course lost when the tankard was dipped, it required some practice or a cool judgment, not to exceed the draught. Raising it with my two hands, I measured the distance with my eye, and watching till the floating argosy of toast should swim beyond the reach of my nose. The spicy odour ascended gratefully to the brain. The cloves and cinnamon clung in a dark circle to the edges. I drank without drawing breath, and complacently passed the flagon. As the sea of ale settled to a calm, my next neighbour silently returned the tankard—I had exceeded the draught. There was a general cry of “drink! drink!” and, sounding my remaining capacity with the plummet of a long breath, I laid my hands once more on the vessel, and should have paid the penalty or perished in the attempt, but for the grace shown me as a foreigner, at the intercession of that sex distinguished for its mercy.

This adherence to the more hearty viands and customs of olden time, by the way, is an exponent of a feeling sustained with peculiar tenacity in that part of England. Cheshire and Lancashire are the stronghold of that race, peculiar to this country, the *gentry*. In these countries the peerage is no authority for gentle birth. A title unsupported by centuries of honourable descent is worse than nothing, and there is many a squire living in his immemorial “*Hall*,” who would not exchange his name and pedigree for the title of ninety-nine in a hundred of the nobility of England: here reigns *aristocracy*. Your Baron Rothschild, or your new-created Lord from the Bank or the Temple, might build palaces in Cheshire, and live years in the midst of its proud gentry, unvisited. They are the cold cheese, celery, and port, in comparison with the toasted cheese and spiced ale.

LETTER XXXII

Liverpool—American Importations—The Railway— — Hall.

Oct. 1834.

ENGLAND WOULD BE A MORE PLEASANT COUNTRY TO travel in, if one's feelings took root with less facility. In continental countries the local ties are those of the mind and the senses; in England they are those of the affections. One wanders from Italy to Greece, and from Athens to Ephesus, and returns and departs again; and, as he gets on ship-board, or mounts his horse or his camel, it is with a sigh over some picture or statue left behind—some temple or waterfall—perhaps some cask or vintage. He makes his last visit to the Fount of Egeria, or the Venus of the Tribune—to the Caryatides of the Parthenon or the Cascatelles of Tivoli—or pathetically calls for his last bottle of untransferable *lagrima Cristi*, or his last *côtelettes provençales*. He has "five hundred friends," like other people, and has made the usual continental intimacies; but his *valet de place* takes charge of his *adieux*—(distributes his "p. p. c.'s" for a penny each)—and he forgets and is forgotten of those he leaves behind, ere his passport is recorded at the gates. In all these countries it is only as a resident or a native that you are treated with kindness, or admitted to the *penetralia* of domestic life. You are a bird of passage, expected to contribute a feather for every nest, but welcomed to none. In England this same disqualification becomes a claim. The name of a stranger opens the private house, sets you the chair of honour, prepares your bed, and makes everything that can contribute to your comfort or pleasure temporarily your own: and when you take your departure, your host has informed himself of your route, and provided you with letters to his friends, and you may go through the country from end to end, and experience everywhere the same confiding and liberal hospitality. Every foreigner who has come well introduced to England knows how unexaggerated is this picture.

I was put upon the road again by my kind friend, and,

with a strong west wind coming off the Atlantic, drove along, within sound of the waves, on the road to Liverpool. It was a mild wind and came with a welcome, for it was freighted with the thoughts of home. Goëthe says we are never separated from our friends as long as the streams run down from them to us. Certain it is, that distance seems less that it is measured by waters and winds. America seemed near, with the ocean at my feet, and only its waste paths between. I sent my heart over (against wind and tide), with a blessing and a prayer.

There are good inns, I believe, at Liverpool; but the coach put me down at the dirtiest and worst specimen of a public-house that I have encountered in England. As I was to stay but a night, I overcame the prejudice of a first *coup-d'œil*, and made the best of a dinner in the coffee-room. It was crowded with people—principally merchants, I presumed; and the dinner-hour having barely passed, most of them were sitting over their wine and toddy at the small tables, discussing prices, or reading the newspapers. Near me were two young men, whose faces I thought familiar to me, and, with a second look, I resolved them into two of my countrymen, who, I found out presently by their conversation, were eating their first dinner in England. They were gentlemanlike young men, of good education, and I pleased myself with looking about and imagining the comparison they would draw, with their own country fresh in their recollection, between it and this. I could not help feeling how erroneous, in this case, would be a first impression. The gloomy coffee-room, the hurried and uncivil waiters, the atrocious cookery, the bad air, greasy tables, filthy carpet, and unsocial company—and this one of the most popular and crowded inns of the first commercial town in England! My neighbours themselves, too, afforded me some little speculation. They were a fair specimen of the young men of our country, and after several years' exclusive conversance with other nations, I was curious to compare an untravelled American with the Europeans around me. I was struck with the exceeding *ambitiousness* of their style of conversation. Dr. Pangloss

himself would have given them a degree. They called nothing by its week-day name, and avoided with singular pertinacity exactly that upon which the modern English are as pertinaciously bent—a concise homeliness of phraseology. They were dressed much better than the people about them, (who were apparently in the same sphere of life) and had, on the whole, a superior air—owing possibly to the custom prevalent in America, of giving young men a university education before they enter into trade. Like myself, too, they had not yet learned the English accomplishment of total unconsciousness of the presence of others. When not conversing they did not study profoundly the grain of the mahogany, nor gaze with solemn earnestness into the bottom of their wine-glasses, nor peruse with the absorbed fixedness of Belshazzar, the figures on the wall. They looked about them with undisguised curiosity, ordered a great deal more wine than they wanted (*very American that!*), and were totally without the self-complacënt, self-amused, sober-felicity air which John Bull assumes after his cheese in a coffee-room.

I did not introduce myself to my countrymen, for an American is the last person in the world with whom one should depart from the ordinary rules of society. Having no fixed rank, either in their own or a foreign country, they construe all uncommon civility into either a freedom, or a desire to patronize, and the last is the unpardonable sin. They called, after a while, for a “mint julep” (unknown in England), for slippers (rather an unusual call also—gentlemen usually wearing their own), and seemed very much surprised, on asking for candles, at being ushered to bed by the chambermaid.

I passed the next morning in walking about Liverpool. It is singularly like New York in its general air, and quite like it in the character of its population. I presume I must have met many of my countrymen, for there were some who passed me in the street, whom I could have sworn to. In a walk to the American consul’s (to whose polite kindness I, as well as all my compatriots, have been very much indebted), I was lucky enough to see a New York packet

drive into the harbour under full sail—as gallant a sight as you would wish to see. It was blowing rather stiffly, and she ran up to her anchorage like a bird, and, taking in her canvass with the speed of a man-of-war, was lying in a few moments with her head to the tide, as neat and as tranquil as if she had slept for the last month at her moorings. I could feel in the air, that came ashore from her that I had letters on board.

Anxious to get on to Cheshire, where, as they say of the mails, I had been *due* some days, and very anxious to get rid of the perfume of beer, beef-steaks, and bad soap, with which I had become impregnated at the inn, I got embarked in an omnibus at noon, and was taken to the Railway. I was just in time; and down we dived into the long tunnel, emerging from the darkness at a pace that made my hair sensibly tighten and hold on with apprehension. Thirty miles in the hour is pleasant going, when one is a little accustomed to it. It gives one such a contempt for time and distance. The whizzing past of the return-trains, going in the other direction with the same velocity,—making you recoil in one second, and a mile off the next, was the only thing which after a few minutes I did not take to very kindly. There were near a hundred passengers, most of them precisely the class of English which we see in our country—the fags of Manchester and Birmingham; a class, I dare say, honest and worthy, but much more, to my taste, in their own country than mine.

I must confess to a want of curiosity touching spinning-jennies. Half an hour of Manchester contented me; yet in that half-hour I was cheated to the amount of four and sixpence—unless the experience was worth the money. Under a sovereign I think it not worth while to lose my temper; and I contented myself with telling the man (he was a coach-proprietor), as I paid him the second time for the same thing in the course of twenty minutes, that the time and trouble he must have had in bronzing his face to that degree of impudence gave him some title to the money. I saw some pretty scenery between Man-

chester and my destination; and, having calculated my time very accurately, I was set down at the gates of — Hall as the dressing-bell for dinner came over the park upon the wind. I found another English welcome,—passed three weeks amid the pleasures of English country-life—departed, as before, with regrets,—and without much more incident or adventure reached London.

LETTER XXXIII

Covent Garden Theatre—Brighton—Wallack.

THEATRICAL AMUSEMENT, WHICH IN OTHER PLACES SERVES as a vent to enthusiasm, or as a safety-valve to the suppressed stillness of common life, is in London so much less exciting than every-day routine, that it must be unusual attraction to take one to Covent Garden or Drury Lane. On my first two years in England, I was only once in either theatre, albeit fond of a play, and a day or two since I found myself hesitating between Henry V. at seven, and a May Fair dinner at eight—decided in favour of the play at last by the appealing look of a schoolboy brother-in-law, who was to be my companion.

After a cup of coffee at Verey's, somewhat to encourage the digestive process of a hasty and indifferent "beefsteak at lodgings," I embarked my handsome and intelligent little friend in what he called an "omnibus chop" (a newly-invented cab, like the end of an omnibus upon two wheels), and threading all the intricacies of St. Giles's and the Seven Dials, we were set down for a shilling at the door of Covent Garden. A shilling (much more easily earned) procured us the notice of the box-keeper, who seated us near the stage, and I had just time to point out Mr. Babbage the calculator, who happened to be three seats from us, when the curtain rose and discovered "Time the chorus," in beard, scythe, and russet.

Vandenhoff delivered this and the succeeding speeches of Time (one at the beginning of every act, you remember), with "good emphasis and discretion." As he went on, the clouds, which the lifting of the curtain had disclosed, rolled up and away, and superb tableaux glided past, representing the scene and personages of the act that was to follow. This was Stanfield's work, and nothing could possibly be more admirable and magnificent than the drawing and effect. The king's embarkation at Southampton, the passage of the fleet, its arrival in France, the siege of Harfleur, the French and English camps, and watch-fires, the king's pavilion, etc., were all pictures done in the highest style of art. It was wonderful how this double representation, this scenic presentment to the eye, added to the interest and meaning of the play. Light as the mere dramatic interest of Henry V. is, it kept us on the stretch of excitement from the opening to the close.

There was no chance for Macready's acting, of course, in Henry V.; but he was most carefully and sumptuously dressed, and walked through his part with propriety, failing only in the love-scene with Katherine at the close, which he made, I thought, unnecessarily coarse and rude. Miss Vandenhoff (who has sailed for America) looked extremely handsome in the character, besides playing it capitally well. Pistol was shockingly overdone, and the best played part of all, to my thinking, was the French Herald. Altogether, the play, as all London has acknowledged, was exceedingly creditable to Macready's taste, as well as his liberality and enterprise, and I hope, with all my heart, that the plan for building him a theatre, to be devoted exclusively to the legitimate drama, will be speedily put in operation.

A night or two after, I was at Covent Garden again, to see Bulwer's new play of Richelieu. It was gorgeously got up, and the dramatic points were elaborated and studied with the nicest knowledge of the actor. I looked in vain for the passages I had admired in reading the play. They were mercilessly cut out—but with only (it seemed to me) a single poetical passage—Richelieu's address to his *pen*,

the action of the piece kept up an unbroken and intense interest in the house. It proved to me, what I have thought ever since I first saw a new play produced, that more than half the success of the best production depends on the *skill and scissors of the manager*.

And talking of managers, I have taken, since my last letter, what is called in England a *frisk*, and in the course of my circuit through Surrey and Sussex, passed one day very delightfully with Wallack at Brighton. Here found I our gay Prospero of the "National," with his household gods and his beautiful boys all about him, as much at home, though you scarce miss him in his flittings from New York, as the most inveterate promenader upon the Cliff—the "How d'ye do," of his hundred acquaintances no more dramatic, though he was arrived but a week or two from America, nor his hospitalities less ample and particular, though he was to mount in twelve hours the chain-lightning of the Age-coach, rail-road, and steamer, to do the three thousand miles back again in a fortnight. Shakespeare's Ariel is like to turn out a very common lad, if travel goes on improving.

Brighton is like a great city, built entire, and at one job, to order. It is fresh and modern all over. It looks finished too; for there is no sign of building, and in that it is unlike an American city. Wallack did the honours of the town with great kindness, lionizing us in his "leathern convenience" from end to end of the superb "cliffs"—which cliffs are broad streets, beautifully Macadamized, with rows of palaces on one side, and the surf of the sea on the other. I think the two cliffs, which form a crescent with the queen's pavilion, and the chain-pier in the centre, are something more than three miles long. The most magnificent feature in this long terrace is a succession of squares receding from the beach, and with one side open to the sea: the houses are of a very highly ornamented style of building, and surmounted with balconies, low windows and belvideres, so as to command from every room and chamber a prospect of the sea. These three-sided squares are all large, with an inclosed park in the centre, and in

such a windy place as Brighton, form very snug and sheltered promenades to the slender-legged invalid, and the sail-carrying-dame. Kemp Town, as it is called, forms the eastern extremity of the horn, and the square last built, though standing a hundred feet above the beach, has subterranean passages running under the street, and connecting every house with baths on the sea. This is the finest bit of Brighton in point of architecture, and in one of its plainest houses lives the Duke of Devonshire.

The other features of the cliffs are small phaetons to let, for children, drawn each by a pair of *goats*, well groomed and appointed; hand-carriages for invalids; all sorts of pony-chaises sputtering about with fat ladies, and furnished invariably with the smallest conceivable boy behind; any quantity of lumbering "double flies," or two-horse coaches, drawn by one wretched skeleton of an animal, and occupied usually by a fat cit and his numerous family; great numbers of remarkably single-looking ladies, hanging to their parasols with one hand and fighting the wind out of their petticoats with the other; yellow-visaged East Indians forgetting their livers while they watch the struggles of these unwilling æronauts; here and there a dandy, looking blue and damp with the chill of the salt air; and all along the beach, half in the water and half in the sand, in singular contrast to all this *townishness*, groups of rough sailors cleaning their boats, drying their nets, and cooking their messes on cross sticks, apparently as unconscious of the luxury and magnificence on the other side of the street, as if it were a *mirage* on the horizon.

The royal pavilion is not on the sea, and all you can see of it from the street, is a great number of peaked balloons, some small and some large, which peer above the shrubbery and wall, like the tops of the castors beyond a dish of salad. Whether it was this appetising spectacle, or the chill of the air in a very agreeable though a very dampish drive, I was never more pleased at the conclusion of a day than with the turtle-soup, turbot, and turkey, with which Wallack wound up the wonders of Brighton. I know what the critics think of travellers who venture to acknowledge

that they eat, but I must summon up courage to record the fact, that this was a glorious dinner, gloriously done justice to, and the critics may take their will of me.

The seed of this great flower upon the seaside was a whim of George the Fourth's, and to the excessive fright of the Brighthelmstonians, little Victoria has taken a particular dislike to it, and makes her visits briefer and briefer. The population, with the exception of tradespeople, and a small circle of professional persons, and invalid families, is as transient as that of Saratoga, and if her Majesty should succeed in making the place unfashionable, Persepolis and Thebes will be a joke to it. The last and newest speculator is Nugee, the tailor, who has invested a small fortune in some superb houses at Kemp Town, and he is likely to keep up his character as "the sufferer."

LETTER XXXIV

The Elephant and Castle—Itinerant Vendors of Cheap Wares—
News-boys—Cads.

LEFT LONDON AGAIN BY COACH FOR THE VICARAGE OF B—— in Sussex. Our fellow "insides" were a stout, farmer-looking man with the rheumatism, attended by a very pretty maid-servant, who, after helping him in, mounted to the box with the driver, and a spinster-looking lady with a wintry bloom on her cheek, who had brought a copy of *Young's Night Thoughts*, to read on the road, but fell asleep before we reached the Elephant and Castle, and kept nodding with her mouth wide open and a sweet smile on her face for thirty miles. Our waking companion confined his remarks to the ripeness of the corn in the different fields we passed, and we had, consequently, one window of the coach and our attention to ourselves.

The Elephant and Castle is perhaps the most amusing point on this side of London; but having omitted to des-

cribe it, before it became familiarized to me, I am at a loss how to convey to you the features which strike a stranger, and which, indeed, are the only ones by which any idea of it could be conveyed in a description. The inn (of which the sign is an elephant with a castle on his back), stands at the confluence of all the roads which lead southward out of London. It is about a mile from Charing Cross, and a mile from London Bridge, the two *wrists* of the great Metropolis. The west-end and city coaches for Brighton and Dover have branch coaches, which bring passengers from the opposite end of London to this point; and for the purpose of meeting these, and taking up passengers who come hither from every point in the cabs and private carriages, every coach makes a stop here of twenty minutes. This is the great starting point also of innumerable omnibuses to every quarter of town and city, a great stand for jarveys, cabs, etc., and a nest of eating-houses, ale-houses, and gin-shops. Of course here assemble all itinerant vendors of cheap razors, cheap pen-knives, ballads, oranges, soda-water, and watch-guards, and of all these articles, as you sit in the coach, you have the offer in most eloquent Cockney and Irish, for prices ridiculously trifling. The two aristocratic races of loungers at the Elephant, however, are news-boys—who carry in one hand *The Times*, *Herald*, and other respectable papers, and in the other the *Paul Pry*, *Satirist*, *Crim Con Gazette*, etc.—and the cads and helpers to the coaches, who live by sixpences for putting up baggage, calling cabs, and arresting distant omnibuses, and by picking up what “gentlemen” drop out of their pockets in the hurry of departure. The Elephant and Castle is the High College of slang, and these two last classes are its professors. Here originate all those brilliant expressions characteristic of “Life in London,” the “All round my hat,” “Does your mother know you’re out?” etc., familiar to all readers of flash papers, sporting chronicles, etc.

The dresses and manners of these two classes of slang makers are widely different. The newsman wears the worst possible hat, usually decorated with a crape, a black coat of the highest polish by grease and rain, no shirt, but a

very smart black glass breast-pin, holding together the stringy ends of his cravat and the remains of a silk pocket-handkerchief, stuck in his breast when it does not rain—spread over his newspapers when it does. The moment the coach stops, four “daily’s” arranged like a fan are thrust before your eyes, entirely closing the coach-window (if you are conversing with a friend, or watching the purloining of your carpet-bag, it is all one), and immediately follows the one speech for the day, conned as regularly as a schoolboy’s lesson, and intended to convey an inviting picture of the news within. “*Oospipper*, sir! Buy the morning pippers, sir! *Times*, *Herald*, *Crinnicle*, and *Munning Post*, sir!—contains Lud Brum’s entire innihilation of Lud Nummanby—Leddy Flor’ Esting’s murder by Lord Milbun and them maids o’ honour—debate on the Croolty—Hannimals Bill, and a fatil catstrophy in conskens of Loosfer matches! Which ’ll. y’have, sir? Sixpence, only sixpence!” Here he pauses for a reply, getting a look at your face between the spread corners of his fan, which proving unpromising, he raises the contents of his left hand, another expanded fan, ingeniously exposing the names of all the scandal chronicles of the metropolis. His recommendation of these is invariably in a suppressed and confidential tone. “Vot do you say to the *Paul Pry*, sir! Here they be—*Crim-Con Gazette*, *Age*, *Satirist*. You can’t conceive, sir! ’Vy all the sins o’ the vest-end are there, sir, with the most hinteresting partiklers! See that picter! Ain’t that vell done? There’s Bochsas, sir, a-makin’ o’love to Missus Bishop—natral as life! I’ve seed ’em often! Buy it, sir! Take ’em all for sixpence! *Do*, sir.” This touching appeal having failed at both windows, he commences the first speech again to the outside passengers, usually designating the individual, at whose attention he aims by some personal peculiarity. “You, sir, with that werry genteel pattern of a veskit,”—or “the gemman the barmaid is a-oglin’ out o’ the vinder. Yes, sir!—she’s smit with your gold spectacles, and no mistake! Buy the *Munning Post*, sir!”

. The *cad* is quite another style of person. He is dressed

in a drab, slashy-looking, painfully-shabby driving coat, made originally for a man of twice his stature, and having one solitary and superb relic of its former glory, in a single huge mother-o'-pearl button, left somewhere on the breast. His hat is rigidly small-rimmed, and pulled over his left eye as pertinaciously as if he were taking sight by the hollow and well-worn crescent of felt, which shows the pull of his thumb. His nose is purple, the carbuncles of the gin and beer contending with the lividness of perpetual chill, from standing out of doors; and the most worn spots in his coat, oddly enough, are the two shoulders, either from his habit of always nudging the next cad with his "I say, Bob!" when he is about saying something witty, or from leaning by the hour against the post of the gin-shop. As he never takes his hands from his coat pockets, except to receive a sixpence, or square away for a fight, his shoulders naturally do all the reminding, shoving, and leaning, besides most adroitly supplying the place occasionally of both hand and pocket-handkerchief to the above-mentioned purple organ. The cad is never a fool; indeed he requires to have great quickness, uncommon impudence, wit, and courage. He is usually some turned-off tiger, who proved too wicked for a recommendation, or a second-rate boxer who is within one of Molyneux and Dutch Sam, and probably has seen life in many shapes, and the inside of most prisons before he is sufficiently reduced and accomplished to be willing to turn cad, and steal and bully under the very noses of the police. I should have mentioned, that amid the crowd at the Elephant are constantly seen perambulating three or four policemen in their blue coats and glazed hats, ready to pounce upon every offender; but meantime on joking and drinking terms with the undetected cads and newsmen. It is very unwise to be savage with the cad, and it is rather uncomfortable to decline his services when he sees that you might get on the better for them. The best way is to accept his offer at once, to tell him exactly what you want, and so be rid of all his fraternity, and your own embarrassment. It is a kind of sixpenny toll levied in favour of the brotherhood, which is best paid

without grumbling, unless you are very well acquainted at the Elephant. I was very much amused, a week or two since, with the power of description displayed by one of these gentry. Staying with a friend about ten miles from London, and having occasion to drive in town, I had requested my servant to wait for me at this spot—no omnibus or coach going beyond the Elephant after midnight. I arrived about two, and found a single maudlin cad see-sawing against the rail in front of the inn. "Vot's your honour looking arter?" he asked, as I came up. "A servant of mine! Have you seen one waiting about here?" "Vot! a flunkie vith blue plush and a *skvint* in his peeper?"—"Exactly!"—"Valk in and set down, your honour, and I'll bring him directly. He's taken up the road arter a young ooman as I knows, and I'll bring him while your honour smokes a cigar!"

How he had remarked, drunk as he was, that the man wore blue plush breeches, and had a squint in his eye (so slight that I did not myself perceive it till he had been some days in my service), must be accounted for by the general knowingness of the tribe. My officious friend soon brought the object of his search, helped him get out the cabriolet from a shut-up stable, wished me a "werry good night's rest," and after getting my shilling, levied a small fine sliely upon the man, for not telling where he found him.

LETTER XXXV •

Kenilworth—Pierce Gaveston—His Execution and Character—Associations connected with Kenilworth—Italian Boy—Contrast between domestic and wandering Habits—Ruins of the Castle—Feelings excited by a Visit here—Antique Fire-place—Miss Jane Porter—The Historical Romance—Common Herd of Tourists.

ON THE ROAD FROM WARWICK TO KENILWORTH, I THOUGHT more of poor Pierce Gaveston than of Elizabeth and her proud earls. Edward's gay favourite was tried at Warwick,

and beheaded on Blacklow Hill, which we passed soon after leaving the town. He was executed in June, and I looked about on the lovely hills and valleys that surround the place of his last moments, and figured to myself very vividly his despair at this hurried leave-taking of this bright world in its brightest spot and hour. Poor Gaveston! It was not in his vocation to die! He was neither soldier nor prelate, hermit nor monk. His political sins, for which he suffered, were no offence against good-fellowship, and were ten times more venial than those of the "black dog of Arden," who betrayed and helped to murder him. He was the reckless minion of a king, but he must have been a merry and pleasant fellow; and now that the world, (on *our* side the water at least) is grown so grave, one could go back with *Old Mortality* and freshen the epitaph of a heart that took life more gaily.

As we approached the castle of the proud Leicester, I found it easier to people the road with the flying Amy Robsart and her faithful attendant, with Mike Lambourne, Flibbertigibbet, Richard Varney, and the troop of mummers and players, than with the more real characters of history. To assist the romance, a little Italian boy, with his organ and monkey, was fording the brook, on his way to the castle, as if its old towers still held listeners for the wandering minstrel. I tossed him a shilling from the carriage window, and while the horses slowly forded the brook, asked him in his own delicious tongue, where he was from.

"Son di Firenze, Signore!"

"And where are you going?"

"Li! al castello."

Come from Florence and bound to Kenilworth! Who would not grind an organ and sleep under a hedge, to answer the hail of the passing traveller in terms like these? I have seen many a beggar in Italy, whose inheritance of sunshine and leisure in that delicious clime I could have found it in my heart to envy, even with all its concomitants of uncertainty and want; but here was a bright-faced and inky-eyed child of the sun, with his wardrobe and

means upon his back, travelling from one land to another, and loitering wherever there was a resort for pleasure, without a friend or a care; and, upon my life, I could have donned his velveteen jacket, and with his cheerful heart to button it over, have shouldered his organ, put my trust in *i forestieri*, and kept on for Kenilworth. There really is, I thought, as I left him behind, no profit or reward consequent upon a life of confinement and toil; no moss ever gathered by the unturned stone, that repays, by a thousandth part, the loss of even this poor boy's share of the pleasures of change. What would not the tardy winner of fortune give to exchange his worn-out frame, his unloveable and furrowed features, his dulled senses, and his vain regrets, for the elastic frame, the unbroken spirits, and the redeemable, yet not oppressive poverty of this Florentine *ragazzo*? The irrecoverable gem of youth is too often dissolved, like the pearl of Cleopatra, in a cup which thins the blood and leaves disgust upon the lip.

The magnificent ruins of Kenilworth broke in upon my moralities, and a crowd of halt and crippled *ciceroni* beset the carriage-door as we alighted at the outer tower. The neighbourhood of the Spa of Leamington makes Kenilworth a place of easy resort; and the beggars of Warwickshire have discovered that your traveller is more liberal of his coin than your sitter-at-home. Some dozens of pony-chaises and small crop saddle-horses, clustered around the gate, assured us that we should not muse alone amid the ruins of Elizabeth's princely gift to her favourite. We passed into the tilt-yard, leaving on our left the tower in which Edward was confined; now the only habitable part of Kenilworth. It gives a comfortable shelter to an old seneschal, who stands where the giant probably stood, with Flibbertigibbet under his doublet for a prompter; but it is not the tail of a rhyme that serves now for a passport.

Kenilworth, as it now stands, would probably disenchant almost any one of the gorgeous dreams conjured up by reading Scott's romance; yet it is one of the most superb ruins in the world. It would scarce be complete to a novel-

reader, naturally, without a warder at the gate, and the flashing of a spear-point and helmet through the embrasures of the tower. A horseman in armour should pace over the draw-bridge, and a squire be seen polishing his cuirass through the opening gate; while on the airy bartizan should be observed a lady in hoop and farthingale, philandering with my Lord of Leicester in silk doublet and rapier. In the place of this, the visitor enters Kenilworth, as I have already described, and stepping out into the tilt-yard, he sees, on an elevation before him, a fretted and ivy-covered ruin, relieved like a cloud-castle on the sky; the bright blue plane of the western heavens shining through window and broken wall, flecked with waving and luxuriant leaves, and the crusted and ornamental pinnacles of tottering masonry and sculpture just leaning to their fall, though the foundations upon which they were laid, one would still think, might sustain the firmament. The swelling root of a creeper has lifted that arch from its base, and the protruding branch of a chance-sprung tree (sown perhaps by a field-sparrow), has unseated the keystone of the next; and so perish castles and reputations, the masonry of the human hand, and the fabrics of human forethought; not by the strength which they feared, but by the weakness they despised! Little thought old John of Gaunt, when these rudely hewn blocks were heaved into their seat by his herculean workmen, that after resisting fire and foe, they would be sapped and overthrown at last by a vine-tendrill and a sparrow!

Clinging against the outer wall, on that side of the castle overlooking the meadow, which was overflowed for the aquatic sports of Kenilworth, stands an antique and highly ornamental fire-place, which belonged, doubtless, to the principal hall. The windows on either side looking forth upon the fields below, must have been those from which Elizabeth and her train observed the feats of Arion and his dolphin; and at all times, the large and spacious chimney-place, from the castle's first occupation to its last, must have been the centre of the evening revelry and conversation of its guests. It was a hook whereon to hang a

reverie, and between the roars of vulgar laughter which assailed my ears from a party lolling on the grass below, I contrived to figure to myself, with some distinctness, the personages who had stood about it. A visit to Kenilworth, without the deceptions of fancy, would be as disconnected from our previous enthusiasm on the subject as from any other scene with which it had no relation. The general effect at first, in any such spot, is only to dispossess us, by a powerful violence, of the cherished picture we had drawn of it in imagination; and it is only after the real recollection has taken root and ripened—after months, it may be—that we can fully bring the visionary characters we have drawn to inhabit it. If I read Kenilworth now, I see Mike Lambourne stealing out, not from the ruined postern which I clambered through, over heaps of rubbish, but from a little gate that turned noiselessly on its hinges, in the unreal castle built ten years ago in my brain.

I had wandered away from my companion, Miss Jane Porter, to climb up a secret staircase in the wall, rather too difficult of ascent for a female foot, and from my elevated position I caught an accidental view of that distinguished lady through the arch of a gothic window, with a background of broken architecture and foliage, presenting, by chance, perhaps, the most fitting and admirable picture of the authoress of the *Scottish Chiefs*, that a painter in his brightest hour could have fancied. Miss Porter, with her tall and striking figure, her noble face (said by Sir Martin Shee to have approached nearer in its youth to his *beau idéal* of the female features than any other, and still possessing the remains of uncommon beauty), is at all times a person whom it would be difficult to see without a feeling of involuntary admiration. But standing, as I saw her at that moment, motionless and erect, in the mourning dress, with dark feathers, which she has worn since the death of her beloved and gifted sister, her wrists folded across, her large and still beautiful eyes fixed on a distant object in the view, and her nobly-cast lineaments reposing in their usual calm and benevolent tranquillity, while around and above her lay the material and breathed the spirit over

which she had held the first great mastery—it was a *tableau vivant* which I was sorry to be alone to see.

I have recorded here the speculations of a moment while I leaned over the wall of Kenilworth; but as I descended by the giddy staircase, a peal of rude laughter broke from the party in the fosse below, and I could not but speculate on the difference between the various classes whom curiosity draws to the spot. The distinguished mind that conceives a romance which enchants the world, comes in the same guise, and is treated but with the same respect as theirs. The old porter makes no distinction in his charge of half a crown, and the grocer's wife who sucks an orange on the grass, looks at the dark crape hat and plain exterior (her only standards), and thinks herself as well dressed, and therefore equal or superior to the tall lady, whom she presumes is out like herself, on a day's pleasuring. One comes and goes like the other, and is forgotten alike by the beggars at the gate and the seneschal within; and thus invisibly and unsuspected, before our very eyes, does genius gather its golden fruit; and while *we* walk in a plain and commonplace world, with commonplace and sordid thoughts and feelings, the gifted walk side by side with us in a world of their own—a world of which we see distant glimpses in their after creations, and marvel in what unsunned mine its gems of thought were gathered!

THE END





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